SUNDAY THOUGHTS:

ADAPTED TO THE

Various Intervals of the CHRISTIAN SABBATH,

AND

It's different EXERCISES, DUTIES, and EMPLOYMENTS:

IN THREE PARTS.

Together with

An ESSAY on the UNIVERSE:

IN FOUR BOOKS.

DESIGNED, to promote a familiar, pleasing, and religious Knowledge of the EARTH and HEAVENLY BODIES, chiefly for the Use of the FAIR-SEX.

To which is *(now)* added, by desire,

PERCY LODGE. A POEM.

By the Rev. MOSES BROWNE,
Chaplain of MORDEN COLLEGE, *Blackheath*, and
Vicar of OLNEY, *Bucks*.

THE SECOND EDITION,
carefully revised and improved.

——— *Hic cæstus artemque repono.* VIRG.

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M DCC LXIV.

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TO HER GRACE

FRANCES,

(Late) DUTCHESS of SOMERSET.

MADAM,

IT is a peculiar Satisfaction to me I enjoy this Opportunity, in which I can, with ſo much Propriety, have the Honour to prefix YOUR GRACE'S Name to a Volume, the Pieces that compoſe which have been all addreſſed to you, though ſeparately, and at very different Times; and have received the repeated, animating Aſſurances of your indulgent, though undeſerved Approbation.

This, MADAM, is a Condeſcenſion that lays me under a Neceſſity of making the moſt grateful Acknowledgments, while it gives the brighteſt Luſtre to YOUR Candour; and has been a powerful Motive to excite me, in the Exerciſe of a freſh Induſtry, to correct and improve theſe Sheets; by all the Methods my little Meaſure of Art, joined to a moſt laborious Application, could effect: In hopes to make them ſtill more acceptable to YOU; and, in no inconſiderable Degree (it may be) worthier of that kind Entertainment, and Encouragement they have had the Succeſs to meet with from the Opinion and Favour of the Public.

It is ſcarce poſſible to taſte the Indulgencies of a fine *Sky* and cheriſhing SUN, and not expreſs our Pleaſure from their Benefits. YOUR GRACE, in your

exalted Sphere, reſembles that HEAVENLY LUMINARY—are every Day making Numbers happy; yet, from a willing In-obſervance, inſenſible to all *that* Good you do—unwearied by diſpenſing, inexhauſted by communicating (unlike the glittering multitudes, of leſs beneficial, leſs diſtinguiſhed Influence) YOU *warm as well as ſhine.*

How amiable, how dignified is Power when adorned by ſuch Beneficence! how enobled by ſuch an Elegance and Sweetneſs of Nature and Manners! how exalted by ſuch a yielding Humility! Others owe to meer Extraction and outward Acquirements, *their* Appearance and Grandeur, and receive Additions of Honours from Wealth and Names. They WEAR *Titles*, you ADORN *them*. They, by a forbidding, diſtancing Pride —a ſenſeleſs, affected Oſtentation, let

us (unhappily) ſee what human Greatneſs IS—you, ſhow us what it SHOULD BE.

YOUR GRACE has an Underſtanding too diſcerning and refined, and, what is far better, a Mind too religiouſly governed, to be engaged by any Artifices of a mean, and ſordid Adulation. Nor have I Skill or Inclination, a Baſeneſs or Venality to practice them, and leaſt of all ſhould be betrayed into, at a Time I am recommending a Performance to YOUR GRACE's favourable Regards, that profeſſes to have the Service of Truth, and the ſacred Intereſts of Piety at heart. I need not have mentioned this, did I not know YOU poſſeſſed of ſuch a ſingular Delicacy as makes you ſcrupulous in admitting, even of what the common Voice acknowledges is juſtly due to your conſpicuous Merit:

Merit: and which I that have felt, and ſtill feel, the Bleſſings of its Influence, in a Variety of obliging Inſtances, cannot ſuppreſs my Zeal to own, in a reverential admiring Silence; under the ſtrong Impreſſions I labour with, and the many inviting, pleaſing Ideas it has awakened, is preſenting to me. And nothing can prevent your Grace's hearing your own Praiſes (however diſagreeable they will be always to yourſelf) but the doing *one Thing*; which I know is not in your power to do, the *living leſs worthy of them.*

It was the powerful Attraction of ſo lovely and alluring a Character, that drew on and cemented the eminent and ſacred Friendſhip, which ſo happily ſubſiſted between your GRACE, and that late pious Wonder and Ornament of her Sex, the accompliſhed, divine PHI-

LOMELA *. It was the Prevalency of ſo many radiant Virtues that excited the tender and diſintereſted THOMSON to do them an immortal Honour, in ſome of the beſt Writing any Age will ſee: and that gave to me firſt the irreſiſtible Inclination (which I plead in Excuſe of my Unworthineſs and Preſumption) of conſecrating the Fruits of my earlieſt Art, to receive the Indulgencies I have ever ſince experienced, in YOUR GRACE's friendlieſt Countenance and Patronage.

But theſe are Conſiderations of a leſſer, private Nature. It was a ſuperior *intrinſic Deſert*, (above all her other Advantages of Birth, Alliances, and Quality) that ſelected out the amiable COUNTESS OF HERTFORD to become the

* *The deſervedly celebrated* Mrs. ROWE.

Favourite,

Favourite, and endeared her to the Affections of the BEST OF QUEENS *, that gained her ſuch an Intereſt in the Royal Heart, and enabled her to direct the Streams of its Bounty, on ſuch deſerving Objects, as her Goodneſs had ſingled out for it to make happy. And upon your GRACE's Advancement, in a Courſe of Providence, to the Honours of the firſt Rank and Title in our *Britiſh* Nobility, it was *this* that preſerved in your generous Breaſt that Equanimity, and native Gentleneſs of Manners, by which you had been ſo conſtantly diſtinguiſhed: without the leaſt Change by your Elevation. *This* it was that rendered YOUR GRACE ſuch a ſhining Pattern of Conjugal Excellence, in your Relation to the NOBLEST AND WORTHIEST LORD:—And that ſupported

* *Her late* MAJESTY QUEEN CAROLINE.

you, with ſo much Dignity and Chriſtian Submiſſion, to ſuſtain a Separation, the moſt melancholy and fatal; that, at this Diſtance, is bleeding freſh in every Mind: and can never be remembered, unaccompanied with the trueſt, and deepeſt Sorrow.

I know the Opinion of the World, and the Sentiments of (what is eſteemed) the elegant Part of it, who think they cannot faſt enough forget their deceaſed Friends, and are trying every irrational and unbecoming Expedient to obliterate their Griefs, will think me very unpolite and unfortunate, in the Choice of ſuch a Compliment, as I am making to YOUR GRACE; but I conſider I am writing to an *eminently Chriſtian* LADY, whoſe Senſe and Piety will not permit her to paſs over ſuch awful Tranſactions of divine Providence

dence haſtily, and with a cuſtomary Inobſervance; and who, under the heavieſt Preſſures from ſuch Reflexions (which a Length of Time, it is hoped, added to other Conſiderations, may have happily moderated) can derive a Comfort, in a ſerious Review of ſuch *paternal*, wiſe, and caſtigatory Diſpenſations.

A Character ſo Engaging, Influencing and Exemplary, as that of the late DUKE OF SOMERSET, ought never to be paſſed over in Silence: but be frequently preſented to the View of every Noble Perſon, as a Pattern for the faireſt Imitation. And to myſelf, eſpecially, it ſhould be very dear: who had begun to taſt his favours, and was ſo happy as to be an Eye-witneſs to a Part of his ſingular Worth; while I

had

had the Honour to be entertained as your Gueſt, at one of his GRACE's delightful Seats in the Country. Where I enjoyed the conſtant uninterrmitted Pleaſure *every Night and Morning*, to join in the ſolemn Devotions of the *whole* Family; of which his GRACE was ſo ſtrictly-pious an Obſerver, that he thought it not unbecoming his Dignity, in his Chaplain's Indiſpoſition, to perform, himſelf, that ſacred Office to them, rather than the important Service of his MAKER ſhould be *once* omitted: The Effects of which were eaſy to perceive in the Civility, Regularity, and ſober Deportment of all his numerous Domeſticks. What a worthy and inviting Precedent to be followed, by every Governor of an Houſehold! How many were the Poor, around his Neighbourhood,

bourhood, that received a daily Suſtenance, from the Liberality of his plentiful Table! How mild was he in his Treatment of Inferiors! How humanely concerned towards thoſe, who had the Bleſſing to be under ſo gentle and beloved a Maſter, to make their Stations comfortable and eaſy! How careful not to waſte the Time (on which a Livelyhood depended) of any that had Occaſion of applying to him; by formal Attendance, and unneceſſary Delays! How cautious and deliberate was he in his Promiſes, and how conſcientiouſly exact in fulfilling of them! And in the ſeveral afflictive Exerciſes of ſevereſt Pain, with which he was long and frequently viſited, with how much Patience, and Sweetneſs of Temper, did he ever behave to all about him! as thoſe could witneſs, who have had Obliga-

Obligations to be oftener near him. No Wonder a Life thus regulated ſhould be followed by ſuch a Calmneſs, Compoſure, and Reſignedneſs, ſuch an heroic Fortitude and Conſtancy in Death; which has afforded Admiration, and has left a glorious Proof of the powerful Supports, that the Faith and Hope of the *real Chriſtian* will furniſh the Good-man with, in his moſt deſtitute, and lateſt Moments.—This is too affecting a Theme for me to dwell upon; and ſhould not have been recalled to your GRACE's Thoughts, but that, I think, ſuch Reflexions carry with them ſomething of a divine Conſolation. And my unfeigned Eſteem for my NOBLE LORD would not let me omit a Seaſon ſo proper, for giving this explicit Teſtimony, of the Love and Veneration I bear to his ever-honoured, diſtinguiſhed Memory. In

In that tendereſt, neareſt Connexion YOU had to his noble Perſon, and the Intimacy it led YOU into with all his Sentiments, it is your Happineſs to ſhine, adorned with the ſame eminent Virtues, and to expreſs them by ſo lively a Reſemblance: which your GRACE's Diſaffection to the Amuſements of empty faſhionable Pleaſures, and ſenſeleſs Popularity, and your ingenious Love of contemplative Retirement, afford you vaſt Advantages for improving; and aſſiſt to the enriching your Mind. I have been tedious, and (I fear) too bold, in the Liberties I have ventured on in this Addreſs: But as I may not have another Opportunity of this Sort, or (as far as I can tell) of appearing again in any public Manner to the World, I am willing to hope I ſhall obtain a more eaſy Pardon — and that your GRACE will

will candidly accept of this very honeſt, but homely Dedication, in which I have purpoſely declined every Thing might have an Appearance of Artifice and Embelliſhment, and had an Inclination ſhould be nothing more than a plain and ſimple Profeſſion of that ardent, real, and undeſigning Duty, with which I have an Ambition to be thought and approved,

MADAM,

YOUR GRACE'S

moſt obliged,

ſincerely grateful,

and obedient Servant,

MOSES BROWNE.

PREFACE.

MY Motives in writing the SUNDAY THOUGHTS *were ſimply from a Regard to the Cauſe of* GOD, *a Love for the ſacred Truths and Intereſts of the* REDEEMER, *and a compaſſionate Concern for principling the Minds, and contributing to the Happineſs of reaſonable, immortal, and (what renders them dear) of* Fellow Beings. *The Subject I choſe ſeemed moſt favourable for this; the due Obſervance of which* Holy Seaſon *is the only probable Means, by divine Appointment, for keeping up any Reverence with Men, of the Deity; and acquainting them with the Method of* our Recovery by a SAVIOUR: *as the Conſequence of the Neglect and profaning which, gives a ſhameful, but ſtrongeſt Proof. My Deſire was to make theſe Reflexions, on a point in which* Chriſtians *of every Diſtinction are united, acceptable and*

uſeful

uſeful to them all, *and to turn my Conſiderations chiefly on thoſe acknowledged Things, in which* all good Men every where, and of every Party, *do, and will* agree — *at leaſt in a moderate and charitable Toleration and Forbearance, where* Truths *may occaſion Diſpute, that are not of the very* Eſſence *and* connected with *Salvation. It is, I hope, with this* Spirit of Meekneſs *I have given my Opinion with an unconcerned, reſolute Freedom, but no Paſſion, or provoking Intentions, on thoſe leading things which have ſeemed to me to be the proper eſſential Employments and Deſignment of a* Goſpel Miniſtry. *I am ſorry I have Occaſion to remark, that theſe are not ſo much the* faſhionable Faith, *nor the* faſhionable Preaching *of the preſent Day, as it is wiſhed they were, by thoſe who deſire to learn the whole of their Religion in the revelation of their* Bibles, *and not from the refined Wit and Reaſonings of human Pride, and the prejudiced Conceits of later and* novel *Syſtems: which has almoſt ſubverted primitive, reformed, eſtabliſhed Truths; and been*

the

the real Occaſion of all that Ignorance, Wickedneſs, and Infidelity (complained of on all hands, while it's true Cauſe is diſſembled or over-looked) too evident in Church and Nation at this Day.—I will not dwell on Particulars, nor purſue Debate, too common with hot Heads, *and* Cold Hearts. *And confirms an Obſervation, Dr.* YOUNG *has made,* "That "the Diſpute about Religion, and the "Practice of it, ſeldom go together."

If any ſhall find Pretence to be offended with the Title *of* SUNDAY-*Thoughts, inſtead of what the Scripture has rather recommended* (Rev. i. 10.) *I ſhall only plead Allowance from common Uſage and Conſent; the original corrupt, idolatrous Senſe of which, is long ſince worn out and forgot; as well as in the* Rubricks and Canons *of our Church, the Day is eſtabliſhed by that Name, as Eaſter-*Sunday, *Trinity-*Sunday, *&c. And in the antient Fathers.* Tertullian *expreſly calls it* Dies Solis, * Sunday; *and* Euſebius, *and*

* Apol. c. xvi.

Juſtin

Juſtin Martyr §, *by the ſelf ſame Phraſe,* ἡμέρα ἡλίου, *or* Sunday. *It is ſufficient, every one knows what I mean; and my Deſire is to have to do with Men, who have the Senſe to expreſs their Ingenuity and Candour, by the Regard they pay to* Meanings *more than* Names.

I have happily lived to ſee my Endeavours approved, and publickly rewarded; in the general, very kind Reception given to the former Edition, *beſides a Number of obliging Teſtimonies ſent from different Places, and Perſons of the chiefeſt Character and Eminence—Modeſty preſſes Concealment, while Gratitude extorts the Acknowlegement. It was much my own Deſire, and Wiſh of many, to have had the* Sunday Thoughts *publiſhed entirely by themſelves: but being too ſmall in Quantity, at the particular often-repeated Inſtances of the late good and loved* Mr. Hervey *, *I con-*

§ Apol. ii.

* What his Opinion was of *either of the* Pieces, or the very unworthy *Author*, may be ſeen in the 2 Volumes of *Letters by him*, Vol. I. *Letters* lviii. Pag. 276. lix. Pa. 281–2. Vol. II. *Letters* xl. Pa. 128. lxxxiv. Pa. 293.

ſented

ſented to have the Eſſay on the Univerſe *(written above* 20 *Years before) reprinted with them, that in it's Alterations and Enlargements coſt me more Labour and Time than I am willing to own, and has not left me under diſappointment. I conceived a more pleaſing and uſeful Attempt might be made, than in thoſe I had ſeen, to give Perſons of ingenious and inquiſitive Minds, an eaſy, pleaſing, and, at the ſame Time, magnificent Conception of the grand and aſtoniſhing* Theory of the Univerſe, *improveable* to a religious End, *with Hopes herein of inviting ſuch to the Love and Purſuit of ſerious, uſeful Knowlege, (particularly thoſe of the ſofter Sex) whoſe Years, or Inclinations make them averſe to reading deeper, and* proſe *Authors on this Branch of valuble Science; heartily uniting in that moral Wiſh of the learned Writer of the* Aſtronomical Dialogues * "*That Perſons*, eſpecially of Birth and Fortune, *might be induced to detach ſome Part of their happy Leiſure from being loſt by* Sports, Play, or worſe Avoca-

* The well-known and eſteemed Dr. HARRIS.

tions,

cations, *and to dedicate it to the* Improvement of their Minds.

The little deſcriptive Poem of Percy Lodge *of the elegiac Kind, that had its Birth under the ſame happy Auſpices and Patronage, was intended to have accompanied the former Pieces, as was then aſked and expected. But a Circumſtance of a peculiar, private nature, engaged me in a Neceſſity of not permitting it's Appearance till afterwards. As I have ſince the Opportunity to gratify myſelf, and them I had the Pain to diſappoint, by annexing it to the* preſent Volume, *I gladly ſhow my Willingneſs to oblige my Friends, and diſcharge an Engagement, that, till this, has laid, Uneaſily, on my Mind.*

SUNDAY THOUGHTS,

ON THE

Various Intervals of the CHRISTIAN SABBATH,

AND

It's different EXERCISES, DUTIES, and EMPLOYMENTS.

IN THREE PARTS

I. The MORNING's MEDITATING WALK. On the internal, early preparatory DUTIES.

II. THE SACRED, PUBLIC DUTIES: Including *thoſe* of the *Family* and *Solitude.*

III. EVENING EMPLOYMENT. On the ſubſequent cloſing DUTIES: RECOLLECTION, SELF-EXAMINATION, and the ſeveral Offices of CHARITY.

CONCLUDING WITH

A CONTEMPLATION on the ETERNAL SABBATH, and a GLIMPSE of the SAINT IN GLORY.

Ὁ ζηλῶ τὸν οἶκον σου καὶ φαγί με. JOHN ii. 17.

——— *the* conſecrated Hour
Of Man, *in Audience with the* DEITY. YOUNG.

ERRATA.

Tho' the exacteſt Correctneſs has been endeavoured, the following Errors have happened at the Preſs, chiefly litteral; that will be eaſily eraſed, or altered with the Pen.

Page.	Line.	
30	18	*for* Frined *read Friend.*
103	621	bow, *poor. how &c.* and ſtrike out the Comma.
113	876	votvie. *votive.*
118	39	Walk. *Walks.*
120	70	Experience. *Experiences.*
180	413	uclean. *unclean.*
189	88	Temper. *Tempeſt.*
234	506	With. *Which.*
243	32	liquid *Gold. fluid,* &c.
262	440	Preſume. Perfume.
279	260	leave out the Words *ſu*

BRITISH MUSEUM

N. B. Pag. 235 laſt Note † *See Berniers,* &c. anſwers to Reference † 1ſt Line Pag. 236.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

THE MORNING'S MEDITATING WALK.

PART I.

ON THE INTERNAL, EARLY, PREPARATORY DUTIES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I *have inſerted* two *little* detached Pieces *in the* firſt Part, *in the Manner of Notes: at the* 41*ſt and* 55*th Pages. Which I compoſed a great while ſince, and publiſhed elſewhere. They were Parts of* Meditations *and* Hymns *I had deſigned as a* Companion for the ſolitary Chriſtian in his rural Walks, *and were all I finiſhed:* One *of which (the latter) I printed at the End of a Volume of Poetry, (with this Title* Muſing by a River) *from whence I have expung'd it, as more proper (with the other) for this Place. The* Meditation *I alſo deſigned to have turned into Verſe, and interwoven in the Body of the* Poem: *But it being become familiar to me by a long Uſe; and, at the Time I wrote it, a Kind of extemporary Effuſion of my Heart, to myſelf it ſeem'd, and I hope will be thought by others, more pleaſing to have it in its ſimple natural Dreſs, as it came warm from my Thoughts, than to give it another Form. For which, and to ſatisfy ſome Friends, I have here diſtributed it at the bottom of Page* 41 *to* 45, *as it was originally written.*

CON-

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SUNDAY

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

PART I.

ON THE

INTERNAL, EARLY, PREPARATORY DUTIES.

MUTE, oven-power'd, with Heart-conceal'd Diſtreſs;
Joy-widow'd long: had my ſad, tuneleſs Mind
Diſconſolate, life-wearied, dropt the Lyre;
Like the dull, penſive, wint'ry *Philomel*
Silenc'd from Song: By Melancholy's Gloom,
By Griefs, unyielding to the *Muſe's* Charm.
Nor purpos'd more, nor wiſh'd I, e'er to wake
The once relieving String. So loſt with me
Care's Cheerer, *Hope*, ah! that Deceiver fair!

My Spirits broke, by worſt Preſage impreſt,
A Mind benighted, with a waſting Frame.

JESUS! dear Name of Love! O SAVIOUR GOD!
After long Abſence, how divinely ſweet
Thy felt Return! like inſtantaneous Health,
Delightful, to a Wretch by Sickneſs worn,
Snatch'd back miraculous from dying Pangs.
He comes! Pain's Balm, the healing Viſitor,
The ſympathiſing Friend! Riſe, languid Soul!
From thy dark, deep, dull, damp, dead Lethargy.
With kindled Zeal reſume, with freſh-felt Love,
Thy wonted Labour; not (perhaps) my leaſt,
If heavenly Goodneſs pleaſe the Strain divine
To dictate, and aſſiſt her kindred Theme.

Six days has Man in duteous Toil employ'd:
His Sum aſſign'd. And now the *Eve* appears,
Prelude to ſweeteſt Hours of holier *Reſt*;
Kind Reſpite, in the round of *Weekly* Time,
For travell'd Duſt to call its Labourer home
The Partner *Mind*; to ſteal her from the Throng
Of loud Intruders, charg'd with worldly Schemes;
And ſtrike a partial Truce with mortal *Care*.
To cleanſe her Soils, adjuſt her decent Dreſs,
And mould her, in Compoſure fit, to wait
Her Call; when ſhe, on Audience, ſoon ſhall meet
In his full Court, the *univerſal* KING.

And lectures Manhood in his nightly School.
"But Guilt wakes fears?" — yet, points a lenient Balm.
Look to the bloody Croſs! behold thy Cure!
To *Calv'ry* go! view his *Aceldema*,
That ſanguine Field! where *Death* my SAVIOUR fought
A Victor bath'd in Gore, and vanquiſh'd there
That all-Devourer, foul, of Human Race.
He conquered Sin, by Sufferings, Pains by Smart,
And Death, by dying: In his Conflict, there,
Conquer'd *for thee*, and by his Vict'ry, made
That ſtingleſs Monſter his *Believer's* Friend.
Sing, ranſom'd Worms! ye Pris'ners glad, of hope,
Shout, ſhout his Triumphs; your *Deliverer's* Praiſe!

But O!—O what remains?—a Throne! a Crown!
For us baſe Aliens! *us!* his *Murderers* won!
With *him* deputed Heirs, *joint-heirs* of Heaven! *
O! Pow'r, Fruit, Gift of ſtrange myſterious Grace!
Abyſs! when fathom'd, but more loſt—to view!
A prime Arch-Angel from his golden Orb
Fall'n, to a Fiend! A Human Reptile, vile!
Rais'd from a frail, weak Infant of a Span,
(Guilty as weak) to fill his vacant Throne!——
And is *this* Glory mine? It is! it is!
O, falſe Humility! thou Vice diſguis'd
In ſpecious Dreſs, of proud, infernal Die,

* *Rom.* viii. 17.

Thou

Thou loud Blaſphemer of the Truth of Heav'n!
That dares the *Promiſe*, dares the *Oath* of GOD
Diſcountenance, by unbelieving Fear.
Theſe Glories all are mine! as ſure in Pledge,
As if poſſeſs'd; when *Death* the Hour of Joy,
That waited, wiſh'd-for Hour! ſhall miniſter
My large Induction. Sad, diſtruſtful Heart,
No longer droop! live, royally my Hope
On the full, ſafe Reverſion! O, exult
My Faith! my Love! my heav'nly-rais'd Deſire!
My holy Gratitude!—in ev'ry State,
In ev'ry View, my *Whole of Being* bleſt!
Amply while living; ampleſt, when I die!

I quit th' affecting *Place*, inciting Themes
Of too o'er-preſſing Weight for mortal Powers.
Here let my Thoughts divert awhile; to mark
This peopled *Rookery*: All Abroad on Wing,
Each with their ſeveral Families employ'd;
Training to Induſtry their callow Broods.
To *Man* how moral! loud it ſpeaks to *Man*:
Man may learn here, that *Indolent!* his Work,
His Duties taſk: of helpleſs Progeny
The Care, and Erudition's tender Toil.
Man may learn here, that *Infidel!* to place
On Providence his Truſt. *Theſe* all depend
On its free almonry: "*Wide doſt thou ſtretch,*
PRESERVER *kind!* *thy lib'ral feeding Hand,*

The Chamber, for the milder *Preſence*, fix'd
Of condeſcending DEITY. So went
Th' obedient *Sire* * his dear, *devoted Son*
Conſorting, up th' *appointed Mount* of GOD,
And, *inly* tended, with Excluſion meet,
At diſtance, left *below* his *ſervile Train*.

I ſing to matchleſs SOMERSET: where'er
The Changes lead me of this ſacred Theme
(Truths *Evangelical* tho' plainly phras'd)
Her's is the Song. *Her* ſhining Pattern view;
Mark it, ye Great! from *her* aſpire to gain
By *Goodneſs* Love, true Dignity from *Senſe*,
And Exaltation by *Humility*:
Bleſt Gifts, the Crown of *Piety and Faith*.
Her's is the Song; auſpicious prove it's Art!
As *She*, mild Excellence! auſpicious proves.

See! *Night* has thinn'd her Shades. The watchful *Bird*
Day's warning Centinel, with Crowings loud
Gives Signal. O! like weeping *Peter* touch'd,
Duly let *me*, affecting Monitor!
Thy Summons hear. Thus woke th' illuſtrious *Greek* †
Rous'd, ev'ry Morn, by a ſhrill Herald's Cry,

* *Abraham. Geneſis* xxii. 5.
† *Philip of Macedon.*

" *King! thou art mortal.*" Moral Voice, how harſh
In Courtly Roofs! —— But mark! the meek-ey'd *Dawn*,
Light's youngeſt Daughter, dreſt in Veſture pale,
With ſweet, cool Breath, deſcends from od'rous Skies!
The *Sabbath* Dawn, *firſt* of the Week, and beſt.
Up, Sleeper! from thy Bed. *At earlier Hour*,
From *ſadder Bed*, *for* Thee *thy* SAVIOUR *roſe!*
By Memory warn'd, at the *lov'd Name* I wake:
At the known, reverenc'd Voice devoutly wake;
I wake with GOD: *laſt* in my Thoughts and *firſt*
By *Night* and *Morn*. My Guardian of the Night,
My Guide by Day.—Ah! what is *lightleſs* Day
Without *thy Light?* Ah! what is *lifeleſs* Life
Without *thy dear Vitality?*—As *Flow'rs*,
Weeping in wat'ry Dews, their Faces bend
To their all-chearing Parent's genial Ray
The ſoft'ning *Sun*, ſo turns my Soul to feel
Her quick'ning FATHER. In thy Arms of Love
Safe have I ſlept; thy Arms of Love *alone*
Can ſafe-uphold me waking. Led by THEE
My Fooſteps now I truſt in open Skies,
In ſacred Meditation rapt; to taſte
The freſh, prime Fragrance of returning Light:
While thy ſoft Daughter, Summer's Virgin-Nymph,
The bloomy *May*, deck'd am'rous by *thy Hand*,
Courts, ſweet, the *lonely-roving Walker's* Eye;
Chaſte-wooing ev'ry Senſe, by ev'ry Charm.

Retirement!

Retirement! thou celeſtial Solacer!
The Care-toſt *Voyager's* dear, welcome *Bay*,
Faint with the beating Storm of adverſe Life.
Lot, moſt deſir'd! moſt happy! — O with me
Muſe, Genius, Fame, Ambition, Av'rice, Wealth,
My little, ampleſt *whole of earthly Good!*
For *thee* I long have ſigh'd—— but ſigh in vain!
Sole woo'd, yet unconſenting to my Joy.
Yet ceaſe I not by Dawn, or Ev'ning-Hour
Thy lov'd Receſs (tho' hopeleſs) ſtill to haunt,
And vent my ſecret Moan; by dewy Mead,
Dark Cave, or vocal Stream, or Moon-light Grove.
Like ſome poor exil'd *Lover*, who by Stealth
Watches, when he his ſolitary Walk
Can take; in deſperation to complain.
All that below (of calm, of good and pure,
Of bland, or rational, devout, or ſweet,)
Is found in Wiſdom's School, to train, mature,
And lift ſublime the Heart, inhabit here.
Here ſhines the *Hero*, here *true Greatneſs* lives,
Lives on *its own*, nor needs to aſk *Without*
(Hard Penury) Loans, from mean, dependant Joys.
Leagu'd with the high-born *Genii* there, meek *Peace*,
Fair Child of Virtue, and her Siſter-Grace
Divine *Contentment*; with her Little bleſt:
The Dower beſtow'd on patient Poverty.
Happieſt Abſtraction from the tempting World!
Not monkiſh, ſlothful, ſullen, and auſtere;

The

The *Palmer's* Penance, and the *Hermit's* Cell,
The falſe-religious *Bedlam's* Beads and Straw.
No Couch for *Indolence* to hatch her Dream,
But to repoſe for Action; to purge off
Rank *Envy's* Gall, the lep'rous Spot of *Pride*,
Dropſied *Ambition*, *Pleaſure's* fev'riſh Heats,
The *Soul's conſumptive* Thirſt of earthly Bliſs,
And her ill Habits by Example fix'd.
Where led in awful Viſits to *herſelf*,
Internal Intimacies charm the Heart.
The *Home-brought Stranger* entertain'd and pleas'd
Feaſts with her kindred Powers, and happier grows,
Acquainted with the Family within.
And from her Centre thro' wide Duty's Sphere
(Of ſacred and of ſocial) looking round,
Notes her high Birth; and nobler walks Abroad,
In acts of *Faith*, *Benevolence*, *and Love*,
With Rank ſuperior, in the *moral* World.

Hail, ſilent Fields! with your Inhabitant
Bleſt CONTEMPLATION! friendly to the Muſe.
Yet grateful Interruption may ye here
By Change admit; of Flocks that bleating feed,
And Herds deep lowing, and the Muſick ſhrill,
Heard round me, of the Inſect's buzzing Wing:
And, loud, of early Birds the vary'd Charm.
Theſe praiſe their MAKER all, and liſt in Praiſe
The pious Heart, to join in *Nature's Prayer*.

Nor

Nor Things of Voice alone, each humid *Flow'r*
It's Incenſe breathes to THEE! each dewy *Plant*
And *graſſy Spire*, thick-ſtrung with native Pearl!
ALMIGHTY FATHER! Flocks, and Herds, and Birds,
Inſects and Flowers, and Plants, all Nature's Births,
All praiſe thy Goodneſs,—*all* but thankleſs Man!
Man, *moſt ungrateful! moſt obliged!* of all.

But ſee! in mild, reſplendent Majeſty,
See! where aſcending, the bright *Lord of Day*
(His Forehead hung with Locks of flaming Gold)
Smiles from his eaſtern Throne; diſpelling faſt
Th' invading Miſts, that with diſtemper'd Shade
Hang on Night's duſky Rear, and hide from view
Surrounding Proſpects fair: of Flowret Meads
And Wood-clad Hills, with Villa's intermix'd
Of antient Aſpect; fram'd for rural Peace,
Delightful Reſidence! and verdant Groves
Of Structure tall, and ſilver-ſkirting Streams,
Winding thro' Vales in *Flora's* Wardrobes dreſt,
Or rich in ſtately Grain; whoſe loaded Plumes
Dance proudly on the Breeze; and like a Sea
Roll, far, the ruſsling vegetable Wave.
And, all beyond, the Mountain-Heights appear,
By diſtance blue; that loſe themſelves in ſky.

How chang'd a Proſpect! from the Scene of late,
When *Darkneſs*, Emblem of ſtill Nature's Grave,

Had clos'd her in a temporary Death;
Annihilating Colours, Senſe, and Forms.
On ev'ry Lid had ſhed her Poppy Dews,
And round *Creation's* ſilent Bed had drawn
Her ſable *Curtains*, of Nocturnal Gloom.
Thus looks the *Convert* (late in Bondage lock'd
Of legal Terrors: a tremendous *Night*)
Thus chang'd! when on his ſad, tenebrious Soul
JESUS, the Day-ſtar, from above, ſhall riſe *
With *healing* Balm beneath his radiant Wings;
JESUS, of *Righteouſneſs* that brighter *Sun!*

Is Light ſo grateful to the human Senſe?
Created Light? a faint, refracted Ray?
One, diſtant Sun? the Shadow, *but*, of GOD!
Dark *Adumbration* of the DEITY?
O! what is *Heav'n!* that Day of endleſs Light?
Where *Saints* ſhall from th' eſſential Fountain drink
Of Radiance, in GOD's *full*, *Paternal ſhine?*
Ah! what is *Hell?* of ever abſent Day
A Night, all hopeleſs! — and all endleſs too!

Welcome, *bright Influence!* kindeſt Gift of HIM
Who bid thy Orb of Splendors pour on Earth
Life, Health, and Joy: thy warm, thy friendly Ray
How grateful! while the Vapour-weeping Mead
Reeks with chill Miſt, an incommodious Track
For the raſh Trav'ller yet, whoſe weltring Feet

* *Malach.* iv, 2.

Bruſh

Bruſh from the plaſhy Blades the Tears of Morn.
Here let me wander, where, in Fragrance full
Of roſy Light, this more inviting *Hill*
Drinks, on his ſloping Side, the franker *Beam*.
With pace relax'd the ſteep Aſcent I gain;
But gain with Toil — how like the *Chriſtian*'s Path:
A ſweetly-pleaſing, yet laborious Way—
And now, how vaſt a Landſchape ken'd from hence
Breaks on my wilder'd Eye! in roving loſt.
From Field, Farm, Village, Park, Dale, Stream and Grove!
Gay, Primroſe Lawns, flaming in vernal Gold,
Or Daiſie-interlaid, of checquer'd Hues:
With Herds and Flocks, wide-feeding round at will.
And Woods Night-brown; where ever and anon
Some opening Glade I meet, with ranging Troops
Of tim'rous Deer; viewed here, and there, between.
And here, and there, a Branch of ſome fair Stream
Silv'ring the Vale; and, over all, the Tops
Of ſacred *Spires* that tow'r in antient State
I catch, at diſtant Glance; a ſolemn Sight!
Beyond them *Thames*, her Ocean-haſt'ning Flood
Throws widely open to the Beam of Heav'n.
Her Boſom white with proudly-ſwelling Sails,
That bear her Home the Treaſures of the World:
Spread a full Breadth, to gather all the Winds,
By the glad Crews, reviſiting her Shores.
Whoſe Spirits dance, with Expectation warm,

Parents, or Friends, in Tranſport ſoon to greet,
Conſorts, or Children; after abſence long.
And farther on, in ſmallneſs almoſt loſt
Auguſta, ſeen in ſoft'ning Miniature,
O'er a profuſive Longitude of Plains,
Her hundred Temples rears: Like Needle-points
Upriſing ſlender in th' enbrighten'd Air.
Where, in the midſt, the Work of *Wren* * diſplays
It's graceful Dome; and to the *Weſt*, juſt ſpy'd,
The *Gothic* Abbey: Where ſepulcher'd, ſleeps
(Thro' a long Race) the Duſt of *Albion's* Kings.
Around I gaze.—I gaze around—around---
And ſtill around I gaze, with Raptures tir'd
Yet never full—ſome Object new and fair,
Some new-preſented Charm, where'er I turn,
The Scene expands---and ſtill expands the Scene,
With Proſpects ever fair, and ever new.
But all is viewed *Below*, a Picture ſpread
Beneath my Feet, which nought above but Skies.
--- So looks the *Saint* (ſo ever ſhou'd he look)
On earthly Glories, with his Brow in Heav'n.
Hail! Beauties, pencil'd by OMNIPOTENCE!
Hail! *Nature's Concert*, pleaſing to an Ear
In wonder liſt'ning, to the *ſilent Hymn*
Ideal heard, ſung *inward* to the Soul
From *Forms* harmonious, this *mute Quire* of GOD!
Like the feign'd, myſtic Muſick of the *Spheres*

* *St.* Paul's Cathedral.

Unheard,

Unheard, unheeded by Senſe-grov'ling Minds.
See too! reſponſive, with her holieſt Strains,
The *Muſe* awakes; while now the mounting *Lark*
From his green *Pallat* rous'd, yields laviſh Song:
Inviting of my Lay, ſymphonious tun'd,
That calls *Attention* from his ſylvan Bower.
---MAKER of all Things fair! of all Things good!
That now, by groſs, or mental Sight beheld,
Claim Adoration high, thy Power I own:
Lib'ral! profuſe! benign! confeſs'd by Knees
Thus proſtrate bent in Duſt; and Hands, and Eyes
Turn'd tow'rd thy Throne, in Praiſe, and kindled Love!
O *what* a BUILDER! what a FATHER! here
His Houſe has furniſhed, with unſparing Coſt,
For *Man* his Creature; his unworthieſt Son!
For *Me* of vileſt *Prodigals* moſt vile!
Praiſe HIM! my GOD, your MAKER! praiſe my KING
Ye *Seaſons!* that in ſweet viciſſitude
Roll on, of grateful Change: Freſh, *vernal* Fields
That now his Liv'ries wear of youthful Green!
Summer, his fragrant Firſt-born! lovelieſt deck'd
Of all thy *Siſter*-Train; in ſofteſt Robes
Of *Twilights*, gliſtering with pellucid Gold,
Thy cheerful *Night*-Attire; perfum'd in Sweets
Of various *Flowers:* And ſerv'd in *daily* State
By free-attendant *Suns*, and waiting *Gales!*

Thou *Autumn* too! more ripe in Matron-Charms,
Of harveſt-Fruits; thy Offspring, large and fair.
And hoary *Winter!* in thy ſable *Stole*
Of Storm and Clouds, with ermine *Cincture* tipt
Of Mountain *Snows!* when freezing Vapours pale
On the dimm'd Windows dreſs their mimic Forms:
And with rude Bracelets, on the Cob-web'd Wall
Pearl the coarſe Arraſs of *Arachne's* Loom.
From a full Chorus of the quarter'd Year,
Praiſe HIM! my GOD, your MAKER! praiſe my KING!——
—In your alternate Courſes, Eve, or Morn,
Be witneſs! if ingrateful, I forget
His wond'rous Goodneſs; or, my *Hymn*, his praiſe.
MAKER of all Things fair! of all things good!
THINE *is the Heaven**, *the Heaven of Heavens is* THINE.
With their innum'rous Hoſts! but the broad Earth,
Work of thy Love, has thy rich Bounty giv'n,
A large Poſſeſſion, to the Sons of Men!

Strange Bliſs has tranc'd me! an extatic Calm!
Serv'd by *Devotion*, at this *Feaſt of Senſe*,
My pulſe of Joy beats high.---Led on the while,
In the warm *Ardours* of *Seraphick* Zeal,
My filial reverent Thoughts ſtill ſearch for THEE

* *Pſalm* CXV. 16.

Their

Their dear, dear GOD: as of the Subject, ſweet,
My *Meditation* takes her pleaſing fill.
Where is my FATHER? where my MAKER? view'd
In all his Works, conſpicuous, free and kind?
All view'd? all near? all preſent?——yet *unſeen!*
Where is my GOD? the *wiſh-impaſſion'd* Mind
Has wond'rous power, from fartheſt-ſevering Space
It's Object to invoke; and, as with Charm
Of Magic Spell, make preſent. Loud my Tongue
Repeats a *Leſſon* which, with Solace bleſt,
Was wont to chear me, in my loneſieſt Walks:
When far from every Ear (my liſt'ning Heart
By utter'd Sounds more deeply to impreſs)
Frequent was us'd, in Accents audible
My Voice, *its* lov'd *Soliloquy** to breathe.

The

* The MEDITATION mentioned in the *Advertiſement.*

How fragrant is the Air of theſe delicious Fields! how ſweet the ſurrounding Proſpects! furniſhed out for my Entertainment, by the Hand of the GOD OF NATURE. *Has he put ſo much Refreſhment into every perfumed* Breeze? *Crouded ſuch a variety of different, pleaſing Colours, Shapes, and Eſſences into ſo many little* Flowers? *Given to ſuch diverſity of* Fruits *and* Foods *their contrary, yet grateful Flavours? Afforded ſuch innumerable, multiform Proſpects to engage the* Eye, *one ſingle Senſe? Such an interchange of Melodies to entertain the* Ear? *And contrived, by no leſs than* five *different* Mediums

of

The Proſpects ceaſe. For from yon Summit now
Inſenſibly, in wiſtleſs Pond'rings brought

The MEDITATION.

of Senſes, *to give Gratification to the mere animal Faculties, which are by far the moſt ignoble Part of me, that I might behold him in this* Glaſs of Nature, *this Mirror of Wonders?*

IF *I lift my Eyes upwards, how ſhall I conceive of his awful Infinity? Who can place a World, ten thouſand Times the Magnitude of* ours, *at ſo remote a Diſtance, as to appear but as a lucid Point, a little twinkling* Star? *If I bend them downwards, what Inſtances are every where of amazing Power, that could produce ſuch an Appearance of Order, and Beauty, out of ſo mean and irregular a Collection of Duſt and Atoms? Haſt thou provided ſuch ſtately Furniture for theſe loweſt Apartments of thy univerſal* Palace, *and for thy* meaneſt Attendant? *O what then are the Grandeurs that adorn thy* PRESENCE CHAMBER! *What, thoſe magnificent Manſions! where thou diſplayeſt the pleaſed Rays of thy beatific Glory, in the higher, and better Worlds!*

HAS created *Goodneſs all theſe Beauties? A little earthly Spot on which I tread, and gaze (embelliſhed with his* leaſt *Adumbrations) ſo fair a Form? Such lovely Charms? O then, how much more infinitely lovely is* HE, *who has given theſe Things all their* lovelineſs? *Who puts into them whatever Sweetneſs they contain, or can convey! Theſe are but Copies, ah! faint Copies* all! *of the Goodneſs of their* FAIR ORIGINAL. *Where is the perfect,* UNCREATED GOOD? *Where the enamouring* ESSENCE OF LOVELINESS-ITSELF? *Where is the*

ORI-

The Scenes that charm'd me, late, are view'd no more.
How like the Chriſtian ſtill! who ne'er can climb
Th' extatic *Mount*, but ſoon he treads the *Vale*

Of

The MEDITATION.

ORIGINAL BEAUTY? —— *I can diſcern* HIM *in every thing around me: Diſcover, in every ſmalleſt Part of formed Matter, ſome* veſtigia *of the* DEITY. The FORMER *of theſe accompliſhed Works was alſo* my FORMER. *Where art thou? My* all apparent *yet* unperceived MAKER! *How ſhall I hold converſe with* THEE? *How approach* THEE? *Am I no better able to conceive of* THEE *than theſe* Trees? *Thoſe* Brutes? *This* Clod *that bears me? Am I not related to thee by* Mind and Spirit? *ordained a* Prieſt *of this thy* mute Creation? *Nay, am I not thine, by nearer Relation, and Union? The Brother and Aſſociate, the Lover and Friend, of thy dear* INCARNATE SON? *A member of his Body* *? One *with* HIM †, *and thereby* one *with* THEE? *Adopted in thy eternal Purpoſe, Regenerated by thy* SPIRIT, *and purchaſed to* THYSELF by his Blood? *Hath he ſaid,* I go to my FATHER and to your FATHER ‡? *And ſhall I not then call thee* my FATHER? *And may I not converſe with thee as a* FATHER? *Preſent every where, preſent always, preſent* now? *While thus I am ſurrounded with imagined Solitude and Secrecy, and mediating, with delight, upon thy beauteous Works.*

BUT O! *what new Beauties and Pleaſures does it put into every Scene, when I conſider this World I am now viewing, is a Kingdom of* my FATHER'S! *Mean as I am in my obſcure Condition here, cenſured, overlook-*

ed,

* *Epheſ.* v. 30. † *John* xvii. 21. ‡ *John* xx. 17.

Of deep *Humiliation*——— Lo! my Feet, 315
At unawares, a rural, ſtill *Church-Yard*

Have

ed, or deſpiſed, I am yet a royal Child, *and the Inheritor of a glorious, a ſure, tho' inviſible Crown. Let the great vain Men of this Earth take their vaniſhing Portion; divide this conteſted Spot, into little, momentary, uncertain Poſſeſſions, which they falſly call* their own; *delude themſelves with a conceited Happineſs, and adore their ſenſual* Idol. *A little—little—little while, and the* GOD *I live to, and converſe with here,* MY FATHER, *and* MY GOD, *will tranſlate me to a State of far higher Honours. It is* his good Pleaſure *to give me a Kingdom,* incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away (*Characters oppoſite to this* changing, polluted, and periſhing *Scene*) *reſerved* in Heaven for me. *Here he is training me up by his* SPIRIT, *in the* Princely Life and Temper, *meeting me in the* academic *Retirements of* Groves and Shades, *till I am ripened for the opened Glories of my* Coronation Day.

O! happy Retirement! O! heavenly Solitude! that always affords me the Preſence of my FATHER, *and* GOD! *where I may at all Times find* THEE, *ſpeak to* THEE, *and receive the delightful Intercourſes of* THY *Converſe, and Love. Happy Poverty! where* THOU, *never-failing Fountain of Fulneſs and Riches! art my inexhauſtible* Portion. *Happy Baniſhment! that can at* no ſmalleſt Diſtance *ever ſeparate me from* THEE. *Happy Priſon! where thy Society cannot, for one Moment, be excluded. Happy Bed of Sickneſs! where*

THOU

Have enter'd; dark with *Elm* and Funeral *Yew*,
Scarce ever, but on *Holy Feſtivals*
Frequented; far from ev'ry public Path:
Of Situation loneliest, and obſcure.
Dread ſeat of *Death!* A Theme which lately *Thou*
Hervey, lov'd Friend! fam'd, ſacred *Meditant!*
Haſt touch'd ſo well. Yet uſeful *Lores*, tho' leſs,
My humble Genius, haply, may attempt
For moral Ears; not noted in *thy Plan*.

See! this large antique Pile! how reverend grey
In hoary Age, it's Walls! and mouldring Tower!
With tufted Moſs and Ivy rudely hung.
From whoſe high Turrets, now by Years decay'd,
Five times, ſtruck deep and ſlow, the ſolemn Bell
Reſounding hoarſe, has told the Hour of Morn.
Theſe loneſome Walks, of thick, uncontheſt Shade,
Thro' lengths of Century's paſt, by turns have clos'd
Each race of Tenants, in the Village round:

The

The MEDITATION.

THOU *art continually by to cheer and ſupport me. Happy Hour of Death! when my Spirit is expired but only into* THY *ever circling, and* paternal *Arms. Happy Condition! extending itſelf to* all Places, all Circumſtances, *and* thro' all Duration. *Happy Creature! both* here and for ever *poſſeſſed of the inſeparable, intimate Preſence and Favour of* —*A* GOD—*A* FRIEND—*A* FATHER.

The waſted Spoils of old Mortality.
How wond'rous! when the awful Trump of Doom
Heard thro' Earth's Realms and Hell, ſhall ſtart, re-
cloath'd,
(Swift as the Motion of the twinkled Eye)
Each *Form*, now chaos'd in this mingled Maſs;
Mark'd in theſe Ranks of Graves, and cloyſtring
Tombs:
One *common Chamber*, kept for *fellow Duſt*.
None *deferenc'd* there: dead! *in the pomp of State!*
State! ſtate *in Death!* O Mock'ry too ſevere
For my worſt Foe; deep Proof of Pride in Man!

How many, without leaſt Memorial left
Of whom, or what *they were*, In this cold Bed
Mix in Oblivion, with coeval Clay?
Borne like light Bubbles down the Tide of time;
Or Leaves, which Autumn ſheds; diſpers'd, and loſt.
Some ſeek a frail Remembrance, *on their Graves*:
Surviving in a *Monumental* Life.
Alas, how vainly! theſe brief *Regiſters*
Scarce more, at beſt, than barely this relate.
That once—"*a private Name, to Moſt unknown*,
"Lived, *a ſhort, uſual Sum of common Years*
"*With Man—and then with Man, in common*—died!"

Meer Folly weak, and Oſtentation, poor,
Of Self-Eſteem. Yet ſtriking in its Uſe,

And

And doctrinal; that anxious, general Wiſh
Of proud immortal Fame, in mortal Man,
Proves, to *Man's ſelf, his Immortality.*
——But who? what *Worthy?* by Inſcription large
On this fair Obeliſk, with Trophies hung,
Aſks Reverence, from th' admiring Paſſenger?
High is the Praiſe beſtowed; if haply due.
"*The fam'd---Benevolent---the ſtrictly Good---*
"*The perfect Chriſtian*"---who demands the *Palm*
This Worth confers, of Panegyrick full?
—Oh!—turn thy Eyes away, nor view *the Name!*
Of fouleſt Grain! *deteſtable* in *Death!*
Where Virtues ſhine not, ſignal, in the Life;
View'd in Example, in their Influence *felt,*
'Tis baſeſt Adulation paid to *Duſt,*
'Tis branding the dead *Convict* in the Front!
'Tis loud Reproach, 'tis ſtudied Infamy!——
Abortive Boaſt! not all the Gloze on Tombs
Can *ſaint* a CHARTRES, or make *juſt* a WILDE.

Who, meanly lodg'd, beneath *ſepulchral* Fence
Of native *Fir* and homely Workmanſhip,
This Tenure claims? with croſs-reſembled Bones,
And weeping *Angels,* painted on the Wood?
"*Four lovely Babes,---with their dead Mother,* ſnatch'd
"*By haſty Fate in Childbed's dolorous Pangs.*"
Ah! happy Mother! happy Family!—
---Yet muſt I weep---ſome few, ſome humane Drops,

In

In pity---to a Father's, Huſband's Loſs!
Your *Number*, (with the Circumſtance) recal
My *own* ſad Loſs, ſtill felt!---ſome Tears I weep,
Yet are they Tears of Joy,---Safe prove thy Reſt
Fair, *Parent-Shade!* and ye, bleſt *Innocents!*
Ah! ſweetly ſleep. Your heav'nly SIRE *of ſuch*
Elects his Kingdom. That bright Multitude
On the new *Sion* view'd by raptur'd *John*
In holy Viſion *; in whoſe blameleſs Mouths
(Acknowledg'd without Fault) was found no Guile.
EMANUEL's Purchaſe, the *firſt Fruits from Earth*
Redeem'd to GOD, his choiceſt *Virgin Train.*
---Rich Conſolation, in few Words expreſs'd,
(At the coarſe Foot of this plain *Tablet* wrote)
This *Motto* gives; "NOT LOST, but GONE BEFORE."

* Revel. xiv. 1. to vi.

I have purpoſely introduced this Paſſage for the Conſolation of pious, mourning Parents: *for whom, by ſevereſt Experience of the ſame Trials, I have the tendereſt Sympathy. The* Scripture, *here adverted to, affords the richeſt Comforts in ſuch afflicting Seaſons,* the Death of Infants, *who, no doubt, ſeem intended by this Place, and make a very numerous Part of the* redeemed Family: *diſtinguiſhed from the* Martyrs C. vi. 9. *From the* Penitents C. vii. 14. *From the whole* Body of Believers C. v. 13. and xix. 1, 14. *and ſeem evidently marked for Obſervation by the exacteſt* Characters and Deſcriptions. *Conſiderately read* them *(in* ver. 3, 4, 5.) *and ſee if they can agree to any other.*

What

What Fragments of inſculptur'd Marble theſe
Thus ſcatter'd? thus in Heaps neglected caſt,
The lordly Ruins of oblivious Time?
What do I read!---come here, come here, and learn,
Imperious Pride! what ſays th' inſidious *Stone?*
"*Here lies* the noble."---*Here?* ha! where? where lies?
Show, if thou can'ſt? where reſts th' *illuſtrious Peer?*
---Behold! behold him! from his Bed of State,
His ſack'd *Mauſoleum*, drag'd, diſturb'd, and thrown.
Mix'd with each Puddle, whirl'd by every Gale,
Or, undiſtinguiſh'd from Plebean Dirt,
Spurn'd unconcern'dly, by each *Peaſant's* Heel.
O Madneſs of Ambition! vain, vain hope
Of Honours, meerly gain'd from Names, or Blood!
Unſtable Structures, not by Merit rear'd
On Virtue's Baſis: durable alone.

Yet---where is *he?* what more than *Parian* Bust
Labour'd with coſtlieſt art, directs my Eye
To find *the Man*, the Man? Ah rather ſure
The Angel in that Form! who late below,
Thro' long Eclipſe of gloomieſt Poverty,
Look'd, yet, ſo lovely from his ſuffering Sphere.
His Life, a *Soil* where ev'ry heavenly Grace
In their full Cluſters grew. *Zeal*, warm while meek

by

By *Charity:* A *Piety* moſt rais'd
Yet, an *Humility* moſt deep abas'd:
Moſt *Patience* in worſt *want:* The worthieſt, beſt,
Of Chriſtians *he*----of Fathers--Huſbands--Friends---
---My Feet have trac'd him out, I recollect
The once-known Spot---and lieſt thou, lieſt thou here?
In this poor Shrine, obſcure, of Filth and Weeds!
Worthy in nobleſt Pyramid to reſt
Of Braſs or Gold: whom, claim'd in Skies anon,
Bright hov'ring *Seraphs* ſhall with Songs attend.
---Wait!---ſweetly reſted.---So may ſome kind Turf
Hide *my* mean Duſt, deſerted and forgot;
Wrong'd with no monumental Flattery.
Thou pitying Mother *Earth*, ah! when?—when?—
when?—
Shall this try'd Child of Griefs his care-ſick Head,
(Weary'd with Woes and Frailty) gently ſink
On thy *Grave's* kind, cold Pillow? there to reſt
Freſh for his Bridal, Reſurrection Morn?
Period of wiſh'd Perfection!—why recoils
My ſhudd'ring Fleſh, at *Diſſolution's* Name?
Our Entrance into Life may reconcile
The Thought, to *Death:* entomb'd before, we're
born,
A living Death; in the *Maternal* Grave.
Death, from the very Cradle, early wooes
Our timorous Childhood by his *Image* ſleep;

And

Munificent, and with Profuſion fill,
Of ev'ry living Thing, the large Deſire.†"
More uſeful Leſſon yet to Man they teach,
To *Atheiſt Man*, that *Monſter Rational!*
One obvious Leſſon more important ſtill:
Pray'r, — *Nature's* Inſtinct, innate to the Soul,
A Tax of Homage on Creation laid,
The general Bond on univerſal Life.
Their morning *Oriſons*, their *Veſpers* loud
Theſe teach their Young: *The Infant Suppliants cry,*
And ſeek their Meat from GOD: how ſweetly, hark!
Sound their Reſponſes! how devout the Charm!—
—And ſee, the ſporting Minſtrels! how in Troops
They make Excurſion; now divide, now join
Their ſable Columns; traverſe, and return;
Yet never joſtle in their mazy Flight.
While quick obſerving, thro' their lofty Camp,
Their planted *Centinel* gives warning Signs.
Strange Intuition!——cheaply tenanted
Free, and at Eaſe they dwell: content each Day
With Nature's *Dole*, and bleſt with careleſs Sleeps,
Hous'd in their ſkiey Chambers, rock'd by Winds.
Ah! happy *Freemen!* ye, your Fields of Air
Hold common with ye all. *Man*, tyrant Lord!
Parcels his Speck of Earth, to each ſmall Spot
(Counting mean Self *the whole*) lays private Claim;

† Pſalm cxlv. 16

And yokes in ſervile Toils his *vaſſal'd Kind*,
Diſtinguiſh'd ſcarcely from the vaſſal'd *Brute*;
Pre-eminenc'd alone, *by Birth*, in Woe.
But lo! a ſtately *Manſion*, breaks at once
From this ſhort *Viſta*, on th' attracted Eye.
Huſh'd in deep Silence ſeem the *Houſhold Trains*:
Sunk all, inconſcious, in Sleep's wilful Death.
Opiate, when us'd undue from *Sloth's* foul Cup,
To wreck Self-murder on the Heav'n-born *Thought*.
Ye Throngs loquacious! with more clamorous *Croaks*,
Call! louder, to theſe faſcinated Roofs,
And ſtart th' obſcene *Day-dreamers* up to Shame.

Where am I brought in inobſervant Range,
By *Meditation's* Hand led gently on?
An *Eden* ſure, a new, *loſt Paradiſe*,
Seems in this bliſsful *Privacy* reſtor'd!
Here let me ſit: alluring is the Scene,
Where the gay *Bank* ſpreads, ſoft, its native Couch
Of velvet Verdures, and embroid'ring Flowers.
The paſſing *Zephyrs* from their loaded Wings
Lodge their ſtol'n Fragrance here, a *Hive* of Sweets:
Cull'd from the new-cock'd *Hay*, and bloſſom'd *Bean*
And honied *Woodbine*; that with twiſting Arms
Weds her lov'd *Elm* in this dark *Nuptial Bow'r*.
In whoſe cool *Cov'ring* ſits the piping *Breeze*,
With Birds *ſymphonious* anſw'ring from the Boughs.
While, in blue *Sedge*, and ruſtic *Oſier* clad,

Cloſe at my Foot a *River* † gently ſtrays:
Its Murmurs rolling to a neighb'ring *Wood.*
Beneath whoſe quiv'ring Shade, the *ſunny* Beams
Dance on the checquer'd *Stream*, with ſhifting Light;
And in its Mirrour ſhow the *finny Tribes*,
That o'er the ſhining Pebbles make their Chaſe.

And

† *Here follow the* Verſes *promiſed in the* Advertiſement *before the Work.*

By Lea's *dear Banks, where loos'd in Play*
My Youth's ſmooth Hours ſtole pleas'd away,
Late wand'ring: by Reflection preſt;
Thus, *taught* the Friend, the mental Gueſt.
Sweet Stream! *where moſt my Haunts delight,*
Whoſe Scenes to ſolemn Thoughts invite;
May my calm Life reſemble thee,
Such Pleaſure give, ſo uſeful be.

As paſſing Straws *and buoyant* Leaves
Thy yielding Surface, *but, receives,*
While Pearls *that lure the ſearching Eye*
Deep treaſur'd, in thy Boſom *lie:*
May Trifles *ſuch Reception find;*
Float, merely tranſient, on my Mind,
While weightier Thoughts *Admiſſion win,*
Sink its whole Depths, and reſt *within.*

And, farther off, appears again at large
The wand'ring *Current*; turning oft aſide

His

As the large Face the Heav'ns *expoſe*
Thy pure, reflecting Mirrour *ſhows,*
Yet paints, in ſmall, terreſtrial *Scenes,*
Some bordering Flowers or pendant Greens:
So, with Reſemblances divine,
My copying Life direct to ſhine;
While Earth's *faint Forms, grown diſtant—leſs—*
Their fewer Images impreſs.

Teach me thy Conſtancy—*to force*
O'er Barrs, and Streights, a ſtubborn Courſe;
Not idly in Suſpenſion held—
Thy Path not chang'd, tho' oft repell'd.
Thy Patience *teach my ruffled Soul,*
When, like thy Waves, its Motions roll:
Who vex'd to foam, while Paſſions fray,
Gentle, in Smiles ſoon paſs away.

Teach me thy Rule of temp'rate Bliſs,
Pleas'd, juſt thy flow'ry Banks to kiſs:
Yet by no Sweets allur'd aſide,
Till Ocean *ſtops thy reſtleſs Tide.*
O may'ſt thou Pattern wiſe diſpenſe,
Mod rate to taſte the Charms of Senſe!
Still preſſing to my wiſh'd Abode,
Nor fix'd, till at my Centre—GOD.

His *Huſband-Flood* to kiſs the Conſort *Mead*;
And with her *Offspring* play, of ſmiling Flowers.
He, from his wealthy Affluence, pleas'd relieves
A thouſand happy Objects in his Way;
Yet, his own, kindred *Banks* leaves ever full.
Rich in his *Fountain*, like the *lib'ral Hand*,
He gains by giving: and his cryſtal Breaſt
Grows, by his *Alms* diſpens'd, more ſweet and pure.
While (like vaſt, ſtanding Lakes) *contracted Minds*
Pent up, amaſſing for themſelves alone,
Infectious turn: more fœtid by their Store.
How, all unchang'd, by Lengths of Ages paſt,
Theſe ſilver Tides have kept their ſtated Courſe!
The *Sea*, that takes their Tributes, feeds their *Springs*.
While proudeſt *Tow'rs*, that once theſe Banks adorn'd,
Long ſince, are moulder'd in their priſtine Duſt.
Strange Contradiction! *Things in flux*, their Forms
Hold permanent; *Things fix'd*, by Time expire.
Juſt ſo, the reſtleſs *Soul* that ever moves
Tow'rd GOD its Centre, from his *Ocean* finds
Increas'd Supplies; when *Carnaliſts*, on SELF
Proud-ſettling, feel their falſe Foundations ſapp'd—
Sunk—in their own *Dilapidations* loſt.

The *Vale* has catch'd my Eye; where thro' the Brake,
At Diſtance-ſmall deſcry'd, a ſpacious Waſte
Of ſtatelieſt *Ruins* tempts my Feet away.
Long deſolate: in ſuperſtitious Times

An *Abby* fair; with wandring-*Cloyſters*-large,
And *Tow'rs* broad-rear'd, and entring-*Arches*-wide,
And *Walks*, long-bowring once, of ſweeteſt Shade,
All winding pleaſant by a *fiſhy* Stream.
Ah! happy Country! from thy dreadful Thrall
Releas'd; of *Errour's* Night, and *mental* Chains.
CHRIST and his Truths were loſt: our bigot *Sires*
In the dark *Chambers of their Imag'ry*,
Serv'd *Idols*: falſly deifying *thee*,
MARY, bleſt *Virgin* (bleſt, tho' unador'd)
Stil'd, QUEEN OF HEAVEN, and MOTHER (ſtrange!) of GOD.
Plain *Name of Blaſphemy*; when Mother, pure,
Not of CHRIST's *Godhead*, but of CHRIST the *Man*.
Then *Mediator Saints* (ſome, while on Earth
Leaſt *ſaintly*) were invok'd; while HE, pronounc'd
Sole MEDIATOR, with *his Righteouſneſs*
By Faith alone *imputed*, was diſplac'd
For *legal Works of Merit*; falſly taught
To juſtify: *Rome's* gainful Mart for Gold.
Crafts, to ſerve *prieſtly* Av'rice, Pride and Pow'r.
And, are there who that vile deteſted Yoke
Would re-impoſe †, by vain *un-goſpel* Rites?

Who

† *I ſhould be deeply concerned if, by any miſconſtruction,* theſe Lines *ſhould be thought to reflect on a* Sacred Order *of Men I hold relation with; for whom I have, in common, the moſt real, affectionate Eſteem. All religious* Ceremonies *agreeing with goſpel Simplicity, in our Proteſtant* eſtabliſhed Church

Who Souls miſled would on *Repentance* reſt

Church. *All ſtations of* Dignity, Profit, *&c. conducing either to the Credit or comfortable Diſcharge of the* miniſterial Function, *the extending any* Sphere of Uſefulneſs, *or that are the juſt Rewards of* Piety and Merit, *are far from being deſign'd as a leaſt Part of the ſubject in* this Reprehenſion. *Such Abuſes of the* holy Office, *as I have* only *glanced at, are the Grief of all worthy Miniſters and good Men. The ſecureſt Heart may tremble at the Denunciations, which* GOD *hath himſelf expreſſed, againſt ſuch mercenary, idle, and rapacious* Shepherds. Ezek. xxxiv. *from* ver. 2. *to* 11.

Milton *has a Paſſage, in his* Lycidas, *exactly correſpondent with mine; applied wholly to a* Clergy *of this corrupt, ſcandalous, and carnal Stamp.*

——— *Such, as for their* Bellies ſake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the Fold.
Of other Care they little Reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the Shearer's Feaſt,
And drive away the worthy *bidden Gueſt;*
Blind Mouths! *that ſcarce* themſelves *know how to hold*
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful Herdſman's *Art belongs!*
What recks it them? what need they? they are ſped;
And, when they liſt, *their* lean, and flaſhy Songs
Grate on their ſcranel Pipes of wretched Straw.
The hungry Sheep *look up, and are not fed,*
But, ſwoln with Wind, and the rank Miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul Contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim Wolf *with privy Paw*
Daily devours apace; and nothing ſaid —— &c.

For Life? and Duties of defective † *Law?*
Hirelings? that make for Gain the SAVIOUR's Church
A *worldly* Kingdom? that *meer* Titles ſeek,
And hunt for carnal Profits, Sloth, and Eaſe,
In rich Pluralities? who famiſh'd leave
The pining *Flock*, and cloath them with their Wool?
LORD of thy *Iſrael!* theſe intruding Wolves
Caſt from thy Fold.—to dreſs thy Vineyard ſend
Try'd, faithful *Labourers* by *bleſt Lucre* mov'd;
Large Wages ſeeking *in*, not *for*, their Work.
Holy, Regenerate, Humble;—deep, beſt learn'd,
From *inward Teachings*, in thy SPIRIT's School.
Striving *alone*, who moſt with Zeal, with Love
Shall burn for JESUS, in their *Toils for Men.*

What ſudden Warnings give the muſt'ring Clouds
That lour, tempeſtuous, in the *alter'd* Air?
Beaſts their cloſe Coverts, *Birds* their ſhadieſt Trees
Affrighted ſeek, the Siege of inſtant *Storm*
Preſaging ſure. It points this Way—'tis come!
Deep groans th' Ear-rending *Thunder*, that compels
My ſpeedy Flight: for Shelter, poorly ſought
Amid theſe bowing Roofs, and dropping Walls;
And dark-ſunk Caverns, for the Foot unſafe:
The *Toads* foul Nurs'ry, and the drear Reſort
Of

† *Meaning* (defective) *in its primary End*, to juſtify. *Agreeing to the Senſe of* Rom. viii. 3. *For what* the Law could not do *in that* it was weak *thro' the Fleſh*, &c.

Of lurking *Adders*, and th' ill boding *Owl*.
Thro' whoſe torn Clefts the haunting *Echoes* rave
With Peals more horrid, and of hoarſer Roar.——
Hark! how the *Rains* in ſtreaming Torrents burſt!
While livid flaſh the mix'd ſulphureous Flames,
Soon follow'd by new Vollies from the Skies.
A dreadful Fight of jarring Elements:
The Strife of Waters, with the Rage of Fire.—
—In that one Voice, now rais'd, what Terrors ſpoke!
Again!—more loud it grows.—And ſhall I fear
A FATHER's Thunder? will his Lightning harm
A *Child*? a *Fav'rite*? in his fond, fond Heart
Lodg'd, watch'd, remember'd; by as quick a Senſe
As the touch'd *Pupil* of the feeling *Eye*. *
Are not his *Angels* here? my royal Guard
On kind Commiſſion ſent. *Himſelf* is here!
Himſelf! in ev'ry State of Conflict found
My Help! my SAVIOUR, nigh! my *preſent* GOD!
And ſhall I fear? tho' Nature ſwift were ſeiz'd
With her expiring Pang; tho' *Hell* ſhould arm,
And hemm'd I ſtood, with ghaſtlieſt *Furies* round?
Roar on, ye Thunders! flaſh, ye Lightnings *now!*
On this untrembling Breaſt! 'mid all your Threats,
Compos'd to ſweeteſt Peace; while calm'd, aſſur'd,
By the *felt* Pledges, of a FATHER's Love.
—Try, *Unbeliever!* how thy *Bulruſh*-Hope
Will bear thee; in an Hour of ſtormy Fears;
In Calm, in Courage like the *Chriſtian's* Truſt!

* Zech. ii. 8.

The Wreck comes near, in that thick, dun-red Cloud,
Full o'er my Head impended; big, and low. —— 666
Guard, gracious Heav'n! how direful was that Crack!
As if Earth's Poles were rift, and in her Doom
Heav'n's whole Artillery was diſcharg'd at once.
And—hah!—behold, the Havock, ſee this *Oak* 670
Cloſe at my Side! that, but a Moment paſt,
Stretch'd his proud, vaunting Arms, himſelf a Wood,
Long Proof to all, the *Elemental* War:
Scath'd by the nitrous Blaſt, his knotted Trunk
In mangled Fragments ſtrew'd, to Shivers riv'd; 675
With all his ancient Honours laid in Duſt!——
So near its Fate, why miſs'd the *fiery Death*
In *my* pierc'd Heart to drink the vital Stream?
THY Care, all watchful, THY love-reſcuing Arm,
PRESERVER *dear!* in proſtrate Homage prais'd. 680
Thus took, *for me*, the Sword of burning Wrath
My SAVIOUR! in *his* Juſtice-ſheathing Side §.
Fix, the deep Voice of Providence, my Thoughts
Of that VINDICTIVE POWER: whoſe leſs Alarms
London! thy *ſhook* Metropolis has felt, † 685
(Oh! had it ſhook more Hearts!) which, yet ſo freſh,
Suggeſts a *Theme*, not devious, for my Song.

Still roſe the Morn; Security had lull'd,
The flatter'd *Sons of Vice* in falſe Repoſe.

§ Zech. xiii. 7. † *In the Year* 1750.

HEAV'N

HEAV'N of its dread Intent no *Portents* gave;
Ah! too, too obvious in our gen'ral Crimes.
Pleaſure had lent to *Time* her ſilken Wings;
And, to *her Syrens*, danc'd *his* wanton Hours,
Thoughtleſs of Change. *Mirth* wore her livelieſt Smile,
And *Eaſe* ſat, liſtleſs, on *Auguſta's* Walls.
When, inſtantaneous, Earth's huge, cumb'rous Maſs
Heav'd, with ſtrange Pang, and deep reſounds her Groan.
All, at the Signal, rouſe —— but ſtretch them ſoon
In *Folly's* dallying Lap, and huſh their Fears.
The *Month* her Circle had in Paſtimes clos'd,
Again —— another —— a repeated Shock, —
A louder Voice, of Horror more ſevere,
Starts the dead Slumb'rers from their impious Dream.
Where fly the threaten'd Wretches, *where?* where, *now*,
For wiſh'd Relief? —— To ſuppliant Penitence?
To Faſts? to Mournings? to the Houſe of Pray'r?
A Poſture due --- Ah! no. To *Plays!* to *Sports!*
To *midnight Revels!* neareſt match'd in Guilt
To thoſe of Fiends; the Jubilee of *Hell!*
Hear it not, Strangers! our Diſgrace outbraves
All Parallel; on *two*, amazing Days!
On Each, an *Earthquake!* and *on Each a Ball* *!

* *It was obſervable, and ſhock'd every ſerious Mind, that the Bills gave public Notice, on each of theſe Times, of an intended infamous* Maſquerade: *that, it will be remember'd with eternal Honour, were prevented by expreſs Orders from his late Majeſty* G. II.

Has Man his Hours in Charge, important Truſt!
All lent? all number'd? all with Duty tax'd?
In Sloth to ruſt? in Luxury to waſte?
To loſe, in ſenſual Feculence, at will?
Like hardy Gameſters, deſp'rate in their Play!
What are their rank Amours; that dare the Sun
In *Day's* broad Eye; amid the num'rous *Stews*
Affronting, with Impunity, our Streets?
Of ſhameleſs Youth the *Faſhionable Schools!*
All *Order*, *Ties*, *Relations*, Heav'n's wiſe Law
Made the *Drole's* laugh, and broke, for *Modes* of Sin.
What are their Meetings, at the ſwiniſh Board
Of boaſted *Fellowſhip*, their roaring Bands,
But *Circe's* Monſters, wallowing o'er their Trough?
What, their *Aſſemblies?* for Politeneſs fam'd!
Nurs'ries of Pride, and leud Intrigue, and Fraud
In laviſh Play; baſe Luſt, of *furtive* Gold.
Health, Innocence, and precious Minutes, loſt!
Immortal Minds amus'd o'er *painted Toys!* ---
View it not, *Angels!* to enhance your Scorn
Of Man; already in your Sight too mean.

Oh---*Britain*---oh!---maternal, weeping Land
Theſe are thy Chriſtians! ſham'd by Pagan Climes;
Theſe thy ſad Proſpects! this thy hopeleſs Race,
Mature for Ruin! --- ſhould the dreaded Blow
Seize them, immers'd in Acts of daring Sin!

Should

Should Heav'n its Scenes of Horror, *then*, diſcloſe;
The yawning Earth! ſunk Street! and cracking Pile!
---Hark!---'tis at Hand!---prepare to meet thy GOD!
Thy GOD, O *Britain!* thy tremendous JUDGE!
Thy JUDGE incens'd! OMNIPOTENCE IN WRATH!
A dreadful Foe! he ſpeaks---but ſpares the Stroke
Love wreſts the Vengeance from his lifted Arm.
O, timely be attentive! hear! hear! hear
His monitory Voice! his awful, loud,
Yet gentle Call!---mild SAVIOUR! Friend of Man!
Pour, in large Streams, thy ſoft'ning SPIRIT down,
To melt the *native Rock of human Hearts!*
Dear, bleeding *Advocate!* our hapleſs State
Commiſerate, all gracious; bow thine Ear,
Pitying, to ſuppliant Duſt.---*Thy People's* Pray'rs,
The *Matrons* Tears, our *Infants* helpleſs Cries,
Invoke thee, "Oh, avert! avert our Doom!"

The *Storm* is ceas'd---The *Thunders* know their GOD,
And ſtill their Roar. O! how ſevere is felt
His Frown in Nature, tho' his *Frown of Love!*
Each Proſpect mourns! from all the languid Tribe
Of weeping *Flow'rs*, and ev'ry dripping *Tree.*
Soon ſhall your ſhort-ſoil'd Beauties be repair'd,
By gloſſier Luſtres, and more ſpic'd Perfumes.
For ſee! the *Sun* his freſh-refulgent Rays
Pours on the Skirt of yon ſoft fleecy Cloud

That form a ſhadowy *Arch* of dazzling *Liſts:*
Gay *Yellow*, emerald-*Green*, and morning-*Red*,
Aurora's Bluſh; a ſhining *Zone*, engrain'd
In Tints of Heaven. With whoſe ſweet Aſpect pleas'd,
GOD (in Remembrance of *ſworn* Amity
With *Earth* eſtabliſhed, and perpetual League)
Gracious will look; his *Cov'nant-Symbol** own'd
Of *Peace*, and full-exterminated *Ire*.
Birds raiſe their joyous Song; and *Flocks* and *Kine*
Thro' the ſhower'd *Meads* for ſavory Banquet roam.
All is a State of Love, no Quarrels here
Divide the diff'rent *Polities:* The *Boar*
Feeds at full Range beſide the Labourer *Ox*,
With the tame *Steed* the *Lamb* free Paſtures ſhare,
Man only, Feud foments; proud, factious Man,
The Savage, lordly *Wrangler* of the Word.

Such pleas'd Surveys of *Nature's* wondrous Frame
Suit well the Sanctity of *holieſt Time*;
And ſhall the *Bigot*, of cenſorious Stamp,
The *Chriſtian* brand: who, contemplating *thus*,
His *early* Lot, or *late*, of *hallow'd Hours*,
In *rural Wanderings* ſpends? depriv'd the Means
Of *Cloſet*-Thought, by Circumſtances ſtrait
Of numerous Offſpring, or the Want of Place
In *Houſhold Privacy*. Acquiring *here*

* Geneſis ix. *ver.* 16. *compared with* Iſaiah liv. *ver.* 9.

(Beſides

(Beſides a Mind, more ſooth'd to heavenly Calm)
Brac'd Nerves, rais'd Appetite, and purer Blood:
The Tides faſt pouring in of *Health*, and *Joy*.
Corp'ral with *mental* Good.——away! ye gloom'd,
O'er-rigid *Race!* ſtiff *Phariſees* in *Creed!*
Who *goſpel*-Saints by *ſabbatary* Forms
Would bind; that Vaſſalage of *legal Reſt*.
Like me (ere Hardneſs of degen'rate Hearts
Compell'd ſtrict *Jewiſh Law*) in *Hebron's* Field
Accepted *Iſaac*, at accuſtom'd *Eve*
Walk'd forth to meditate: and HIM ador'd
LORD OF HIS SABBATH, Man's *Exemplar* bleſt,
HE (like his mean *Diſciple*) thro' the Paths
Of tow'ring *Corn*, or ſome lone, ſhade-top'd *Hill*,
Took, ſocial or apart, his devious Way.
Safe RULE: If not from HIM his *Follower* ſwerve.

One *Duty* of the *ſolemn Day* is paid:
The meet Remembrance of *Creation's Works*.
But, *Works* more *Godlike*, more tranſcendent far,
(A weightier Debt, a dearer Duty ſtill!)
Claim my full Sum of wondring, grateful Thoughts:
So ever, ſtill, in paying ne'er to pay.
A World, miraculous like this, to make
A *Word* it coſt!---but *one prolific Word!*---
But ah! th' *Almighty* MAKER'S *Life itſelf*
Was paid, that *World* from Ruin to *redeem*.
GOD ſtoop'd to Suffr'ings, for his *Creature's* Sin!

Oh!

Oh! that as once to *him* * (tho' not in *Grace*
In *Name* reſembling) thou to *me* would'ſt deign
(Hid in the Cliſt of thy ſpear-open'd Side)
In *Trance* thy paſſing DEITY to view! ---
See me, thou meek INCARNATE MAJESTY!
With aw'd Requeſt bow'd deeper than in Duſt:
And thy free SPIRIT ſend, thy purchas'd *Gift*,
In my Mind's *Glaſs* the Viſion to reveal:
Some faint, ſhort *Glimpſe*, thy Glories *hindmoſt Parts*,
My *Morning-Wandrings* laſt, but ſweeteſt *Theme*.

What may not ranſom'd *Man* provided ſee
In the rich *Covenant* †, by *Redemption* wrought?
His *whole of Bliſs* ſecur'd‡; the *Means* and *End*:
All his wiſh'd *Bleſſings*, treaſur'd ſafe *in* THEE,
Thou LORD *of Angels!* but the *Sinner's* Friend!
Ah! more, his *Kinſman*, in *fraternal Bonds!*
Where ſhall the guilt-convicted *Creature* fly,
Scorch'd thro', and ſtunn'd, with thund'ring *Sinai's*
Curſe?

To

* Exod. xxxiii. 18. *and ſeq.*

† *I would recommend it to all Perſons under Conviction, and others, to read deliberately over* Ezek. c. xxxvi. *from* ver. 25 *to* 29. *Compared with* Heb. c. viii. ver. 10. — 12.

‡ Redemption, *in Scripture Senſe is only that as iſſued in ſuch* eternally --- *Having obtained* eternal Redemption *for us* Heb. ix. 12. *And is ſaid to be* (2 Tim. ii. 10.) *For the* Elects ſake.

To *Works?* That *Law*, that firſt *convinc'd of Sin!*
The *Dead* to work? meer Carcaſe, void of *Strength:*
Shut up, long putrid, in *Corruption's* Grave.
"But he may ſeek to *Mercy*,"---Mercy! where?
The *Sword* of fiery *Juſtice* waving guards
That Gate, made inacceſſible to *Guilt*.
Show, if thou canſt, without a *Ranſom* giv'n,
A *Satisfaction* adequate and full;
Show, in a Way becoming DEITY,
Mercy with *Juſtice* reconcil'd to *Man?*
Join *Truth*, that threatens Puniſhment, with *Love?*---
What muſt he do?---"In deep *Repentance* plung'd,
"Cleans'd, and abluted come?"---Ah proud Deceit!
Repentance is the *Child* of fruitful *Faith:*
Not its *Progenitor*, as falſly taught;
(Twin Virtues, rather, in the *heavenly Train)*
Come --as thou canſt: *Juſt*, *loathſome as thou art*;
For a *free Pardon*, held thee out by *Grace*.
Like the bare *Prodigal* * *in all thy Filth*
Take the bleſt *Boon!*---me *in my Blood* HE found
(Blotted all thro' with ev'ry *Spot of Hell*,
Trembling, condemn'd, in my own Thoughts, undone)
And cleans'd me in the *Fountain* of HIS OWN.
With all my Fears, to HIM, when loſt, I turn'd;
And *felt* him ſoon my Peace, and *feel* him ſtill,
(With his *abiding Unction* † richly ſhow'r'd)

* Luke xv. 20. † 1 John ii. 27.

A vital Head of Influence own'd, to me
His meaneſt Member: a weak *Foot*, defil'd,
Of that bleſt Body; often warp'd aſide,
And turn'd away. Like the Sap-gend'ring Vine
Nurt'ring his grafted Branch, from HIM I draw
Growth, Suſtenance, and Fruits. Ev'n *Ills* I feel,
(*Such*, in their Nature) op'rating in *Good*.
Bleſt is *Temptation* (not provok'd nor ſought)
That makes me but more watchful. Bleſt, I deem
Afflictions; helping in their Exerciſe
My Work of *perfect Patience*. Ev'n my *Luſts*,
The Strivings of my *old Corruption* bleſt;
That drive me more to JESUS, drive me *there*
For *Purity* and *Strength*; all ſtor'd *in* HIM.
Puſh'd off by hoſtile Legions, ſafe I ſtand
Safe in *the Covenant*; in *that Hold* ſecure.
That Hold!— not MINE OF HIM, but HIS OF ME.

And mayſt thou not, *Believer!* clear'd, abſolv'd,
Lov'd, ſanctified, and ſeal'd, thy purchas'd *Heav'n*
By ſafe *Aſſurance* hold? and take thy Seat
Now, † *in celeſtial Places?*—Goſpel *Sons*
(Not, *ſhall*, but *do*) have *enter'd in that Reſt* ‡.
Their preſent *Privilege*, tho' to moſt unknown.
"Who? what high Fav'rite, more than Man, enjoys
"A Charter ſo peculiar?" Multitudes!

† Epheſ. *c.* ii. *v.* 6. ‡ Heb. *c.* iv. *v.* 3.

Arriv'd

Arriv'd at *filial Liberty*. A Right
Faith's weakeſt new-born *Babe* may ſafely claim.
ALL who in CHRIST believe, ALL OUGHT, ALL MAY;
Who yield not blindly to the ſpecious Guile
Of *Carnal Reaſonings*, and baſe *Unbelief*:
Falſe wandring Fires, that lead in miſty Night
The loſt, ſad *Pilgrim*, foul, and far, aſtray.

Is this th' immortal, emulating, Prize!
A *Palm*, for conteſt ſet to human Race!
And will the *Child*, by Paſſions nurs'd and Dreams,
The Idiot-Slave of Humors, pine for Earth
In frenzied Wiſh, and hug his *bawble World*.
What is *Ambition*, but baſe Diſcontent
With what we are?—What *Pleaſure*, but a Foam
By the mad Torrent rais'd of rapid Senſe?
Faſhion — ſeem ought her ever-changing *Modes*
But *Folly's Cobweb*: ſpun to catch the Pride
Of weak, light, little, flutt'ring *Female Hearts*?
Beauty—what more than an external *Toy*?
Thoſe that poſſeſs it, too, enjoy it leaſt:
Worn, but *for others*.—Guilt's Aſylum *Gold*
What?—a falſe Shadow, of as falſe a Good.
Fame what? and *Titles*?—Breath! and empty *Names*!
What, *Learning*?—but the Boaſt, with Labour gain'd,
Of knowing *ſomething*——that *was known before*.
—And are theſe worth a Wiſh! an anxious Sigh!

Thy

Thy chief Solicitude!-- which claims it beſt,
(Count, ſenſual Soul! revolve it oft, and deep!)
A Portion *ſpent* on *Earth?* or *ſtor'd*, in *Heav'n?*
Th' important Difference, ſcan! deliberate! weigh!
Note the vaſt, vaſt, Diſparity! between
A Portion, *haſt'ning* FROM! or *haſt'ning* TO!

But hark! from all the diſtant *Hamlets* round,
The lively *Bells* have rais'd their early Peals
To welcome in the Feaſt of holy Joy:
That ſoftly-wafted o'er the ſilent Fields
Pours Harmony on pleas'd *Devotion's* Ear.
The due Regards of *Houſehold Piety*
Betimes exciting; ere their *ready Trains*,
On Sound more gravely ſolemn, all convene
In the full houſe of Pray'r, and Hearts commix
In Adorations ſocial---rev'rent hear
His Meſſage CHRIST'S EVANGELIST unfold,
Rejoyc'd with Fellow-Saints: *One* homeward *Stage*
Brought onward, happily, to native Skies:
A *Sabbath-Journey* in their Way to Heav'n.

What holds me then, but that with inſtant Pace,
On the firſt Summons, earlieſt, I return?
In the joint Duties timely to engage
Of houſehold Piety; 'till with the Trains,
Call'd on more ſolemn Service, I convene
In the full *Houſe of Pray'r*; with Heart commix'd

In

In Adorations ſocial---rev'rent hear
His Meſſage CHRIST'S EVANGELIST unfold
Rejoycing; while in Saintly-Fellowſhip,
To native Skies in nearer Proſpect ſtill
Brought ſweetly on, a Homeward Stage I reach:
One *Sabbath's-Journey*, on my heavenly Way.

So if an *Eaglet* (practiſing for Strength
His wand'ring Wing) in mid Excurſion hears
The careful *Mother-Bird* her *Son* recal,
To her known Signal back he ſpeeds at once;
And *on her Plumes*, in Flight celeſtial borne,
High to the *Sun* on ſafer Pinions ſoars.

The END *of the* FIRST PART.

SUNDAY

5 MA 56

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

THE

SACRED PUBLIC DUTIES.

With thoſe of

THE FAMILY and SOLITUDE.

PART II.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

PART II.

ON THE

PUBLICK, FAMILY,

AND

SOLITARY DUTIES.

AS one, belated on ſome perilous Road,
(Whom, a freſh Rumour of *Night-Murder* done
Thrills with ſad Damp) at his own Tread diſmay'd
Stops liſtning oft, then ſpeeds him faſter on:
If in the Window of ſome friendly Lodge
His Eye, at length, diſcerns a *Taper's* Gleam,
His Hope revives, freſh Courage ſteels his Heart:
So on his Way the heavenly *Pilgrim* bent:
Thro' the World's Waſte, this howling Wild of Prey,
(Kept by the Murderer *Satan* faſt in queſt)

Looks to the Lamp of *Goſpel* Promiſes;
In fainting Fears his Suſtentation ſweet,
Of Cordial full. With GOD his ſaving Strength,
A *Shield* to guard, a *Sun* to light and cheer;
With CHRIST, by gracious *Imputation* made
His Righteouſneſs; that white imperial Robe,
By *Saintly*-Spirits-Regen'rate worn, and pure:
Eſpous'd by *Faith* to Heav'n's *ſole* Heir the LAMB.
And in his Breaſt the HOLY COMFORTER
Inhabiting, with *evidential Seals*,
What ſhall he dread? tho' (--from his FATHER's Home
Abſent and far---)Hell's Snares in Ambuſh thick
Beſet his Path, what ſhall GOD's Fav'rite dread?
Thro' his worſt Thralls aſſur'd to perſevere*.

The high CREATOR had his *ſix Days* Works
In Man completed, Man the Crown of all;
Gracious, his *ſeventh*, th' approving ARCHITECT
(Not with that dread Solemnity with which
On thund'ring *Sinai* he promulg'd his Law
In Majeſty of Terrour) view'd the Plan
All beauteous, and his *hallow'd* REST ordain'd.
When our new Parents, on his *Sabbath's* Morn,
Exiſtence with Devotion's Acts began:
And *euchariſtic* Sacrifice firſt paid
Their bounteous FORMER. Then the *Morning Stars*,
(Bright, eldeſt Servants of th' empyreal Courts)

* Rom. viii. ver. 28. *to the end.*

Togethe

Together ſang, and with ſymphonious Shout
From all his Worlds, the *Sons of* GOD rejoic'd.
O! what a *Sabbath* that of heav'nlieſt Bliſs!
Angels, and Man on Earth, and GOD with Man
Inharmonis'd; the only *ſuch* perhaps
By unfall'n *Adam* known, elaps'd ſo ſoon*.
(Such the redeem'd, eternal, yet ſhall know)
But *this* ſoon darken'd, by our firſt Offence,
Long ſince, the riſen SAVIOUR hath annul'd:
(LORD OF THE SABBATH†, *tho' the Son of Man*)
That, ſoil'd, exchanging for *his* brighter *Day*.

Long could not *Death* in weak-impris'ning Bands
(Impoſſible) the LORD *of Life* detain;
Nor the vain *prieſtly Seal*, nor *Roman* Watch,

* *It has been ingeniouſly (not without ſhew of Reaſon) ſuppoſed, that* Adam *was created on* Friday, at 3 in the Afternoon, *and fell on* Sunday-morning. *Why elſe* that Hour *for offering the* daily Sacrifice?—*Our* LORD *was* (*moreover*) *crucified on* Friday, *and* at *the* 9*th Hour, it is ſaid* (*or* 3 in the Afternoon) *made his Soul an Offering for Sin, or choſe for voluntarily yielding it up in Death. And ſo cauſed* (*fulfilling Daniel's propheſy*, C. ix. 27.) *the* Sacrifice and Oblation to ceaſe. *Thus as* Adam *was made on* Friday, *and fell on* Sunday, CHRIST *the* 2*d* ADAM *died on the* former, *and roſe on the* latter—died *the* ſame Day and Hour *Man was* made (Friday, 3 in the Afternoon) *for our Offences*; *and* roſe *the ſame Day and Time Man* fell (Sunday Morning) *for our Juſtification*.

† Mark ii. 28.

(Pick'd *Veterans*, beſure, of ſtouteſt Heart;
No doubt inſpected too by mingling Spies
Of *Jewiſh* Zealots, curious for th' Event;
The *Prieſts* themſelves, perhaps, or truſted Friends)
Availeſs all; th' appointed *third-day's* Morn,
Firſt of the Week, had ſcarce unbarr'd the Skies,
Ere from th' etherial Portal downward ſped
Th' ARCH-ANGEL, on Commiſſion vaſt diſmiſs'd
From SOV'REIGN JUSTICE SATISFY'D, to looſe,
In full Diſplay of due, judicial Form,
Our law-freed SURETY. With his Preſence mov'd
Earth, aw'd, and trembling for her guilty Sons,
Deep at her Centre quak'd; while from the Tomb,
Back, in reſentful Look, the pond'rous Stone
He roll'd: And on it with terrific State
Sat ſternly paſſive, full in dreadful View:
Like Lightning ſhone his Viſage, and his Robes
Of heav'nlieſt Luſtre foil'd th' unſullied Snow.
Where are the dauntleſs Guards? convuls'd with Fear
All ſhiv'ring, ſtruck to Earth like lifeleſs Men!
Not ſo weak *Mary*, (Women, ſtrong in Faith,
Shall ſhame a Hoſt of trembling Infidels)—
Ah happy Females! as by Woman firſt
Came mortal Woe, ſo Tidings now of Life
To *Eve's* recover'd Sons, *ye firſt* ſhall bear
In riſen JESUS. Lo! the LORD appears;
Before the reſt, to favour'd *Magdalene*;

Oft

(Oft finds the guiltieſt Sinner ſignal Grace)
Then to th' *Eleven*, on their ſad *Firſt Day* Eve
Met all for Prayer, convincive to the Teſt
Of Sight and Touch. Full forty bliſsful Days
Converſing, was he ſeen; revealing Laws
Of his new Kingdom*, when his little Flock
To *Bethany* he led, aſcending thence
With *Words of Bleſſing*, viſible to Heav'n;
So † to return again to waiting Saints.

Hail, Morn! more bliſsful than Creation's Light,
When JESUS roſe! accompliſhing a Work
In Man's Redemption happier than his Birth.
Thee, ſweeter *Sabbath*, may I riſe to hail!
To ſing thy Honours, and reprove a World
Forgetful of its SAVIOUR! O what Pangs
My ſecret Thoughts have felt! the Griefs to view
Of ſlighted *Sion*; in the hallow'd REST
Of CHRIST, diſhonour'd!—Now *let* Pity move,
(*Let* large Philanthropy for erring Man)
To win the Wand'rer from the Path of Death.
And thou, dear SPIRIT OF GOD! ſo wont to bleſs
The Day of JESUS, quickning with thy Pow'r
The ſin-dead Soul, regen'rate by thy Word:
O! Teacher, Friend, and Comforter of Saints,
Smile on my Work of heart-felt Charity;

* Acts i. 3. † Acts i. 11.

That to thy Influence, ſome at leaſt, ſome Breaſt
May melt, and Angels taſte a new caus'd Joy.

CHRIST's holy Pilgrim wake! a Brother's Voice
Alarms thee, 'tis thy Duty's friendly Call.
Break from thy temp'rate Reſt of Nature pure.
Of freeſt Thought, of ſtilleſt Silence calm,
Of *ſought* Retirement 'tis thy choiceſt Hour.
In Secreſy (like *Moſes*) firſt thyſelf
Aſcend the Mount alone, and proſtrate there
With GOD, thy own, thy dear, thy vaſt Concerns
Tranſact; and taſte the Parent-Kiſs divine.
Then, mild, aſſemble next thy Houſhold Charge,
(If Heav'n has will'd thee in a Truſt ſo high)
Them to the Throne conduct, together bend,
Commingled *Intereſts* banded in one Work,
One, little, ſweet Society of Love.
Their Morning Sacrifice, the great HIGH PRIEST
Receiving, on *his* golden Altar laid,
Shall with HIS Incenſe offer; †and return
The queſted Bleſſings, from auſpicious Skies.

See, on *Auguſta's* tall, aſcending Spires
The Lamp of Morn has ſhot his whitening Beam.
Fair Structures, rear'd for bleſt Religion's Uſe.
But where the living Temples ſhall I ſeek
Of GOD? where moſt his Preſence loves to dwell;

† Rev. viii. 3.

Where Man? the favourite Sanctuary of Heav'n!
Some on the Bed of Sloth, in Sleep ſupine
Falſe Reſt indulging, or in Wine's mad Dream
Faſt captiv'd, or the Folds of deadly Sin.
Some wakeful with th' Alarm of worldly Care,
Baſe *Mammon*; or on roving Pleaſures call'd
Ill-tim'd, th' *all holy Seaſon* to profane.
Can I not find the few? the pious few?
(Ah were their Numbers more!) whoſe Hearts prepar'd
In Secret join the Fellow-Saints Above,
Leagu'd in their bleſt Employs, and well approv'd
By their all-ſeeing, gracious FATHER's Eye?
Can I not mix in Spirit with their Train?
Lift from dull Earth my Thoughts? from ſenſual Scenes?
And ſoar with *kindred Minds* to *long'd-for Heav'n?*

Dear HERVEY! oft, *with whom* communing ſweet,
Our Souls aſſociate (twin-born Souls are ours)
Caſt in one Mould, cemented by one Taſte,
Wrought to one Likeneſs, temper'd in one Flame,
Nurs'd by one Judgment, tutor'd to one Theme.
Dear, as if preſent to my viſual Senſe,
(Myſt'ry of vulgar Minds) ere ever ſeen;
How ſince endear'd! the Pow'rs of readieſt Speech
An Eloquence like thine, would fail to tell.

Now abſent, in ideal Sight retain'd,
With Friendſhip like fraternal Sympathy,
Where e'er thy long expected Labour † new
(Rich in choice Art) thy Judgment meliorates
With height'ning Touches, delicate and pure,
In Proſe, Ear rapt'ring as the Voice of Song.
O might I but acquire thy happy Vein!
Correct as that could teach, perſuade, and pleaſe,
In the Love-impuls'd Thoughts that move my Lay!

And thou! with ev'ry grateful Honour nam'd,
Laſt-living Glory of the BRITISH MUSE,
Her *Chariots! Horſemen!* all her *Grace* and *Strength!*
Like the great TISHBITE, almoſt left alone
The PROPHET OF THY GOD: whom humbly aw'd
I follow, and thy Steps at Diſtance trace:
While, long the gentle THOMPSON laid in Earth,
Fair-ſhrin'd, beneath his own freſh Laurels reſts,
Shall I, O YOUNG! converſing with thy Art,
My languid *Taper* kindle at thy *Sun?*
And flowing Numbers, Piety Heart-warm'd,
Pathetic Tumult, all the Soul of Verſe,
Nerv'd, copious Sentiment, and quick'ning Fire,
Catch from thy *Page?* whoſe ſingle Worth ſhall ſave
The GENIUS of DISHONOUR'd POESY:
From barbarous Bands, the *Vandal* and the *Goth*,

† *Dialogues of* Theron *and* Aſpaſio, *ſince publiſhed.*

(To

(To ſink our Morals, with our Senſe and Taſte)
In ſqualid Legions ſwarming from the Preſs,
Like *Egypt's* Monſters, from the Mud of *Nile*.

If I with YOU, frail *Adam's* Sons at beſt,
In one original Pravation born;
If WE, by *Faith's* elucidating Beam,
Heav'n-favour'd, have diſcern'd our *Nature's* Thrall,
Her Sickneſs, Impotence, and BLEEDING CURE,
Which her Pride will not, Blindneſs cannot ſee,
Shall Pity be deny'd her Suit humane
For kindred Bondmen? Brethren, yet in Chains?
Shall not the feeling Heart, the weeping Eye,
The ſuppliant Knee, their Succours intercede,
Their Freedom, at the MEDIATORIAL THRONE?

The awful Time advances, and requires
Our earlieſt Preſence at the *Temple's* Gates.
How meet the Service when the ſolemn Hour
Calls to the Houſe of Prayer, GOD's earthly Courts!
How dear th' aſſembled *Family of Heav'n*,
All Children of ONE FATHER, round the Throne
Preſenting large their Wants, with joint Addreſs,
By the lov'd LORD, their *elder Brother's* * Hands!
How ſweet to waft the Hymn of grateful Praiſe,
Loud Melody of *Sion*, and attend

* *Heb.* ii. 11. 12.

The gracious *Preacher*, dropping Manna down,
The Bread of craving Souls. O fix me then!
(The heav'nly Dew thick-ſhow'ring round my Tent)
Not in the *Form* of light Philoſophy;
Thoſe Metaphyſic Figments crude and bold,
The *Stagirite's* Dogma, or *Platonic* Dream;
Root to foul Hereſies of eldeſt Growth.
Nor ſeat me, liſt'ning in Attention waſte
On windy Sounds, the *Rhetorician's* Charm:
Or modiſh *Reaſoner's* proud Theology:
When the *meer moral* Leſſon aims to ſooth
With Eloquence the vainly-curious Ear.
Dead, taſteleſs Letter; which the heathen School
Of *Seneca*, or *Tully*, better teach,
Than dares beſt modern Orator to boaſt.
But place me where the *true Evangeliſt*,
CHRIST's *Miniſter*, the *Goſpel* Page unfolds,
Full of Experience; where the piercing Word
May find the Sinner's Pride, and lay him deep
In humbling Terrors of the killing Law:
Then *Faith*, *Repentance* then, both *Gifts* of Heav'n,
Once deem'd ſo eaſy, ſeem his hardeſt Taſk.
Conviction gives no Power to conquer Sin,
The Work alone of Grace; *this* lets him ſee
His Danger, Wants, Dependance, Weakneſs, Strength.
Freſh from the Stores of ſovereign, healing Love,
The *Blood of* JESUS, eaſe-renewing *Balm*

To

To wounded Hearts, the kind *Phyſician* brings
A welcom'd Cure; and lets th' Offender know
(Led thro' his Struggles of the ſecond Birth)
Life-pleading *Faith*, that *juſtifying* Act,
(An *empty* Hand to claſp a *tender'd* Gift)
Faith (in its OBJECT'S MERIT, not *its own*)
Shall win his Pardon with th' indulgent King:
His Pardon *ample*, *everlaſting*, *free*:
(That can, *ere Works*, * *th' Ungodly juſtify*,
Yet GOD *be juſt*: CHRIST'S royal Donative,
His, made by Purchaſe, all by *Gift* made ours.)
Free, to the *Chief of Sinners*, to the Brand
Half-burning pluck'd from Hell, ſo large his Boon
To *Man*, tho' loaded with the worſt of Crimes.
O Root of Hope! O Proof of heav'nly Grace,
Too inconceivable for Worms below!
Behold! the Caitiff, (once) and view him chang'd,
How wond'rous! him, a ſentenc'd Rebel late,
A Favourite now, belov'd! long Foe to GOD,
Now deareſt Friend! a *native Child of Wrath*,
And now an *Heir adopted!* late a *Slave*
Of abject *Hell*, now own'd a *Prince of Heav'n!*

So if the Paſſenger ſome ſtately Pile,
Majeſtic Work, beholds, with vaulting Domes,

* *Rom.* iv. 5.

And Columns *Tuſcan* or *Corinthian*, rear'd
Where Deſert late was ſeen, or Ruins waſte,
He ſtops, in Pleaſure fix'd, in Wonder aw'd;
And owns the beauteous Tranſmutation ſtrange,
Effect of Skill divine, of Godlike Pow'r.

Droop not, dejected *Convert*, oft' to feel
Corruption's riſing Strife: True Chriſtian Peace
Is earn'd by ſharpeſt Toil. Faith *muſt* have Proof:
Heav'n always tries its Gift. Thy Fight, tho' hard,
Tho' long, (thro' many a Foil with deep Diſmay
Suſtain'd) the Truth will ſhow of inward Grace:
Grace by its Trials only can be known.
Diſtruſt thy own frail Power, but keep thine Eye
On thy great CAPTAIN for victorious Strength;
Fenc'd round by HIS ALMIGHTY PANOPLY
More ſhalt thou be than Conqu'rer, hardier grow
Thy holy Courage; then ſhall Joy divine,
Raptures unknown, dilate thy raviſh'd Heart,
Known but to *Saints*, the Foretaſtes of their Heav'n.

So when foul Night enwraps the louring Air
In hideous Shade, the Winds with rocking Guſt
Tempeſtuous Roar: while from the warring Clouds
Blaze livid Lightnings, and in frequent Peals
Burſts the dread Thunder—if at welcome Dawn
In radiant Calm aſcends the ſmiling *Sun*,

All Nature opes her Sweets, the Fields and Flowers,
Dreſt in freſh Blooms, unuſual Brightneſs wear,
And cheer the Senſes with redoubled Charm.

Want'ſt thou unchang'd Tranquillity below,
Life without Storm, a holy, pure, Serene?
'Twou'd not be Earth: A State like this *is Heav'n:*
The golden Age of a fair World to come.
Sin, ſtill in-dwelling, the regen'rate Mind
Oft combats; ſtruggling for diveſted Power:
And rallying, with a Tyrant's deſp'rate Rage
Encaptiv'd leads the Saint, too prone to yield.
But then the Pangs it coſts him! what Remorſe
Deſcriptionleſs, at ev'ry ſad Review!
The deep-renew'd Repentance! warm with Faith,
That vital Principle, *that ne'er ſhall fail.*
His PITYING FATHER *in his Book records*
*His Sighs, and counts his ſafe-embottled Tears**.
Yet *this* ſhall *work his Good*, by ruling Grace†.
This lights up *ſelf-Acquaintance*, opens more
His Labyrinth-Folds within, of hid Deceit.
His Nature's dread Revolt, his Guilt's Deſerts,
His helpleſs Miſery tells, *Corruption's* Taint,
Black, ulc'rous Sore, of Depth unſoundable;
The leprous Heart's *Hereditary* Plague.

* *Pſal.* lvi. 8. † *Rom.* viii. 28.

This

This the DIVINE PHYSICIAN more endears,
Shows him *his* Skill, *his* Faithfulneſs, *his* Love;
In-taught Experience gives him, of the Worth
Of his rich *Pleadings*, *Righteouſneſs*, and *Blood*.
This keeps him humble, watchful, more in Prayer;
Made, like *Antæus*, ſtronger by his Falls.
His *Slips* direct him (Sea-marks, ſet to warn
A ſafer Courſe) experienc'd how to ſteer.

So if enamouring Senſe, a verdur'd Path,
Flatt'ring with water'd Walks, and arching Bowers,
For deadly Snare by ſome Enchanter made,
The *Trav'ler* lures from his intended Way,
Till the black Clouds appear, and ſetting Sun;
The conſcious Wand'rer, ſad in loſt Diſmay,
Turns back in Haſte, his happy Road to gain;
Then marks each Step with more ſuſpicious Care.

Judge not (too raſh) thy *State*, by preſent Frames;
Faith has its Flows, its Ebbs, and Dormancy:
May doubt like *Thomas*, may like *Peter* fall;
Its *Habit* ſafely fix'd, its *Acts* unſure.
(Hypocriſy has oft her Fit of Zeal.)
Wait on the SPIRIT's Witneſs, Truth to clear
By Luminations of th' unerring *Word*.
So on the Dial's Plane inſculptur'd lie
The Hours unnotic'd, till the lucid *Beam*

Points

Points th' Enquirer out his Stage of Day.
Be oft' in ſelf-Inſpection, *know thyſelf*;
(Next thy bleſt MAKER, next thy SAVIOUR known)
Beſt, happieſt Science Man can reach to know.

The *Preacher's* Merit rate not by thy Ear,
His Phraſe, his Accent: mean Reſpect of Taſte.
Taſte is the childiſh Judgment's hum'rous Pride.
To Truth thy Rev'rence pay, and not its Dreſs;
Eſteem him for his Embaſſy: the Blame
Of miſs'd Improvement oft'neſt is our own.
Meer Planters are *Apollos*, and a *Paul*;
Growth is the SPIRIT's Gift, *his* virtual Act
Alone; *his* vital, germinating *Dew*
Shed in the Soul; *his* incremental *Beam*.

Make far, far Progreſs in Religion's Path:
Moſt at her Entrance ſtop, Truth's painful Way,
Lab'ring with Burden up the ſteep Aſcent:
Weaken'd and faint with *Siſyphean* Toil.
Their *Works not perfect*: like the *Babel* Pile;
Or like the Web of fam'd *Penelope*,
By Night unravel'd, what was wrought by Day.
Wiſhful of *ſettled Reſt*, be earneſt *thou*,
Be arduous, be unwearied. Doubts, Complaints,
Riſe from our negligent, our carnal Frames.
Weak Currents earlieſt feel the wintry Froſt,

That

That never binds their buſy, bubbling Springs.
Divorce thy *Idols*, thoſe adult'rous Loves.
If Guile hold ſlend'reſt Int'reſt in thy Heart,
Thy Courſe will ſlack, and ruffled grow thy Hope.
A croſſing *Bulruſh* in the limpid Brook
Its Stream will check, and fret its even Brow.
So the hurl'd Pebble in the ſilent Pool
Spreads a wide Circle to its fartheſt Shore.
Haſt thou thy deareſt *Iſaac* ſacrific'd,
Lodg'd in thy Boſom? a Heart-cheriſh'd Luſt
Warm Conſtitution's ſpar'd, her darling Sin?
All muſt be ſold (get prov'd Sincerity)
All, for the Purchaſe of *Heav'n's ceſtly Pearl*†,
Gain of Aſſurance, Peace, and grounded Joy.

Are all converted? ſuits one general Stile
The *Saint* and *Sinner?* no juſt Diff'rence made?
This, to the cordial Promiſes of Life,
That, to the Threats of endleſs Death conſign'd?
This, ſafe in CHRIST? endanger'd Alien *that?*
One, chang'd; approv'd in Works of *living Faith?*
The *other*, dead in *loathſome Nature* ſtill?

The Saint, how ſometimes need his wand'ring Steps
The queſting *Shepherd's* kind reſtoring Care.
The *Sheep of* CHRIST, ſhall one be ever loſt?

† Matth. xiii. 45.

In their LORD's Hand eternally ſecure*.
Yet theſe the *Goſpel Paſtor* muſt reclaim;
The diſtant, groſsly ſtray'd, alarm with Fear:
Their Danger from th' infernal prouling Wolf,
Watchful to ſpoil them; while compaſſionate,
His Voice ſhould Lamb-like Hearts more ſoftly call;
Gently reduct, their ſtrengthleſs Faintings cheer,
And reſt them, ſafely lodg'd, within the Fold.

O ISRAEL's SHEPHERD! How admir'd thy Love!
The Cares for thy backſliding Fugitive!
How wond'rous, that enlarge thy pitying Heart!
Ev'n in the Wilderneſs † thy Flock to leave,
Thy *whole dear Flock*, to ſeek *one Wand'rer* loſt!
One, poor, loſt, ſingle Wand'rer! worthleſs Charge!
Borne in thy tender Arms rejoycing Home.

Preacher of in-felt Trials, hear him tell
The Sorrows and Supports of tempted Souls.
How GOD upholds 'em, by his ſecret Hand
Myſterious, in the long, foul, loud, Night-ſtorm
Of dark Deſertion! O! the ſure, ſafe Stay,

* *John* x. 28.

† *Luke* xv. 4. *In theſe diſcouraging Circumſtances the Chriſtian may relieve himſelf from another Paſſage, exceeding conſolatory, Jer.* iii. from 12 to 24 V.

Recum-

Recumbence on PATERNAL DEITY!
Black Hour of Terrors! when th' aſſaulted Thoughts
With *Satan* conflict, and his fiery Darts
CHRIST's trembling Soldier roil, in hell-bred Fray.
By *ſuff'ring Patience*, by *Belief's* try'd *Shield*
Beſt warded, and the might of conqu'ring *Prayer*.
Sharp Warfare! to *my* Faith ſeverely known.

Well ſhall the ſkilful *Teacher* bend his Pains
The thoughtleſs Mind to rouze by Awes of Death;
When *Angels* miniſt'ring, or waiting *Fiends*,
To order'd Worlds ſhall parting Souls convey,
Uncertain Summons, ſoon to paſs on All!
—To warn of *Judgment*, ſtrict-accounting-Time
For truſted *Talents*, Life's important Charge.
—Of heav'nly *Crowns* to tell, of *penal Chains*,
Endleſs Duration. *(O Eternity!*
Thou vaſt Idea!)—In conceited Hearts
Lull'd into ſtupid Safety, unrenew'd,
To humble *Nature's fleſhly Confidence*,
Chief bar to CHRIST.—To ſhake *Formality*,
Falſe-truſted Reſt.—Clear *Scripture* Marks to ſhow
For Man's *ſelf-Proof*, his *ſafe* or *dang'rous* State.
The Privileges of th' *adopted Heir*,
Union with JESUS, *Nuptial Fellowſhip*,
Aſſurance, *filial Liberty*, *Acceſs*
With free, *with holy Boldneſs*, *near the Throne*.
Nor leſs ſhall it advantage him to learn

His

His needful Cautions; *Pride in heav'nly Gifts*,
Fond *worldly Love*, *Remiſſneſs in his Watch*,
Slips, ſure Fore-runners of a ſhameful *Fall*.

The right *Diſpenſer* of the ſaving *Word*,
Studious of Heav'n's high Will the *Whole* to know,
The *Whole* to teach, himſelf a *living Rule*,
No Tenet of the Writ inſpir'd conceals.
By Praiſe unmov'd, contemning Man's Contempt,
(O Fame, beſt ſlighted! O exalting Scorn!)
He courts no Patron, no loud Cenſure fears.
Tho' the dread Glories of the FATHER's Name,
And his dear Counſels deep, of *antient Love*:
Tho' GOD THE SPIRIT, his *Perſonality*,
His *Teachings*, *in-felt Preſence*, *Joys*, *and Aids*,
(Truths brightly obvious thro' the *Scripture* Page,
Howe'er diſown'd in our Apoſtate Day:)
Tho' JESU's *Natures*, *Merit*, *Offices*,
His mean, and glorious *Advent*, Croſs, and Crown,
Tho' theſe lead moſt, beſt lead, the ſacred Theme;
Yet Righteouſneſs, the Chriſtian's *Rule of Life*,
What forms his Temper, ſanctifying Truths,
Heav'n's *Scribe* neglects not; Leſſons ſweet to Saints.
(*All holy his Elect*, *belov'd of* GOD *.)
Doctrine and Practice, Faith and anſw'ring Fruits,
Inherent Rectitude that *fits for Heav'n*,

* Coloſſ. iii. 12.

How

How well ye mingle! *Works*, how well enforc'd
By Goſpel Motives! Laws of CHRIST, the KING.

The Preacher's Taſk is done.—Employment new
Has call'd him, on his miniſterial Toil.
Ye conſcientious Parents, O! be found,
Amid th' Aſſembly congregate and full,
Your Infant Race preſenting; to receive
Appointed BAPTISM's *Initial* Rite.
Free *Members* made, by this inducting Sign,
Of the *Church viſible*.——Your *Lambs* repoſe
In the mild *Shepherd's* Arms: ſee, where he waits!
With Pray'rs, and holy Waſhings myſtical
His little Vot'ry-*Flock* to dedicate,
A living, grateful Sacrifice to GOD;
An Off'ring ſweet! on CHRIST, *the* Altar, *laid*
That ſanctifies the Gift. HEAV'N'S SOVEREIGN, pleas'd,
Affixes now HIMSELF the binding *Seal*
To his own faithful *Cov'nant*; that inſures
Pardon, Adoption, Grace, regen'rate Pow'rs,
His SPIRIT's Energy; here typify'd
By the pure ſprinkled *Element*. CHRIST, giv'n,
(Prefigur'd in this ſacramental Act,
Its TRUTH AND SUBSTANCE) with his ſaving Fruits,
Suff'rings, and Merits: Bleſſings how divine!
On thee, *Believer!* and *thy holy* Seed,

All

All HE entails. Ah! how miſtook, by thoſe
That the bleſt *Laver* from their Babes withhold;
Who Goſpel Converts make leſs privileg'd
Than legal Circumciſion; and deny
Their hapleſs Children free-born Fœd'ral Rights,
That rigid *Law* to bondag'd *Jews* allows.
Wake now in ev'ry Soul more filial Light,
More glad'ning Sentiment! Each humbled Heart
Make, fitly, of it's own once-plighted Oath
Freſh Recognition! while we joyntly bend
The grateful Knee, *Faith's* ſolemn Pomp to cloſe.
FATHER OF BOUNDLESS MERCIES! *this* THY Love
To helpleſs *Man*, and his polluted Race,
Thy thankful *Church* adores! On our young Band
Of Brethren, thy new-liſted *Militants*,
Who in thy gracious Ord'nance have receiv'd
(*Regeneration figurative*) O ſhed
That! with thy Gifts in Pledge there ſignify'd,
A large Effuſion! This, our Work fulfill'd
Of *Charity*, by Warrant from *thy Word*,
Kindly accept! as on *their* Parts, and *Ours*,
Homage, and Praiſe: with vow'd Obedience due!

The gentle Innocents are with their Trains
To native Roofs diſmiſs'd.—But wilt *Thou* go?
So yet ſo ſoon? from thy beſt Bleſſings haſte?
O! that rich Table! where the BREAD OF LIFE,

Spread

Spread by ALL-PITYING GOODNESS, open ſtands
To Wretches, famiſh'd with Sin-pining Wants:
Loſt *Prodigals*, with Favour welcom'd Home.
The KING himſelf is enter'd; from his Hoſt
Of proſtrate *Angels* that more diſtant wait,
How gracious, ſee, he moves to mortal Friends!
How kindly, hark, to ev'ry Gueſt he calls!
Ah! wherefore wouldſt thou fly? he calls to Thee,
Poor, trembling Sinner, pale with cauſeleſs Fears;
To thee, heart humbled *Publican*, ſelf-deem'd
Unfit, *unworthieſt*, welcome *therefore* moſt.
Stay—thy mild *Sov'reign* bids thee—taſte his *Feaſt*,
Will'd thee by Love, his *dying*, *dear Command*.
—But why, intruding Stranger, tarrieſt Thou?
Proud *Phariſee*, without the *Wedding Robe*,
Cenſorious, hateful Spy, of Life unclean?
Why thou, maſk'd Hypocrite? diſſembled Friend?
With trait'rous Kiſs re-acting *Judas'* Guile.
Wretch! Thou? whom Gain of ſecular Employ
Alone has brought, the Banquet to profane?
Bold Innovator, unprepar'd and vile!
Expect! the *Lord* of his diſhonour'd Board
Shall note thee, and pronounce vindictive Doom.

The *Bread* is bleſt: reach forth thy thankful Hand
And take—"*Memorial of thy dying* LORD."
Not *Tranſubſtantiate*, Blood, and Fleſh, and Bone,
Whole, very CHRIST, *Rome's Idol*, big with Sin:
Nor as *Conſubſtant* with the Elements

By partial Preſence, *Luther's* dark Deceit:
Nor yet as *meer Exemplar*, dream'd by ſome
Traducive of his Glory: more, be thine,
Sacrifical Remembrance, of the Price
Our Ranſom; paid in Blood for deadlieſt Guilt.
Oh! hide thy ſhame-ſpread Face, and turn thine Eyes
In mournful Proſpect back to *Calv'ry* now,
Back to the *Garden*, to the dol'rous Ground
Grief-moiſten'd with his *Blood-ſweat Agony*.
Ah! what that Agony?——ah! felt for whom?—
Say, *Angel* *! near him then, that heard, beheld,
Thy humbled MAKER, *agoniz'd* thyſelf,
What? — but Thou can'ſt not ſay! — no Thought can pierce,
Of *Man* or *Angel*, that profound of Pains!
'Twas his Soul's Travail, Sorrow's ſharpeſt Throe,
'Twas *Love's Deliv'ry of a new-born World*.
Miraculous! from dead now living born.—
—Fix, *Meditation!* ſtill, thy Tear-brim'd Eye!
From Earth he riſes, riſe and follow thou
Thy JESU ſtill, (tho' left of ev'ry Friend)
To *Anna's*, *Herod's*, *Pilate's* guilty Hall,
His triple Cavalcade of ſolemn Scorn.
Oh! thro' what Streights of ſhifting pageant Woes!
Slow, linger'd, ſtudied Mis'ries! matchleſs all!

* Luke xxii. 43.

Stoop'd

Stoop'd thou to Suff'rings, patient SON OF GOD!
How meek he ſtands the Charge of venal Tongues!
Lamb-like before his cruel Shearers dumb.
But ah! behold him now! behold him bound
(Tho' faultleſs own'd) by his unrighteous *Judge!*
Abus'd by Buffetings, by Taunts, that loud
His dread Omniſcience dare, with Scourges torn;
To Injuries, Mocking join'd, and rude Contempt,
His Sceptre-Reed, and bloody thorny-Crown.
Ah ſtill behold! if thou can'ſt bear the View,
See! thy dear *Sacrifice*, beneath his *Croſs*,
(Like typeal *Iſaac*) bending with its Weight ——
Merc'leſs! all fainting, to the baleful Tree
They nail *my* JESUS!—whelm'd in bitt'reſt Woes,
And *Dereliction!* Sport of helliſh *Jews*.
—Ah! brand not *Jews*, our Sins (procuring Cauſe)
Thy Sins, *Believer!* wrought his Change of Woes,
Thy Sins and *Mine!*—theſe forc'd his ſanguine Sweat,
Rent him with Stripes, fix'd deep the bloody Thorn,
Mark'd him with Blows, expos'd his ſacred Face
To Shame and Spitting; drove the wounding Nails,
Deep-tort'ring, in his ſtreaming Feet and Hands:
Thruſt thro' his *Spear-pierc'd Heart* the murd'ring Steel;
And urg'd his Soul to Pains!—to Cries!—to Death!

Early to Man the dying *Sacrifice*
His ſaving Merits reach'd. Ah! why to Man?

Why to loſt Man? yet not to Angels loſt?
Angels! Heav'n's nobleſt *Firſt-born!* Heirs of Love;
Man! vain, vile Prodigal! the *younger Son?*
Why to *one* Convert—Sufferer, on the Croſs?
And not his Fellow? why to *vileſt* Jews!
Thoſe *very* Jews who late, *with wicked Hands,*
The SAVIOUR *ſlew?* (by *Peter's* Sermon turn'd
At *Pentecoſt*) and not to *Jewiſh* Prieſts?
Thoſe guilty Rulers? and *all Iſrael's* Race?
Why, *choſen Sinner!* Miſcreant, why to *thee*
This Grace?— and not a *whole degen'rate World?*
Unfathomable Thought! *Love's Myſt'ry* all!

Still, Mercy waits thee.—Take: "*The ſaving Cup*",
To him, of bitt'reſt Sorrows, fill'd with Wrath;
To thee, of rich Redemption, dearly bought:
Bleſſings aſſur'd; the *Covenant in his Blood*
Seal'd with the FATHER. *He*, to be a GOD,
To *thee* a GOD, all-comprehending Tie:
Thou, to be his, devoted: happieſt Bond!
Drink; the ſweet Pledge of *Union, Sonſhip, Bliſs.*
Cordial! felt myſterious in the Soul;
Now, dreadful *Juſtice, Conſcience, Satan, Guilt,*
All ſilenc'd, by one Draught from JESU's Love!

Touch'd, captiv'd, raptur'd, aw'd, all extaſy'd!
All loſt! in trembling Wonder, thy Embrace

I meet, thou HEAV'NLY BRIDEGROOM *! ah! repeat,
My Life! my Sweetneſs! thoſe connubial Vows
(Soft, as when firſt the Sounds betroth'd my Soul)
" THY MAKER IS THY HUSBAND†". O! repeat
Earth, Air, and Skies th' eternal Echoes round,
" THY MAKER IS THY HUSBAND"!— 'tis for Words
(Th' o'erwhelming Bliſs) too vaſt! for Thought too full!
Ye Nymphs of *Solyma*, my bridal Friends,
That view my ſhudd'ring Pangs, my ſpeechleſs Joy,
Tell my Soul's LORD, the too too lovely—(ah!
By Pity's Softneſs I adjure ye!) tell
My Prince! my Charmer!---*I am ſick of Love.*
Turn thy ſweet Eyes away! their Beams o'erpower,
With Raviſhments too ſoft, my fainting Sight!
---Yet hold me near Thee: *ſet me as a Seal,*
Deep on thy dear, dear Heart! for ſtrong as Death
Are the fond Ardours of impatient Love;

* *The bold, and familiar* Metaphors *uſed through this Paragraph, tho' differing from the common* Idioms *Speech among us, are the current Language of* Scripture *and genuine Senſe of it; cuſtomary to the Conceptions Expreſſions of devout Minds: and, it is hoped, will be mitted, and underſtood, by every* Chriſtian.

† Iſaiah liv. 5. *I would affectionately recommend the pious, believing Reader's Peruſal, this amazing ſage, down to Verſe* 11. *than which, I think, there is any one more rsmarkably, and ſingularly comforting in whole ſacred Scriptures.*

More cruel than the Grave, its Jealouſy.
—And art thou mine? the dread, dear Lover mine?
Th' eſpouſing GOD?—ah me! a worthleſs *Bride!*
How baſe, bow, poor! bow proſtrate Thoughts, in Praiſe.
In grateful Thanks: with all thy pureſt Fires,
Flame, kindled Heart: bend Choice, Affections, Will;
Be wholly HIS the Life his Pity ſav'd.

Go, Chriſtian! with th' endearing Pledges ſeal'd
Freſh on thy Soul, reſembling Pattern, ſhow
How JESUS liv'd; thy lov'd and loving LORD.
Go, copy his Humility, his Zeal
To glorify his FATHER, his Contempt
Of vain, baſe Earth; *Diſciple of his Croſs.*
His Temp'rance copy, Reſignation, Truth:
His Meekneſs, Pity, large Benevolence:
His godlike Fortitude, firm Conſtancy:
His Love of holy Privacy and Prayer.
So, happy *Fav'rite*, feed his pining Poor,
Silent in patient Want; the friendleſs Poor,
His ſuff'ring Int'reſt (by the ſelfiſh World
Neglected) Merit little mark'd below.
My *Saviour-Judge*, thy love-remember'd Work
With echo'd *Euge* ſhall applaud, and crown.

Shall not this *Rite* the Charity enlarge
Of Brethern, diff'ring by Diſſenſions ſmall?

Diff'ring, not diſunited; Members ſtill
Of one, ſame Body: Branches in one Vine:
CHRIST's Fold, tho' many: *all but one*, his Spouſe.
SPIRIT OF GRACE! Peace-breathing PARACLETE;
Thy Children nearer bring, bring nearer yet
In love thy Saints. This bridal Supper make
Their *Euchariſt*, their *Agapé*: of *Joy*
The Seaſon known, a *Feaſt of heav'nly* Friends.

O LAMB OF GOD! ſelf-humbled, once, to Death
On the vile *Croſs*! when? in exalted Pomp,
When? to thy whole Elect, ſhalt thou return
With full Salvation?—to that Day thy Church
Looks from theſe ſad *Memorials*. LAMB OF GOD!
Haſte, to be more admir'd by joyful Saints.

O LAMB OF GOD! By thy *once*-offer'd Blood
Here repreſented, offer'd *once* for *all*,
Perfect thy holy People; keep thy *Flock*,
Thy dying Purchaſe, by thy wakeful Eye
And Preſence, hourly guarding. LAMB OF GOD!
Here often meet them, and record their Vows.

The ſolemn *Myſt'ries* ceaſe—The *Paſtor*, hear!
With awful Mien, and Lips of Grace, has clos'd
The parting Benediction.—But is all,
All ended?—*all?*—is now the vacant Time
For trifling Viſits? for the vain Diſcourſe

Of worldly Friends? by nearer Int'reſts claim'd,
The Calls, domeſtic, of *intruſted Souls.*
The ſoft *Companion* of thy Life's vow'd Hours,
Where, where is *She?* thy other dearer ſelf?
Where her lov'd *Offspring?* Wedlock's ſweeteſt Bonds,
Pledges of mutual Faith, of chaſteſt Joys?——
Invite 'em round thee by a Father's Voice,
That Voice of mildeſt, ſoft Authority.
Examine! teach! exhort them! warm! reprove!
Their Inſtrument of Being, ah! be mov'd,
Be rous'd, be arduous for their higheſt Weal.
So the fond Couples of the plumy Race
Teach, with joint Pains, their cheriſh'd Young to fly;
Around the little artleſs Broods they watch,
With flutt'ring Hearts; and by Example kind
Inſtruct them, frequent, thro' the treacherous Woods,
Where ſafe to ſtretch, where ſlack th' experienc'd Wing.
O Education! are thy tend'reſt Laws
Expell'd the Parent's Heart? where then is Love?
Paternal Love, that firſt of Laws, O where?
Where Nature's ſtrongeſt Inſtinct felt of all?
And haſt thou *One*, within thy menial Charge,
One left, by Servitude's inferior Place,
O'erlook'd, neglected, in thy partial Thought?
Subordination meer, of Man to Man.
Name of corporeal Difference, not of Souls:

Souls have one Eſſence, one congenial Life,
One Dignity, one Worth: in Heav'n's high Kin,
Neareſt affinited; one SPIRIT breath'd
Their Virtues eminent, immortal, pure,
Impreſs of DEITY: one hapleſs Fall
In Guilt enthrall'd 'em, one rich Blood redeem'd.
By Duſt thy Brethren too, thy Fleſh, thy Bone,
Parts of thy dread Account, thy awful Truſt:
Parts of thy common Nature:—ſhall not theſe
(Careful for thee) excite a grateful Strife?
Of due Returns, ſome generous Heav'n-warm'd
Zeal?
Large, beſt Returns, a Maſter's worthieſt Care.
Ah! drop Diſtinction now, while call'd to ſerve
ONE HEAV'NLY MASTER in thy *Houſe of Faith.*
By common Wants, by common Mercies join'd,
Join in Petitions too, in mutual Praiſe.

Retire —— o'er labour not Youth's feeble
Strength:
Thy Cares devolve on ſafe *maternal* Truſt.
Thy Taſk is done. To freer Scenes retire;
For lonely Joys, for ſolitary Sweets,
For friendlieſt Counſels with the mental Pow'r.
Yet, while deep-wand'ring in the Paths of Thought,
If not ſo well the Chamber's cloyſt'ring Walls
Thy Health or Temper ſuit, as open Skies;
Or in the Garden, or ſequeſt'ring Field,

(Not where throng'd Numbers range for graceleſs Mirth)
At large thy meditating Walk purſue;
Repoſing, 'gainſt thy Hours of future Want,
The *treaſur'd Word* with faithful Memory.
So JESUS oft' to *Gethſemane's* Shades,
Or ſome ſtill Mountain's Heights, alone withdrew.
Religious Muſings may the pious Breaſt
Raiſe from this Earth, this *lower Houſe of* GOD:
Heav'n's coſtly Cabinet, of Wonders full.
What ever ſome, of *rigid Sanctity*
(So miſconceiv'd) have taught, to gloom the Mind,
Forbidding ev'ry harmleſs Uſe of Senſe;
Corrupting CHRIST's by *Jewiſh* Diſcipline
Now vacated, uſe wiſely thou thy Grant
Of *Goſpel* Liberty; *all Place* is free:
GOD not the Place conſiders, but the Heart.
Yet, have a Care! thy own frail Weakneſs know;
Know, and be watchful: to th' unguarded Saint,
Oft', Solitude proves worſt Society.
Fear *that unſeen* OBSERVER †, than thyſelf
More intimately preſent, and with HIM
Converſe, in ſweet *ejaculated* Prayer.
O ſweeteſt Converſe! O Grace-ſtrength'ning *Pray'r!*
Beſt-Work in private of the love-born Soul.

† *So that word is beſt rendered* Job. vii. 20. *which we read* PRESERVER *in our Tranſlation.*

But if thy *Mate*, or home-left *Family*,
More near demand thee; if the *ſick-pain'd Friend*,
The *Widow*, or all-helpleſs *Fatherleſs*
Thy Viſit need, thy lonely Haunts refrain:
Seek others Welfare readier than thy own;
Moſt, pure Religion dwells with Charity.
In *this* be like thy SAVIOUR: Pattern fair
Of heav'nlieſt Virtues, labouring Good to All.

Are theſe the Pleaſures, in Religion's Paths
(Bleſt Paths of Safety) to be *only* found?
And will deluded Man, perverſe of Heart,
Self-cruel, on the World's infeſted Wilds
Riſque, for vain Toys, the *Jewel of his Soul?*
View that tumultuous Road; how thick appear
The Sons of ſportive Folly! bent on *Speed*,
When Heav'n's high Wiſdom bids a *ſacred* REST!
Perverting, in that Breach, his kind Decree,
Eaſe to the labour'd *Creature*;—haply, ſome
Shall, ere return, his dire Reſentments feel;
Death-ſmit (how frequent) by Diſaſter ſore.
View thoſe ill-peopled Fields; the thoughtleſs Throng
All, on unſeemly Recreations drawn!
What Swarms, of ev'ry Rank, and Sex, and Age!
Vagrants from *Sion* all, GOD's *humbler Throne*.
Ah! better far a *Day*, an happy *Hour*,
One heavenly *Moment*, in *thy* bliſsful Courts,
Than *Ages*, laviſh'd in their impious Joy.

Dead

Dread Charge! of precious Seaſons vainly ſpent,
Or *loſt* in ſenſual Indolence at home.
Others, the Bands of bolder Riot, view!
Sunk in Debauches o'er th' intemp'rate Glaſs;
Or loud in Feuds, or clamorous Levity.
In Oaths, in Revels waſting ſacred Time
To decent Silence due, and public Peace:
Too oft' in diſmal Conſequences rued;
Diſeaſe, neglected Families, and Loſs
Of ſtrict paternal Government, Youth's Bane.
Preſumptuous Inſult on almighty Pow'r!
Contemptuous Scorn of ſov'reign Will! THAT POWER!
Heard in the Thunder, in the Light'ning *ſeen*,
Felt in the angry Winds.——his Goodneſs too
Lives free diffus'd through wide Creation's Space.
And dares weak Man! dependant, ſubject Man,
Affront the Law of GOD? his Maker's Law?
His Governor? his Judge?—dares the vile Worm,
Reptile of Earth, defy the LORD OF HEAV'N?

O native *Britain!* Land of *Goſpel* Light!
Fav'rite of Heav'n! profeſſing pureſt Truth!
Seat of mild Liberty to Vice abus'd!
Juſtly, dear Parent, do thy *virtuous* Sons
Drop o'er thy Matron-Neck the conſcious Tear;
Of thy inſenſate, iron Progeny
The griev'd Spectators: vex'd (like upright *Lot*
In Wrath-doom'd *Sodom*) while our mourning Streets

The nightly Lewdneſs ſhames, the raging Oaths
Of Blaſphemy, and *Circe's* beſtial Throng.
While *Muſic*, in the *ſober Hours of Morn*
Effeminates our Iſle*; Waſte, Luxury,
And Sloth engend'ring; Sloth, worſt ſocial Ill!
He, who his *Sabbath Reſt* ordain'd, enjoins
Thy *Six Days Labour*: Sloth ſubverts his Law.
Lamented View! while on the devious Stage
(Degen'rate from the antient ſimpler Scene)
Lewd *Comedy*, in looſe intriguing Dreſs,
With the Blood-ſteep'd, Heav'n-braving *Tragic* Muſe
Appear; ſeducive of the youthful Heart.
While (Bluſh to Manners) on the midnight Sleep
In Revels, wakes th' infernal *Maſquerade*,
Tranſplanted Vice of modern *Italy*,
Sink of dark Superſtition, Sloth and Sin.
Shall not, for Guilt like this, long patient Heav'n
In Judgments viſit?——O'er the ſlumb'ring Realm
Has ſhook (already felt) its milder Rod.
Already War has thinn'd thy numerous Sons,
In Death left welt'ring on a foreign Plain.
Rebellion, worſt domeſtic Fiend, has rag'd
Thy frighted Cities round: and through thy Herds
Long waſting *Murrain*, threat'ning ghaſtly Want,

Ha

* Public Breakfaſtings *with* Concerts of Muſic, *portending the worſt Conſequences, were growing into Faſhion; that were ſoon, and very happily ſuppreſſed.*

Has breath'd Contagion; *breaths her Threat'ning ſtill*†.
Should Locuſts, ſummoning thy Harveſt Fields.
Their Legions call! (whoſe Scouts have late been ſent
To ſpy thy Coaſts ‡) ſhould broad-wing'd Peſtilence
Her Millions ſweep away! Or from beneath
Earthquakes their Horrors wake in tenfold Strength;
Such, but more fatal, as have *twice* forewarn'd
Thy pale Inhabitants—Alarming Thought,
How big with Portent! Oh! provok'd at laſt,
Shall not for Guilt impenitent, for Guilt
Accumulate like thine, long-patient Heav'n
Riſe terribly vindictive? doom-full riſe
To ſmite, to waſte a vain-profeſſing Land?

Ah! pitied Blindneſs of apoſtate Man,
Made to be only in his MAKER bleſt,
Yet can in all, in all Things Pleaſure know
But his dear FORMER: willing to be known,
His to be known, his Portion, Father, Guide;
His preſent Guardian Friend, and *final Good*.
O Goodneſs all Parental! Father ſtill
Of Man thy Creature, Man, though fall'n, not loſt;
Enoch could walk with thee, and *Abr'ham*—Worms
With DEITY; frail Duſt with mighty GOD.

† *The fatal Diſtemper, but lately ceaſed, infeſting (for ſo many Years) our* horned Cattle, *is making freſh Devaſtation in other Parts.*

‡ *In the Summer of* 1749.

Why may not now frail Duſt in Favour walk?
Why not vile *me?* thy Pity's Miracle,
Wonder of Guilt, from fouleſt Life reclaim'd,
A willing Vot'ry, though thy feebleſt Child?
O! let down ſomewhat OF THY HEAV'NLY SELF
In this dark Breaſt, this Hell-benighted Heart:
Parent of Life divine, ſome vital Beam!
In Privacies, my frequent lonely Walk,
By Hill, by Field, by Willow-arbour'd Brook,
By twilight Paths of Woods with Cloſet Shade,
Alone from ev'ry Eye (yet leaſt alone
With thee all preſent FATHER, mild of Grace)
Thou deign'ſt me ſweet Communion; while I breathe
(With Love-uplifted Hands, and Eyes, and Soul)
To thy Communion ſweet, Returns I breathe
In proſtrate Muſings, Vows, and murmur'd Prayer.
—He whiſpers to my deepeſt Solitude,
In Preſſures of my loneſieſt, ſaddeſt Thoughts,
" *Be undiſmay'd; thy* GOD *is preſent here,*
Is nigh, is with thee *; *tho' through whelming Floods,*
Thro' Fires, thy Path is mark'd—diſtreſs'd, and try'd:
The FRIEND OMNIPOTENT, THY GUARDIAN STRENGTH
Accompanies thy Steps; is with thee ſtill."—
I truſt thy Promiſes, I plead them o'er,
I urge them often on my ſinking Heart,
I drink into their Sweetneſs deep, and taſte
Their Raviſhments, and feel their Cordial Powers.

* *Iſaiah* xli. 10. — and xliii. 2.

—Ye

—Ye Hills! ye Fields! clear, willow-arbour'd Brook!
And Woods with twilight Paths of Closet-Shade!
Lov'd Haunts, that my celestial Solaces
Have seen, so oft' have heard my filial Vows,
Be Witness to those Interviews divine.
Records of favour'd Seasons, fast impress
On grateful Mem'ry: like the votvie Stones
In *Luz*, by solitary *Jacob* rear'd
To *Padan* journeying †— These to meditate,
Thro' the dark Lab'rinths of my Pilgrimage
Sall cheer its sableſt Glooms, its heavieſt Hours.
By JESUS manumis'd from helliſh Bonds
A sentenc'd Slave, the ransom'd in his Blood,
O dear EMANUEL! GOD *in human Flesh*
Intabernacled strange, my remnant Days
(Few Days, alas! of conscious Evil full)
Shall all in Acts of Love be vow'd to THEE.
Aims—Int'rests—Powers—will I be ONLY THINE:
~~Soul—Flesh—thy Creature, consecrated *all:*~~
Thy Servant, only thine, REDEEMING LORD!
By Choice, *the self devoted to thy Fear.*

Thus the poor, feath'ry Fugitive escap'd,
With Life, th' ensnaring *Fowler's* deadly Wile,
With flutt'ring Bosom hastes, (her timorous Wing
Unbating

† Geneſis xxviii. 11.

Unbating) till of happy Covert ſure,
Hid in her cloyſt'ring Bower: there, ſafe at Reſt,
The Fear-deliver'd-Wand'rer, ſooth'd and calm'd
In her ſweet Shelter ſits; too warn'd to roam—
Then, ſwells her Note with more exulting Joy.

The END *of the* SECOND PART.

5 MA 56

SUNDAY

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

EVENING EMPLOYMENT.

PART III.

On the ſubſequent, cloſing DUTIES:

Recollection, Self-Examination, and the ſeveral Offices of CHARITY.

Concluding with a Contemplation on the ETERNAL SABBATH.

And a Glimpſe of the SAINT in GLORY.

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SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

PART III.

On the ſubſequent and cloſing DUTIES.

Recollection, Self-Examination, and the ſeveral Offices of CHARITY.

COME, holy VISITANT, celeſtial GUIDE,
SPIRIT DIVINE, OF GOD! (not leſs THY SELF;
ESSENTIAL DEITY:) whoſe ſtrength'ning Hand
Thro' the ſtill Wand'rings of my *Morning's Walk*
And holier Duties, in thy *Houſe* engag'd
Homeward my feebly-fainting Steps has brought
To my laſt Period now, of *Sabbath Hours*.
Come, with thy wonted Aids to cloſe my Theme!
With thy freſh Breathings on th' inſtructed *Muſe*,
Thy conſecrated Gift! ——As vital Gales,
Thro' the Reeds whiſp'ring in the Heat of Day,
Sooth in loſt Thought the liſt'ning Trav'ler's Ear
Tir'd with his painful Road, ſo feel my Pow'rs

Thy

Thy quick'ning Influence, that e'er while depreſt
As with ſome fatal Omen, half reſolv'd
No more to travel in *Parnaſſian* Soil,
Tho' ſweet; a *Map* with many a *Fairy* Spot,
Illuſively, in pleaſing Proſpect mark'd,
Mocking th' Advent'rer's Search: So ſhadowy all
Has prov'd my Way; a *Deſart*, beat with Storms:
Hope, almoſt out of Sight, that ſhow'd me once
My *Land of Reſt*; and naked, wintry *Age*
Threat'ning me near (unſhelter'd and ill ſped)
With Cares, and Wants, her num'rous growing Brood,
Like the Night-Miſts my Heel faſt gath'ring on.
But thy Life-cheering Voice, OMNIPOTENT!
Speaker of Comfort ſtrange, allures me forth
To *one more Labour* due; perhaps my laſt!
For ſomething bodes me ſo, of ſad, within:
Unleſs, late flow'ring in Life's barren Path,
Some Sweet unlook'd-for, ſome *autumnal Roſe*,
At length I pluck, that *Daughter of the Thorn*.

The *Church's* Rites, her laſt Solemnities
Are fully ended: Twice in Public paid,
Her Claim maternal. What returning Trains
Flock from the *Sanctuary!* a graceful Sight.
Some, for HEAV'N's Favour, on the *Duty done*
Reſting their CHRISTLESS HOPE. Some poſting, faſt,
To Walk, to Company—o'erjoy'd to find
Their Taſk diſcharg'd, and anxious how to loſe

The

The leaſt Impreſſions, recent on the Heart.
But whither haſten'ſt thou, thy after-Work
Of *Recollection* grateful, to begin?
What are thy Frames? has the keen, piercing *Word*
Reach'd Home, and faſten'd in thy Soul; its Mark?
When CHRIST is preaching on the Goſpel *Mount*,
At his Deſcent, the *Leper* ſhall be cleans'd*.
Trembled thy Conſcience when the firey Law
Flaſh'd its red Threat'nings? who? what Angel-Strength?
What Fortitude invincible can bear
When GOD is angry?---bow'd thy willing Ear
To the mild Tenders of thy SAVIOUR KING?
Are thy Hopes rais'd, thy miſty Damps all clear'd
By the bright Promiſes, and Unbelief
In their warm Sun-ſhine melted ſweetly down?
To his State-Rooms of *Ordinances* brought,
Thro' their pure *Lattice* have I ſeen my Lord
The heav'nly *Bridgroom*, and could note his Smiles?
What Reſolutions, for thy Watch, thy Walk
Has thy Heart plan'd, led out on *Grace* for Strength?—
Thy Breaſt examine well, thy Gain, thy Loſs,
In this rich heav'nly Traffic, and record
In Memory's Volume *where* inclin'd the Scale.
Yet are thy Toils not done: reduce thy Light
Now into Practice, 'tis th' expected End

For

* *Matth.* viii. 1-3.

For which we hear. Our *Sabbath* has its Work;
Love yet may labour, on *Care's* Day of Reſt.
Knows thy Friend-pitying Heart no penſive *Saint*
Journeying in Darkneſs, whom thy *Pilgrim* Voice
(From a large Fund of ſtor'd Experience)
Gently might cheer? None, grip'd by worldly Straits,
Whom thy free *giving*, or (in Act next kind)
Thy *lending* Hand as lib'ral, or at leaſt
Thy pleading *Intereſt*, might from deadlieſt Want
Timely redeem? No Mourner, deſtitute
In lonely *Widow-hood*, Woe's moſt tragic Scene!
With her young Brood of helpleſs *Orphans* left,
Wat'ring with Tears the fond, ſad Mother's Knee?
Have Alms been added? Alms ſhould follow Pray'rs
Their Harbingers, as Sunſhine does the Dawn.
Will Indigence exempt thee, art thou poor?——
And is thy Soul poor too? the meaneſt Wretch
Has ſomewhat; *Pity's* godlike Charity.
Thou'lt call this Counſel *moral*, be it ſo:
'Tis *Chriſtian* too; built on *Belief's* ſound Baſe,
Its Evidence and Fruits; *no Works, no Faith*†.
A formal, proud Morality may vaunt
Without Religion, but Religion's Self
Ne'er had true Life without Morality.

In

† *Coloſſ.* I. ver. 4. and 6. *compared.* *James* ii. 17, 20, 26. *Matth.* vii. 16, 17, 20.

Whence was that Knell, that beats on trembling Air
Its ſlow, dead Pulſe!---I hear---and yet I hear
Its mornful Echoes — 'tis the *Paſſing Bell.*
How dolefully it ſounds —There went a Soul!
But where?---and art *Thou next* prepar'd to die?
Where is LIBERIO? late the gay, the vain,
'Till Sickneſs ſeiz'd him---hah! that wakes a Bluſh
In conſcious Memory. Once thou had'ſt a Friend,
NISUS the lov'd; in his fall'n Nature's State,
Guilty, inſenſible, and unreclaim'd
He died: Without one kind Attempt from thee.
What haſt thou done, thou Loit'rer for thy GOD!
A Life, a Friend, a Soul, perhaps is loſt,
Loſt---and for ever!--- can I bear the Thought?
Deep let it goad me! may it wring me now!
Up! ſtir! exert thee! double all thy Cares,
And, taught by paſt Remiſneſs, labour more!

Ah! might this Thought alarm the the Sons of Sloth
That now! here! only on Man's preſent Stage
Heroic CHARITY can act her Part,
Where human Mis'ries give her, fair, to ſhine!
In *Heav'n*, no moving *Drama* will preſent
Fit Scene, her godlike Talent to diſplay.---
Life's ſuff'ring Graces too, REPENTANCE, *there.*
Divine FORGIVENESS, FAITH, and patient HOPE
(View'd in the Step of Majeſty below)

When

When from Earth's *Theatre* dismiss'd, undrest,
Their final, their eternal *Exit* quite
Must make; behind the Curtain-dropt of *Time*.

Well hast thou traffick'd in thy holy Work,
Servant of GOD! with all thy Tasks discharg'd
Hast thy full Course in *Duty's* Circle run
Of Sacred, Houshould, Private, and as due,
Of Neighbourhood; tho' latest not less dear.
Hallowing the Day thy MASTER's Jubilee,
Hast serv'd in HIM, thyself: by heaping more
Thy Sum of *Talents*, lent in Steward-Trust,
Against thy *Audit-Hour* of doubled Gain†.
Pray'rs yield thee Bills, mean Time, for present Wants;
Prompt-paid from the *full Treasury of Heav'n*.

But see! where now, thy own best Parallel,
See where at length the downward-bending Sun
His low, broad *Orb* of setting Splendours rests,
On the green Pillow of yon Western Steep;
In smiling Radiance bidding half our World
Farewel, on Speed to visit nether Skies.
Carrying Morn, Noon, and Night in ceaseless change
Each new, swift Minute round the peopled Ball.
Look! how the rapid Journyer seems to bait
His slack'ning Steeds, and loos'd to Evening Sports,
Shoot

† *Matth.* XXV. 20.

Shoots down obliquely his diverging Beams,
That kindle, on oppoſing Hills, the Blaze
Of glitt'ring Turrets, and illumin'd Domes;
A Proſpect all on Fire: 'till ſinking ſtill,
More, and ſtill ſinking, while to Sight quite loſt,
His Rays play upward in the fleecy Clouds
That, ſwiftly pencil'd, dreſs a mimic Scene
In Fancy's Eye, of Groves, and whiten'd *Alps*,
And *Towers* romantic, rear'd Complete or Waſte
In ruin'd Majeſty; with Interſpace
Of golden Ether, and Elyſian Plain.
Then vaniſh quite, as ſoon; and ſhift by Turns
To Tinctures of a thouſand diff'rent Dyes.
Till *Twilight* laſt ſteps forth, her modeſt Face
Half hid, beneath her gentler-lucent Veſt
She, from their flowery Priſons ſtrait unlocks
The light-wing'd *Odours*; that on ſweeteſt Range
Drop their rich, nectar'd Treaſures as they fly;
Catch'd, vagrant, by the ſultry-ſoothing *Gale*.

'Tis ſolemn Gloom, toil'd Nature's grateful Hour
Of univerſal Solace; calm, and ſtill.
The little Warbler of the cheerful Day
The Charmer-*Lark*, has ſung himſelf to Reſt.
Each feathery Labourer has his Veſper clos'd
Perch'd on his Bough. But wakes, in conſcious *Man*,
Wakes ſtill, the deep Solicitude of Thought!
And now more deep, while mounted in her Sphere

(Prime

(Prime near Attendant on her *Solar* Lord)
The Star of *Eve* lights up her Diamond Flames.
And the pale milder *Regent* of the Night,
Repleniſh'd from her *Brother's* lucid Urn,
In her fill'd Orb new-ris'n, compleatly thron'd,
Pours thro' wide Fields of Sky her argent Stream.
Queen of the Shades, amid her leſſer Train
Of *fix'd and planetary* Luſtre's, join'd
In Lumination mutual, ſlow ſhe moves
Thro' her throng'd Court; and Heav'n's vaſt Palace glows
With an Infinitude of living Fires.
At the grand Pomp of Wonders, in what Heart
Glows not Devotion too?——"*My Sire!* my GOD!
All-glorious King! of thy dread Greatneſs much,
Much have I heard, by the awe-ſhudd'ring Ear.
But in this Mirrour, *my o'erdazzled Eye*
Of Senſe, ſurveys THEE; *more tremendous far!*
In Duſt, my Mother, *humbler, humbler—oh!*
In penitential Aſhes, let me view
*My Self, abhorr'd: my Self! more black, more vile**!"
—What a big Swarm of bold *Inquiſitors*
Burſt in, tumultuous, on the Reaſoning Pow'r.
O'er-curious, of the *Trembler* they enquire
If thoſe immenſely-diſtant Globes be *Suns*,
With each his Syſtem of revolving Earths;
Plac'd inacceſſible to human Ken?

They

* Job xlii. 5, 6.

They queſtion, why thoſe *four* reſplendent *Moons*
(Diſcernible but thro' the nightly Tube)
Are ſeen to roll round Planetary *Jove*,
And aſk for what they roll, for whom they ſhine?
Or, to what Purpoſes in *Saturn*, ſerve
His *Moons* more numerous, and Elliptic *Ring*?
Or, if intended for *our* Uſe at all,
Why hides, beneath his *Sun*, th' *Hermetic Star** ?
Th' unruly Thoughts, all up, next ſtart a Doubt
If *Comets* be expiring Worlds on Fire?
Purg'd in the *Solar* Furnace (as perchance
Our *Planet* ſhall in turn) and thence detach'd
Each, a new Earth (like *that*) new Heav'ns to fill †?
Is *Space*, they aſk, that dolorous Dungeon vaſt
Of Suff'rings final, that Abyſs which Fiends
So deprecate, as by the *Scripture Code*
May intimated ſeem ‡? ſad, wand'ring State
Of Souls intelligent, down that dead Void
Immens'rable, in *outer Darkneſs* caſt,
Exil'd, and ſhut from all the Worlds of Day!
Or (ſince Effects moſt croſs and oppoſite
From the ſame Cauſe can boundleſs Pow'r produce)
What if this very *Sun*, our now beſt Gift,
Should Man's tormenting Priſon prove, at laſt;

* *The Planet* Mercury.

† *See Conjectures by the Reverend Mr.* Wall. *Memoirs of Literature, Vol.* IV. *p.* 67. 4to, Edit.

‡ Luke viii. 31.

Deſtin'd by awful NEMESIS DIVINE
Guilt's dread Abode, it's *local Hell* of Fire* ?
To ſuch wild Doubts the *mental Wranglers* fall :
Then to extreams, far wide, they run ; and form
Conjectures diff'rent, all as dark and ſtrange,
That, poſſibly, *it* Reſidence may yield
For happieſt Beings ; the bright Place where *John*
Saw in *Apocalypſe* † the Angel ſtand.
Begone, Seducers of my humbler Heart !
I chaſe ye from my meditating Hour !
On the proud Plumes of Science where would ſoar
Th' unſatisfy'd Enquirer ? O, 'tis vain,
'Tis daring, 'tis for Man's weak Flight too high,
The poor, raw Pupil, in his childiſh School !
Salvation ! be thy intereſting Theme
My whole, bleſt Study here ; and *Suns, and Stars,*
A Kind of trav'ling Speculation made,
My *Road-Employment*, as I paſs *their* Spheres,
Led up by Angels, to my FATHER's Skies.

Can I this Hope appropriate, and the Grace
Fail to admire, unmerited and free,
That calls me to a Dignity ſo high ?
The grateful Thought that labours in my Breaſt
Has woke a Theme that, ſuitably, ſhall yield
My Evening Solitude a ſacred Song.

* Enquiry into the Nature and Place of Hell, *the Reverend Mr.* Swinden. 8vo. 1714.

† Rev. xix. 17.

A Theme that has (encreaſing heavenly Bliſs)
Been hymn'd by Angels to their golden Lyres*.

The courtly WILMOT † was of nobleſt Blood;
Comely in Perſon, nor in Mind leſs grac'd
With Genius, native Modeſty, and Wit:
Humanely affable, and of a Soul
Dauntleſs and brave; in *Britain's* naval Wars
In many a Deed of hardieſt Proweſs try'd.
From Learning's Fount Accompliſhment he drew,
Where *Iſis* by her *younger Athens* rolls;
Heighten'd, by Travel, with a Knowledge gain'd,
Of various Lands, and *Europëan* Courts.
Whence his nerv'd Muſe, too rich in Strength and Fires,
Learn'd firſt to mate the antient *Latian* Vein.
Yet, with theſe choice Endowments, *innate Vice*,
In her foul Poiſons, deep had drench'd his Heart.
Impious he prov'd, his Life was ſhameleſs, leud,
He ſpurn'd his SAVIOUR, he deny'd his GOD,
In *Satire* rag'd, and revell'd in his *Song*,
Scoff'd at all Warnings, every Check out-wore.
But *Heav'n*, that in his Book of hid Decrees
Had mark'd *even this Apoſtate* for his own,
Mov'd to *Paternal* Chaſtning, bent his Bow:
And a keen, deadly Arrow, *dipt in Love*,

* Luke xv. 10.

† *Late Earl of* Rocheſter. *See his Funeral Sermon* by *his Chaplain* Mr. Parſons, and LIFE *by* Biſh. Burnet.

Sent thro' his Soul, with waſting *Sickneſs* wing'd;
That rous'd *Reflexion* from her ſenſual Swoon.
She plac'd *Gorgonian* Horrours to his View,
His Talents ſquander'd, his enormous Crimes,
'Gainſt Nature's, Reaſon's, and Religion's Light;
Who can expreſs the Pang!---'till timely ſent
By pitying *Grace*, the good *Evangelus*,
Tender in Labours for diſtemper'd Souls,
A healing Cordial, ſweet *Converſion* brought,
Mix'd from the wiſe PHYSICIAN's Hand above;
That a new Life the hopeleſs *Patient* gave.
He bleſt --- admir'd --- *Pray'r* loos'd his Guilt-bound Tongue;
He wept --- he worſhip'd --- ſearch'd GOD's reverenc'd *Word*,
And in *Iſaiah's* * Death-enlight'ning Page
Saw his dear SAVIOUR, bright in *Prophecy*.
Heard, heard him ſpeak! with kind inviting Voice
As once to *Peter* ‡ (*Faith* when JESUS calls
It's Foot will venture on the ſtormieſt Wave
To reach him in her deſperate, drowning Arms.)
Felt his Embrace! his Danger paſt, and Fears
At thoſe kind Accents "*wherefore didſt thou doubt?*")
Then, with a placid Smile, and guſhing Eyes,
Fix'd on his LORD, a Joy too big for Words!
Full of calm Confidence, and Hope, and Peace,
He

* *Chap.* lii. *beginning (as the Connexion ought to be) at* 13 *ver. and continued through the whole* liii. *Chap.*

‡ Matth. xiv. 31.

He bow'd, ador'd, and on his Breaſt expir'd.
—Now in the bleſt Society of *Saints*,
With the thron'd *Claſs* of pardon'd *Penitents*,
(His *Brother Miſcreant*, who on *Calv'ry* nail'd
Died near his GOD, and *Siſter Magdalene*
Of ſeven ſtrong Fiends by JESUS diſpoſſeſs'd)
The *Victor* ſings the LAMB's triumphant *Song*.
Leaving his *impious* Life, his *godly* Death
A Monument, in ev'ry Age, to ſtand
For *guiltieſt Sinners*, of REDEEMING POW'R.

Hark!---'tis the *Nightingale*, Love's lonely Bird;
In the deep Boſom of this duſky Wood
Pathleſs of human Foot, ſhe ſits recluſe,
Her Arbour; by the melancholy Scene
Sweet'ning her Note: while the ſoft *Lamp of Night*
Gleams on the burniſh'd Brook with liquid Gold,
Cheering the Shade; on whoſe tall, top-moſt Boughs,
Paled with the *glimmering* Rays, the ruſling Leaves
Join their low Whiſpers, clos'd with Cadence deep
From the drone-Beetle's Sleep-exciting *Horn*.
And off the ſharp-brow'd *Cliff*, in Murmurs faint
From hence ſcarce heard, a diſtant *Water-fall*
Adds it's hoarſe, ſolemn, dying Harmony.
All, with Confuſion mix'd of Muſic rude,
Reverberated, from the cavern'd Hill;
The Cell where ever-waking *Echo* keeps
Her ſtill, nocturnal Watch.—'Tis pleaſing thus

To wander, thoughtful, thro' the ſylvan Grove,
At fragrant Morn, ſcorch'd Noon, or dewy Eve;
Oft' as her Seaſon free Occaſion lends.
Slow as the ſilent *Fowler* roves, who ſteps
The freſh plow'd Glebe, and in each Furrow queſts
Some ſpringing *Game* —— nor ceaſes this to pleaſe
The Mind of *Nature* fond in ev'ry Dreſs,
Ev'n when ſhe wears her Virgin *Shroud* of Snows,
And weeping Miſts ſpread, ſad, her *Funeral Pall.*
Each Change affords Delight —— But mark! where *North*
Shot from the *Pole*, a new Aurora breaks
With imitated Dawn: Myſterious Light!
Perhaps portentous of *Earth's* haſt'ning Doom,
Vapour, and ſanguine Cloud, and Pillar'd Smoke,
As ſpeaks the Seer inſpir'd *. And now the *Moon*
A Curtain-Fold of richeſt Drapery draws
O'er her dim'd Form, that warns to due Repoſe.
But firſt, ere reſted on my Bed's kind Down,
HIM I once more invoke, whoſe GUARDIAN-WING
Broods o'er me while I walk, and when I reſt.
" GOD *of my Days and Nights, be gently near*
With thy ſafe Preſence ſtill! and Sleep, *thy Gift,*
Health's *dear* Phyſician *ſend, to drop his Balm;*
With Dreams *devoutly pure, from Dread, or Sin!*"
—— I cloſe my Eyes, but *Meditation* wakes:
My Midnight Pillow's ſilent Viſitor,
Long

* Joel ii. 30.

Long with my Thoughts us'd mutely to converſe;
Renewing *thus* her heavenly *Monody*.

Has one *ſeventh* Portion more of meaſur'd Time,
Of *holieſt* Time been lent? accompliſh'd well,
Tho' weak, in *Duty's* painful Huſbandry,
And wilt thou, ſenſeleſs! from the *Harveſt-Feaſt*
Serv'd by *my Hand*, a Self-Abſenter turn?
From this *Sabbatic Type*, of ſhadow'd *Reſt*,
Climb thy Mind's Scale to it's Reality,
Thy EVERLASTING SABBATH: hop'd and ſure.—
What muſt it be, of exquiſitely bleſt,
That *Eye*, nor *Ear*, of pleaſant, or of ſweet,
Nor Pow'rs of human *Heart* can leaſt conceive!
Has GOD created *Earth's* mean Spot ſo fair,
A Work not meant for perfect, which his Hand
(As the rough *out-Lines*, a meer *Sketch* of Pow'r)
One Day ſhall blot, conſigning it to Flames?
How muſt HE then, ſo Opulent, and Wiſe,
His lovelier, everlaſting World have built!
A ſtanding Trophy of Almighty Skill.
Where *Saints*, all congregate in one, ſhall keep
Eternal Sabbatiſm of Joy and Praiſe.
In his pleas'd PRESENCE, over-full of Bliſs!
Aſſociate with their MEDIATORIAL KING!
And dear Companions of *Angelic Thrones!*
No Night, diſcomforting, ſhall heavy ſpread
Her Raven-Wing, nor Moon ſhall need ſuſpend
Her friendly Lamp; THE POW'R *who made the Sun*

THAT IMMATERIAL, UNCREATED LIGHT!
HIMSELF ſhall beam the more effulgent Day.
O, what a *Temple* ſhall I enter then,
Myſelf a *Pillar*, by the BUILDER, made;
From my bleſt Station ne'er to be diſplac'd* !—
To view this *Mortal* in *Immortal* ſhrin'd!
Corruption, chang'd for *Incorruptible!*
This Life of *Sin*, for Life *Immaculate!*
The *triple* League of *Satan*, *World*, *and Fleſh*,
Spoil'd, routed, broke— *Temptation*, ended all!
And laſt *Repentance*, flying in their Rear! ——
No more with *Sickneſs*, *Care*, and *Penury*,
Sharp *Diſappointments*, *Inſults*, *Slights and Wrongs*
Myſelf to mourn, or ſhare another's Pang!
From Fears of Life at reſt, and Fears of Death;
My Works of Imperfection, Toil and Pain! ——
What Tranſports ſhall it give, to feel *my Tears*
Wip'd all, for ever, from theſe Eyes away
By GOD's *own bliſsful Hand* †, his Face to ſee;
In *Fatherly* Relentings, reconcil'd,
Rejoycing o'er me!—and be ſeated near
My lovely JESUS, while with longing Soul
I hear of matchleſs Love, his *ſuff'ring Tale!*
Hear! with a holy Gratitude, that needs
(With a ſtrange Kind of pitying Sympathy)
My trembling Spirit muſt half-mourning leave:
Sad, in the Boſom of ſo many Joys.

Which

* Rev. iii. 12. † Rev. vii. 17.

Which his ſweet Converſe ſhall as ſoon appeaſe;
Fill'd, *from his Preſence*, with Beatitude
Ineffable, as from a living Stream
Pour'd; plenteous as my *finite* can ſuſtain.
No longer, *there*, my Solace-keeping Heart
Shall of Eſtrangement, Frowns, and Abſences,
Rebellious Hardneſs, or dull, frozen Damp,
Darkneſs, or Wanderings, ever more, lament.
Perfection iſſues, from *our Union* full,
In ev'ry Pow'r, and Faculty, matur'd:
My *Knowledge* ſhall be perfected, and *Will*,
And *Holineſs*, grown up *a Nature* there;
And perfected Affections, all at height;
Love burning clear, and full, Meridian Joy!——
Strange Bliſs! too wonderful for Mind, for Tongue
To comprehend (myſterious) or expreſs.
Completed and, at once, *Progreſſive* too!
Loving, ſtill more to *love!* and without Bound,
Riſing, to *riſe!* and *knowing*, but to *know!*
Beginning, as we *end!* and running thro'
Myriads of *Æras*, only to *begin!*
O, what a Centre, indiviſible,
In one vaſt Circle, is Eternity!
O, what an Ocean deep is *Infinite!*
Impoſſible to fathom, or exhauſt. —
What Coruſcations, felt, of DEITY
Too brightly glorious for a Mortal's Strength)

Break on my ſinking Duſt!—Thought can ſuſtain,
And Utt'rance reach no more—*My* GOD! *my* GOD!—
——So fine a Clue could *Contemplation's* Hand
No longer touch; for my o'erlabour'd Pow'rs
A feath'ry Slumber now laid gently down,
And with her Wand, in Poppy Odours dip'd,
A Spell upon my viſual Orbs let fall,
That ev'ry Portal of the Senſes clos'd.
Like *his* enchanting Rod, as Fables tell,
Whoſe potent Touch could Sight, oblivious, ſeal.
But on my *mental Eye* a *Viſion* ſtole,
That plac'd before its View a *ſhining Form*.
White were its Robes, and gracefully beneath
A ſtarry Circlet play'd its flowing Hair:
That, from its Rings, ambroſial Fragrance wav'd.
Whom lowly Greeting, and with proſtrate Look
Of Salutation reverent, as befits
Celeſtial Gueſt, I thus in brief addreſs'd.

O! ſent on kindeſt Errand, for no leſs
Than heavenly I muſt deem thee, what to *Earth*
This Seat of Worms has brought thee, and to *me*
Leaſt worthy of ſuch Grace?—When, ſmiling meek,
As in familiar Uſe of Friend with Friend,
Thus anſw'ring, interpos'd the *Radiance* mild.

Offspring of Duſt, my Origin like thine,
Tho' now prefer'd ſo high; for of thy Race

I once was mortal, till releas'd from Fleſh,
Me, to this Rank, REDEEMING GOODNESS rais'd.
I come in kind Commiſſion, nothing loth,
Thy Couch to tend with gentleſt Miniſtry.
My freeſt Converſe offering, if of thee
I ought may win, imparted; and impart
To thee, in Change, my Mind's Experience all,
(All what I may) as fits thy State to know.

Friendlieſt of *Spirits etherial* (rapt I cry'd)
Wondrous is ſure thy Goodneſs! that can yield
A Moment of extatic Bliſs to loſe
From that bright World, where much I long to dwell!
Near that *dear* LORD, whom more I long to ſee!
Gentleſt thy Condeſcenſion, that can deign
To viſit me, poor *Cottager in Clay!*
Invited to ſo ſtrange Communion free:
That now I haſte, advent'rous, to begin.
But what for Theme?—— If *freely* (as thou ſayſt)
Much could I of the *human Soul* enquire
That Myſtery to herſelf; if yet it holds
Specific *Diff'rences of Sex* in Heav'n *?
Tho' theſe *firſt Ends* of Nature there ſhall ceaſe,

* *See the Rabbinical Writers and* Spicilegium Patrum; *Phrophecies, Fragments &c. ſaid to be written by the Patriach* Enoch, *the 7th from* Adam. *To which many of the* Fathers, *and St. Jude ver.* 6.—9.—14.— *are thought to refer. A Greek Edition of* this *is publiſhed by Dr.* Grabe.

May not the *manly Spirit*, bold, robuſt,
Converſing with its *Siſter-Eſſence* pure,
Delection heighten from that ſoft Alloy?
And, contrary, the *gentler Virtue*, mild,
Taſte happier Solace by her *Male Compeer?*
As Lights in Paintings more ſet off the Shades;
Or as in Muſic's meliorated Tones,
The finer Strings chime ſweetlieſt to the Baſe.—
Might I not aſk, if, after Death, this *Soul*
Lives *individuate?* or, as Love of Self
(Tho' needful here to Preſervation's Ends)
Works much her Infelicity below,
In that ſtrong Paſſion grown inordinate:
May not her ceaſing from this *Self-Enthral*,
Theſe *individuating* Affections, Cares,
And Labours, perfect her Delights above?
Conglobing with the *univerſal Soul*;
As Bucket-Drops themſelves in Ocean loſe,
By Union of one common Element *.
Haply, to *better Self* again reſtor'd
When *Reſurrection* ſhall fit Body yield.
Theſe, would it not miſlike thee, could I point
As Subject for Diſcourſe ſublime and high.
And thence interrogate when *firſt* aroſe

As

* *The Wicked may be kept from* this *Union for a Puniſhment*, or *let unite* with the *infernal Spirits*, to which they have contracted a *Co-naturality*. See *Baxter on Chriſtian Religion* 4to. where are ſome curious Thoughts, *and this Subject* ingeniouſly treated.

This *intellectual* Spark of Entity?
Created daily, by a recent Act
In each freſh *Embryo?* when ALMIGHTY POW'R
Is ſaid from his *creating Work* to reſt;
Or *all at once*, in one coëval Birth
Of *Spirits*, in ſome *pre-exiſtent* State?*
From whence laps'd diff'rently, *ethereal* firſt,
And next *aërial* ſtationed, ſhe at laſt
Is drop'd, to act in weak *terreſtrial* Life.
Probationer for her firſt, Birth-right Skies?
As *Brachman*, *Magi*, and *Gymnoſophiſt*,
(Indian, and Perſian, and Egyptian *Sage*)
The whole World's Learning; and the *Attick* Schools
Of *Plato* and *Pythagoras*; antient *Jew*,
And later *Chriſtian*, all for Truth have taught?
How juſtly ſtays not here to grant or null.
What Queſtions might not, more, this Theme ſuggeſt,
Dar'd I recount them, for thy Art to ſolve.
As whether Threatnings of *eternal Dole*,
Hell's Woe, *in Strictneſs*, ſhall for *ever laſt?*
To which my Thoughts, as ſafeſt led, incline.
Or whether GOD, ſince infinite in Good
(With Reverence, diffident I ſpeak) his *Ire*
On Beings, *reprobate* denounc'd, and loſt,
(Angels and Mankind) after Ages paſt,
May not remit? his *Juſtice* ſo content;

And

* *See* Glanvil's Lux Orientalis, *and Dr.* H. Moore's *Works.*

And that REDEEMING PRICE, *sufficient* paid
For all (more free his *Grace* to magnify)
In Season due accept? that by his SON
(Whether in Heav'n or Earth) all Things again
He to their priſtine Stations ſhall reſtore,
Of Amity and Bliſs; once found ſo dear.
So, *in himſelf*, regath'ring *into one*
All Beings, harmoniz'd in Union ſweet?
Whence *Sin* and *Death*, no Creatures caus'd of GOD,
Should be for evermore annihilate,
Made fruſtrate, and all Enemies be ſlain? —
But far be from my Thought (tho' pleaſing ſure
And honouring, as I deem my MAKER's Grace)
Far be from me to ſay that this, or ought
Prelectur'd here, I dare for *Creed* adopt!
Where *Scripture's* Silence chuſe in *all*, or *moſt*.
Pond'rings, that oft, unwittingly, at Times
Deep *Cogitation* conflicts in her Walks—
At beſt, but what has ſeem'd (nor leſs, nor more)
Than ſpecious, and propounded, meer, as Doubt.
—And rather would I, tho' ſo wide digreſs'd,
This favour'd Seaſon of Inſtruction uſe
On meet, important Queries; how I more,
How better, moſt acceptably might ſerve
HIM, whom deſerv'dly lov'd, ſupremely prais'd,
Serve, love, and praiſe both *our*, and all the *Bleſt*.

To which, with Look that more than half betray'd
Diſapprobation, join'd with mild Reproof,

Th' *ethereal Gueſt*, in Accents as of one
Long waiting patient, gave in meek Reply.

I blame not thine Enquiry, 'tis the means
Sure *Truth* on ſafe eſtabliſh'd Ground to learn;
If venturing on too hazardous a Sea,
Thy Bark thou riſque not, with thy Compaſs loſt.
Man's Wiſdom is to know his *proper Truth*,
Not what *beſt liſts*, but what *concerns him moſt*;
All is, beyond, but Folly, or worſe Pride:
Fruit of that Tree, twice pluck'd, by which he fell.
But whether ſocial Bands of happieſt Souls
Diſtinction need of *Gender*, as on Earth,
Imports not thee, o'er-curious to enquire.
Enough, if thou attain but *this* for ſure,
Perfect they live, and perfect *Beſt* implies
Which e'er that be, in differing Sex, or one.
Nor ſhall it ſerve thy ſmalleſt Good, if told
In what ſtrange Way *unbodied Mind* ſubſiſts:
Remaining *Individuate* (beſt to think)
Or in one *univerſal Flux* convolv'd:
Lab'rinth where much vain Thought has wilder'd run.
Of the *Soul's Birth* wouldſt thou interrogate,
Whether *immediate*, or long *Ages paſt?*
The ſame it either Way for thee ſhall prove,
A mournful Truth, ſince laps'd indeed—how ſure
Thyſelf can feel! ſmall Comfort *when?* or *where?*
One *Protoplaſt*, with all his hapleſs Sons!—

Fall'n

Fall'n thou canſt find thou art, and need'ſt no more:
Save means of thy Recov'ry how to know.
Reſt center'd there, on *Revelation's* Point,
Not wand'ring tread dark Circles of the *Schools:*
Which would but more perplex thee, not inſtruct,
Much leſs content: wiſh'd End in all Reſearch.
Truth to expect, and hold implicit *Creeds*
By popular Opinions, and *high Names,*
What falſer? who, than the meer Man profound
Of Learning, the deep-ſcienc'd, carnal *Scribe,*
CHRIST's *Church,* in ev'ry Age, has troubled more?
Not the leaſt Grief of her try'd, preſent Day.
But fly Diſpute, diſtemp'ring long the World,
If threaten'd Torment ſhall for ever laſt?
To which thy Thought, *affirmative,* inclines.
Saſeſt for *Man* ſuch Thought, and wiſeſt too,
Where Paſſions need their ſtrongeſt Curb of Fear.
The other dangerous, and too like profane:
Seeking of GOD's ſharp Threat to ſheath the Sting;
And by bland Artifice, and ſoft-ſpun-Phraſe,
A Theft of Compliment, would ſteal away
Juſtice, that Gem eſſential of his *Crown.*
Feigning it Honour to his Nature done
That *Grace* ſhould *univerſally redeem.*
Firſt minted in that *pre-exiſtent* Forge
Of *Plato,* and the Crew of *Cabaliſts.*
(Specious I grant to purblind Reaſon fair)
Squar'd well to ſuit their *Fable of the Soul,*

Thro'

Tho' her feign'd *tripartite* Progreſſions laps'd;
And many Lapſes muſt have many Cures.
Thus GOD, *as Juſt*, muſt ceaſe; for GOD, *as Good!*
Bold Mutilation of the DEITY!
That (worſe than *Babel* Inſolence) would build
GOD's *Goodneſs* on the Ruins of his *Truth*.
Accounting Nought is *Good* but what is *Kind*;
Not meaſuring it by Wiſdom's Line—and what
Is *Juſtice* Self but *Goodneſs*, modify'd?
And *Puniſhment* is Good where *Sin* is Ill,
Should *that* ev'n *endleſs* be, while *this* exiſts.
Faith is a *Sceptic* in *Philoſophy*,
Prudent, ſuſpicious, modeſt, ſlow, and cool;
And when ſmooth *Speculation* pleads its Vote,
And *Scripture* Silence keeps, ſits ſilent too.
Leave the *ſole Judge* his *Law's* Interpreter,
Dark (for this Purpoſe) oft' to Man reveal'd:
Ableſt his own high Cauſe of *Attributes*
To vindicate, and clear from foul Aſperſe.
Whether *all Beings* he will *ſave at laſt*,
(*Nat'ral* to wiſh!)—or leave them, where they fell,
Fruit of *Self-Choice*, to *unremitting Woe*.—

I paus'd for Anſwer, with the Influence aw'd
Of reaſoning ſo divine; when pleaſing Speech,
Not clos'd, the gentle *Monitor* reſum'd.

Well

Well haſt thou urg'd, and grateful to my Ear
Thy Purpoſe, rather to inveſtigate
Truths uſeful, not entangling and abſtruſe;
Wiſdom's beſt Choice the Culture of the Heart.
Sublime of *Chriſtian* Science, and Reſult
Of hard-earn'd Knowledge, Searches, Coſts, and Aims.
Heat gath'ring in with Light: and what ſo fit
The Heart to warm as *Heav'n*, in neareſt View?
Which I, Occaſion wiſh'd of miniſt'ring,
Wait to impart; for ſuch I have in Pow'r.
And the bright Manſions of that bliſsful World
(Some few faint Glimpſes ſhadowing to thy Eye)
Will point thee, in *Imagination's* Glaſs:
Made pure, and plac'd the Objects beſt to ſhow.

Scarce were the Accents ended, ere my Soul
(*Loos'd*, or in this *Corporeal*, hard to tell)
Felt Tranſportation wonderful, like *His*
(The *Gentiles great Apoſtle* fitly ſtiled)
To the third Heav'n up-caught; or like, what once
Ezekiel † knew, whom ſudden by the Hair,
The *Angel* (in the *Viſions, high, of* GOD)
From far *Aſſyria's* Land, a ſpacious Tract,
Bore thro' the Firmament; and in the Courts
Of

† *Chap.* viii. 3.

Of antient *Salem's* Temple ſat him down.
Such, and much ſtranger my Tranſition ſeem'd:
Brought to a Temple more magnificent,
With gliſt'ring Pavements, and tranſplendent Domes.
Before whoſe adamantine Portals, large,
A Troop of lovely *Graces* waiting ſat
In comely Order; oft' diſmiſs'd to Earth
On high Employment, by the SOVEREIGN KING.
FAITH in the Radiant Circle firſt appear'd:
A royal Stole her princely Shoulders ſpread
Impurpled deep in Blood; and in one Hand
A Book ſhe held, inſcrib'd "The WORD OF GOD:"
The other faſtly claſp'd a *Croſs*, on which,
Immovable, ſhe fix'd her earneſt Eye.
Cloſe by her Side ſat HOPE her Siſter-Twin:
Lent on an *Anchor* her enfolded Arms,
With Aſpect turn'd inquiſitive, to gaze
Within the *Vail*. Next, lowly at her Feet,
Sat PATIENCE, ſmiling, in an *Anch'rite's* Weed.
And LOVE was there, below call'd CHARITY,
Wing-footed, as they tell of *Maia's* Son,
Matchleſs in Speed, the *Nuncio* of the Skies:
Holding his kindled Torch, in ſaffron Veſt.
Array'd; with Wings expanded as for Flight,
That when they wav'd ſhone, pure, like lambent,
Fires.
And laſt was TRUTH's fair *Championeſs* nam'd ZEAL;
Clad, as old *Poets* of *Bellona* feign,

In

In *Mail*; with *Helm* and *Launce*, and martial *Scarf*
All o'er inwrought with Tongues, and flaming Hearts:
She ſat with Dove-ey'd MEEKNESS Hand in Hand,
Of *Cherub* Countenance, and Child-like Form;
Who wore, beneath her Breaſts, a Virgin *Zone*,
Whereon, "THE LAW OF KINDNESS," fair was wrote
In Gems, and golden Letters bright emboſs'd.
We paſs the ſacred Entrance, and arrive
Soon at the Centre of th' empyreal Fane.
Where Myriads of *celeſtial Dignities*,
In Numbers that all Number wide ſurpaſs'd,
Before my Sight their ſhining Forms diſplay'd:
And Incenſe from their golden Cenſers fum'd
Of richeſt Odour! nor was wanting Song,
To Symphonies attun'd of dulcet Harps,
By fulleſt Chorus clos'd—*Part*, HIM ador'd
In Anthems loud extol, who once their Tribes
Redeem'd, by precious Off'ring *of his Blood*,
From ev'ry peopled Nation, Tongue and Clime:
Made, of Earth's Aliens, *Kings* and *Prieſts* to GOD.
Worthieſt, by dread Atchievements, to receive
Trophies of *Glory*, *Bleſſing*, *Wealth*, and *Pow'r*.
Part, chaunt, in Airs reſponſive to the Lay,
Bleſſing and *Honour*, *Glory*, *Pow'r*, to HIM
Eternal, on the univerſal Throne,
Be ever giv'n, and to th' exalted LAMB!
Then, in rais'd Voices burſts the general Quire,
AMEN!

AMEN! they ſhout, and fartheſt Heav'n reſounds
With HALLELUJAH; paſt what Heart e'er felt
Melodious, yet in ſtrong, ſonorous Force
The Stound of ruſhing Torrents not unlike,
Or Thunders when they croud their deep'ning Peals.
—At Charm ſo awful! ſo o'erpow'rful ſweet!
All mortal Senſe expiring, muſt have ſunk
In the dread Blandiſhment; had not my Pow'rs
(Bliſs-overwhelm'd) immediate Reſcue found
From Voice, as of ſome heavenly Speaker nigh:
New Wonder *thus* ſuggeſting to my Ear.

Turn, dear fraternal Pilgrim, while I point
Thy Eye, attently fix'd, to theſe few Scenes;
In my weigh'd Choice, officious for thy Good
Selected: that peculiar will to thee
Significant appear, if ponder'd well.

See'ſt thou that *Spirit* of ſuperior Port,
High in meek Majeſty, that near the Throne
(Clouded with Light too dazzling for thy Eye)
Bears in his graceful Hand the Victor *Palm?*
Ah!—would'ſt thou think, that ever (while on Earth)
So chief a Favourite ſhould be rank'd ſo mean!—
Affliction's heavieſt Rod he once ſuſtain'd!
Sickneſs beſieg'd the harraſs'd Wariour long;
Love's Suff'rings, for a *numerous Infant Brood*
He felt; Humanity's moſt bleeding Pang!

Obſcurely

Obſcurely wretched, with no helping Friend,
The Vulture *Care* fed daily on his Heart,
Chain'd to the Rock of Wave-vex'd *Poverty*.
Yet unrepining Life's worſt Lot he bore.
To teach thee, how *Humility* muſt wait
Ere her bleſt Hand, releas'd, can reach the Crown.
Faith's Triumphs are from Combat, not by Reſt.
When *Grace* ſome *ſignal Hero* means to train,
Storms ſweep the blooming Roſes from his Path:
She bids *Affliction* ſound the Trump of War—
Leads him to thorny *Difficulty's* Field—
And throws before each Step a ſtumbling *Croſs*—
Gold muſt its Trial thro' the Furnace paſs;
And ſtand, for Proof, the *Touchſtone* and the *Scale*.

See'ſt thou that other choice illuſtrious Form,
In Veſtments gliſt'ring bright? like Mountain-Snows,
When their broad Sheets ſpread, opening, to the Sun.
How chang'd, from what in Nature's Filth he wore!
So foul! one Spot of Vice throughout he ſeem'd.
Senſual, profane——the Monſter had his Step
Juſt ſet in Hell; 'till *Conſcience* rung alarm,
Conſcience, let looſe, the Hurricane of *Fiends!*
He flies to Duty to appeaſe the Storm;
Toils in vain Waſhings, Penance, Faſts, and Prayers,
And gains a *Self-wrought Righteouſneſs*, miſdeem'd,
By blind *Legality*, the *Wedding Robe*.
For, not FROM Life he works.—Now plum'd he ſtands

On his own boaſted Strength, a ſandy Baſe.
Anon Temptation arms: he fights——and falls.
Down drop his Reſolutions, Courage, Peace,
All his proud Armour ſpoil'd.—In many a Fray
Stir'd, by raſh Confidence, new Fight to wage
He ventures deſp'rate—and is vanquiſh'd ſtill.
Where is he now? in his firſt State or worſe!
Deſpondence, with his Giant Foot, inſults
O'er his prone *Captive*, weak (by Proof) confeſt.
When *Faith* a ſtrong *Deliverer* points him near,
The pitying JESUS; HIM, with trembling Hand
He importuning holds, and, *on his Touch**,
A purer Righteouſneſs, an abler Might,
A different Life and Nature feels infus'd.
On his bruis'd Heart the melting SAVIOUR pours
(That good *Samaritan*) his precious *Oyl*,
From his own Wounds, the ſov'reign *bleeding Balm*.
—Thus Grace has giv'n true Strength, but gives not Pow'r
Completely to fulfil ſtrict, rigorous *Law*,
That no Abatement grants. *Law* binds to *Death*;
This, too, he ſees diſcharg'd,—O what a Peace!
A Friend, how *all-ſufficient* has he found!—
With *Sin*, th' accurs'd, ſtrong *Canaanite* on watch,
Diſturbing ſtill the Camp (a Foe block'd up,
But yet *within* the Fort) in ſhameful Soils,
In mourn'd Defeats, to the *dear Blood* he haſtes
Of daily ſprinkling†.——His REDEEMING KING
Fights

* Matth. xiv. 36. † Heb. xii. 24.

Fights all his hardy Battles, covers ſafe
His Head from Dangers, in his Hand ſuſtains
His *Saint* when ſlipping, and when fall'n reſtores.
A *Victor* prov'd the *vanquiſh'd*; fought his way,
Led by his glorious CHIEF, thro' all the Pow'rs
Of Guilt and Hell, where now he wears the Crown.

Yon raptur'd Saint beholdſt thou? juſt arriv'd
From thy far World; whence, ev'ry changing Hour,
The *Convoy-Hoſts* with ſome new Charge return.
How bleſt an Alteration has he found,
From what his gloomy Fears were wont to form!
Dim were his Views, his Raptures few below,
Darkneſs had ſeiz'd him, tho' a *Child of Light*.
Diſmay'd thro' his whole Pilgrimage he walk'd;
In deep Complaints, in holy Sadneſſes,
And died on the black Confines of *Deſpair*.
Such Horror may the *ſav'd Believer* know:
The lax *Backſlider*, or the *ſtrict in Watch*,
Who (on his Tears, or Duties, ſtay'd for Peace)
His Comforts from *himſelf* perverſely ſeeks;
And lives not on his SAVIOUR, but his *Frames*.
Comforts are ſweet, a choice, wiſh'd Privilege,
But not Eſſentials that inſure our Crown;
Which oft' wiſe Love it's deareſt *Saint* denies.
We count bright Days and Calms muſt follow Pray'r,
Forgetting that in *Scripture* ſtand enroll'd
A mourning *Heman*, and a tempted *Job*.

A leading *Moſes* muſt, himſelf, on Earth
Fruition be deny'd of that *good Land:*
But once, ſhort-favour'd with the tranſient Sight.
When Doubt o'er-ſhades thee with dejecting Thought,
Call to remembrance *Him*, before thy Eye:
How falſe his Apprehenſions! which he tells
(Hark! thou may'ſt hear him!) to the liſt'ning Throng.
If e'er a Bluſh can ſtain thy Cheek in Heav'n,
'Twill be at Memory of baſe *Unbelief.*

I heard no more—I liſten'd cloſe and long.—
But all was huſh'd!—I gaz'd, but all was Blank!
Nought ſpoke; or to my Ear, or in my Eye!
Ah me! 'twas o'er—each Proſpect chang'd and fled!
Like what (not ſeldom) on a Winter's Morn
The *Trav'ler* ſpies, when the Night-Vapour frore
Has with a feathery, mimic Foliage dreſt
The whiten'd Groves, and ev'ry Buſh and Spray;
That leave, with the firſt Blaſt, a naked Scene.
No wonder mine ſo prov'd; for from the Top
Of *Speculation's* Mount, with ſwift Deſcent,
Back in the Views again of joyleſs Earth,
My *Intelligent* had brought me; which, perceiv'd,
My Heart in heavieſt Diſappointment left.
Or when a *Hill*, deceptive of the Eye
Seems cloſe at Hand (ſome hollow Way between
Not gaz'd by Sight) at the Plain's fartheſt End,

Where the Path ſeem'd to touch, the Trav'ller brought
Sees a wide Valley left him yet to paſs,
So paus'd I ſad a while; then broke abrupt,
Shook with ſuch Paralytic as, 'tis thought,
Fix'd ſometime on th' entrans'd *Apoſtle's* Speech
Trembling Impediment; *the Thorn* (perhaps)
Felt in his Fleſh *. Ah! how ſhall e'er, I cry'd,
(With faint, with ſtammering Voice) how ever more
This Exile-Bondage of terreſtrial bear!
Happier to not have ſeen, than leave for Pangs
Of deadlieſt Abſence this celeſtial Clime!
To tread again below the darkſome Vale,
From that pure Land of Light; and combat new
Corruptions, Miſeries, Sickneſs, Fears, and Death!
Me! miſerably bleſt!—to taſte afreſh
Infectious Poiſons from Pollution's Cup,
Sweeten'd with Flatteries by the *Traitor Heart*,
And tire *Repentance* with my tardy Cure!
To feel Temptation's *Spring*, Luſt's *Summer-Heats*,
And Grace's *Winter*, in my Soul's dead *Year!*
And find my *Sun* withdraw, and long, dread Night
Hang o'er my *North*—a Borderer on the *Pole*.——
But I muſt bear it!—Up to thoſe dear Hills
My Soul on the ſafe Dove-like Wings ſhall climb
Of *Hope* and *Love*, and oft look out for Dawn.
Nor always look in vain, wiſh'd Light *ſhall* riſe,

* 2 Cor. xii. 7.

Death ſhall my *Morn* of *vernal Equinox*,
And better, *my eternal Day* reſtore.

I droop'd not long for Anſwer (ſuch as hears
Some Mourner from his ſoft condoling Friend)
But, quick, the ſympathiſing *Form* reply'd.

Think not that, *now*, ſo diſtant from his Bliſs
The *Chriſtian* lives; a *neutral State* he holds,
His *Fleſh* in Service here, his Heart in *Heav'n*.
Uſe, not contemn, thy Lot of preſent Life:
Beſt for thee *Yet*—be grateful, and content.
Nor, by a Zeal, o'erſtrain'd, of Sanctity,
Reject what Good, to chear Thee, Heav'n beſtows:
Not for thy Portion, but thy Solace meant.
Taſte as Refreſhment——they as much abuſe
The Giver's Kindneſs, who quite ſlight the Gift;
Which ſpeaks their cloſe Suſpicions, and upbraids
His Bleſſings as but Baits to hide a Snare.
There is, of Life, a ſinful Wearineſs,
An Avarice for the *Hire* without the *Work*;
A meer groſs, carnal, forc'd *Severity*,
That by it's ſullen, peeviſh, moap'd Deport
Seems from it's Pleaſures with a Grudge to part,
And loves to ruſt, in *Sloth's* feign'd-*faintly Cowl*.
Man's Poſt is in the *World*, and not his *Cell*,
Diſſembling Hardineſs by Coward Flight.
Safe in Enjoyments, while o'ervaluing none

Keep thy ſtrait Courſe, in Sunſhine, Wave and Storm.
As well thro' *Sea* as dangerous *Wilderneſs*,
O'er many a Shole, rough Gulph, and lurking Sand
Thy Paſſage lies; like him of *Ithaca*
Long Homeward wand'ring, after ten Years War.
Learn by his Wiſdom; ſtop thy deafen'd Ear
To Beauties *Syrens*, fly from *Circe's* Shore.
But above all keep wide thy ſailing *Bark*
From two dire Rocks, *Security* and *Pride*.
Fatal as thoſe *twin-Monſters*, ſaid of old
To haunt for Prey the fear'd *Sicilian* Deep.
Look not for laſting Calms, but while they laſt
Improve them, and for changing Skies provide;
From Wreck ne'er ſafe 'till haven'd in thy *Port*.
Nor truſt thy Veſſel with too ſwoln a Sail!
In thy beſt Duties, in thy holieſt Walk,
Deſpiſe not others, nor thyſelf exalt:
By thy good *Pilot* ſteer, *Humility*,
And thruſt *proud Thought*, that *Daemon*, from the Helm.
—Thus, launch'd on Ocean, or thro' Deſert led,
Live *Faith's laborious Life*: each cautious Step
Take, cloſely, by thy *Rule* the *written Word*,
Read by the SPIRIT's *inward-ſhining Beam*.
When Way-laid and aſſaulted, ne'er in Thought
Stand reaſoning with Corruption; 'tis a Snare
Will catch thy Feet; thy Safety lies *in Flight*,
With Eyes glanc'd up in *Pray'r ejaculate*.

Weapon,

Weapon, that will be found, of wond'rous Proof!
—Walk in the *Pilgrim-Spirit*; round thy Loins
See thy *Veſt* girt ſuccinct, thy kindled *Lamp*
High-lifted in thy Hand, and on thy *Staff*
Of *Promiſe* ſtay'd, hold cheerful on thy Way.
Nor cheeriſh leaſt Diſtruſt that him thou lov'ſt
Will e'er diſclaim thee; but thy Work ſincere,
Wrought with much Weakneſs, will thro' Grace accept,
And thy prais'd, *final Perſeverance* crown.
I ſhall thy ſafe Arrival, in the Train
Of *Pilgrim-Friends*, with gladeſt welcome hail,
And *all the Bleſt*——'till when, my Hour fulfill'd
In Charge aſſign'd me, I muſt up return;——
I will not ſay to leave thee, but to wait
When thou ſhalt follow—whom my Love, not ſmall,
With tend'reſt Benediction bids farewel!

Loſt for more Words, I could but juſt exclaim;
Might I preſume, O too prepar'd to part!
One ſhort, bleſt Space, one little Minute more,
Might I, by Grant, obtain thy Steps to ſtay,
This, only, farther ſhould I wiſh to learn.
Have learnt in Part by what I late have ſeen.)
ince *Memory* is in *Heav'n*, (or how ſhould Man
ut by comparing what he *was*, what *is*,
aſt, deadly *Danger ſcap'd*, with *preſent Bliſs*,
is Obligations to his SAVIOUR know)

Do *Friends*, long parted? in that happier State
Do Friends, yet dearer by Relations Bond ——
Speak, for I ſee thee haſt'ning ——— It withdrew!
No Voice rejoining!—yet at parting left
A Look, celeſtial ſweet, that more than Voice
Spoke pleaſing'ſt *Aſſentation* in my Ear.
When anxious yet to ſnatch a laſt, wiſh'd Glance,
Struck *Mem'ry* back recoil'd!—I turn'd—and knew
The gaz'd lov'd Form!—the dear SOPHRONIA'S SHADE!
Nor more had Speech to call, nor Senſe to gaze.
But, all o'erpow'r'd with tend'reſt Extaſy,
Thus, to myſelf, in ſilent Thoughts convers'd.

Adieu! for ever dear! for ever bleſt
Adieu!——ah! when ſhall that ſad Word of Woe
Be utter'd, from my Grief-taught Heart, no more!
'Tis *She*, that whiſpers Patience to my Dream,
Calms my long midnight Watches, and inſpires
Devotion, in my Eve-ſpent Solitudes.
Too rapturous Conſolation here to tell!——
Oh! be thy ſelf my Pattern! thy bleſt Lore
My Study! how *like Bliſs*, PARENTAL SAINT!
I may attain.——On this, a *Text* divine,
Let my Life preach! my Sanctity! my Faith!
My active Zeal! my warm, laborious Love!
What thy own Comment has explain'd ſo well.
And when, as now, on my laſt Bed of Pains
My *Mortal* ſhall be mould'ring, laid to waſte,

(Fit to be held to Expectation's view,
When Time is wint'ring on my Head with Grey)
When at the Limits of my final Stage,
The *Pilgrim* juſt at Home, with nought but *Death*,
That intercepting *Jordan*, in my Way;
Inſtant, its gulphy Waves about to paſs.—
—Be then my *Eve* all huſh'd as Summer-Calms!
Clear without Vapour, let my *Sun* go down,
A ſetting Brightneſs!—'till on *Canaan's* Shore
My Feet ſhall reſt; EMANUEL'S *promis'd Land.*
There his pleas'd Face admitted to behold,
With better Wreath than fading *Laurel Crown*
Rewarded, and preſenting loftier Strain
Before my KING!——Not with the *Phariſee*
In Self-exulting Boaſt, "*I thank thee*, GOD!"
Not with the *Prodigal*, tho' Penitent
In *Shreds of Righteouſneſs*. May I appear
(From the lov'd BRIDEGROOM'S own rich Wardrobe clad)
In *Righteouſneſs*, *not mine*, but purer far
Wrought BY HIMSELF complete, *no leſs my own*
By *imputative Merit*; that ſafe Rock
For dying Hope her Bark to anchor ſure,
In the Night-Wreck; when ev'ry Shelf beſide
Will prove a treacherous Quick-Sand of Deſpair.

So, from ſome Dream the timorous *Infant* woke,
That finds itſelf alone, with Darkneſs round,

For Succour lifts its little helpleſs Hands:
Unable how to tell its ſad Diſtreſs.
——Soon as the *Parent's* pitying Voice it hears,
It ſtops its Moan; Sleep ſtills it's trembling Heart,
Dropt, gently, in its careful GUARDIAN's Arms.

5 MA 56

AN

ESSAY on the UNIVERSE.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

I. Of the EARTH and WATERS.
II. Of the Elements of AIR and FIRE.
III. A Survey of the PLANETARY WORLDS.
IV. Obſervations on the SUN and FIXED STARS.

Concluding with a HYMN of Praiſe, to the tremendous and adorable DEITY.

Deſigned to promote a familiar, pleaſing, and religious Knowledge, of the EARTH and HEAVENLY Bodies.

Vincit amor Muſæ, *vincit* DEUS: *ardua quamvis*
Sit via, non metuit virtus invicta laborem.

PALINGEN.

——— Above *th'* Olympian *Mount* I ſoar,
Above the Flight *of* Pegaſean *Wing*.

MILTON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN
ESSAY
ON THE
UNIVERSE.

BOOK I.

Of the EARTH and WATERS.

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed—Address to the Dutchess of SOMERSET. 161 *An Invitation to the Lovers of Science, especially of the* Fair Sex.—162 *The Terraqueous Globe, surveyed, with the Distributions and Uses of the* Elements: *Two of which, only, the* Earth *and* Waters, *are treated of in this* First Book; *that concludes, with an Episodical Description of the* general Deluge, *and a View of the different Hypotheses concerning it.* 164 to 184.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

UNIVERSE.

BOOK I.

NO more a *Fiſher*, by the Reedy Streams,
To eaſy Notes I chaunt the rural Themes*.
Theſe pleas'd me once, when, artleſs in the Shade,
I NATURE, firſt, in ſimpleſt Charms ſurvey'd.
To gaze o'er all her Proſpects now I ſoar;
The Streams, and Shades, confine my Haunts no more.

Teach me, FAIR TUTORESS, thro' thy Realms to ſtray!
Steep are the Paths I climb, and long my Way.
Light, with thy Rays, my favour'd Feet to preſs
Thy awful *Fane*, thy inmoſt deep Receſs.

To

* PISCATORY ECLOGUES. An attempt, for introducing *a New Plan* of *Paſtoral-Writing*.

To midnight Walks, to viſionary Cells,
To Groves, where *Hermit Inſpiration* dwells,
Lead thy chaſt *Vot'ry*; while my raptur'd Soul
Would range thy devious Lengths from Pole to Pole;
To Stars, to Suns of boundleſs Space would riſe:
To Worlds, yet, unſurvey'd by mortal Eyes.

THOU, whoſe bright Form the gentleſt Heart inſpires;
Whoſe pleas'd Regard my ſole Ambition fires;
Who, rais'd to cheriſh ev'ry generous Art,
Doſt, like a *Sun*, on All, thy Beams impart:
By Nature fram'd benevolently kind;
Whom Birth not more ennobles than thy Mind:
Will SOMERSET, auſpicious Influence deign!
While, for HER Audience, I repeat my Strain?
That to her Patronage, long ſince, addreſt
Boaſts no ſmall Fame, in her Acceptance bleſt.
Perhaps, that, now re-labour'd, may appear
Chang'd more to pleaſe her tun'd, judicious Ear.
So got *Prometheus*, the celeſtial Ray,
To warm, with Life, his Workmanſhip of Clay.

And YE, whoſe Taſte *Philoſophy* eſteems,
Not liked the leſs when Verſe attempts its Themes,
Free from the Spleen that dulls th' Adept ſevere;
In Tempers faultleſs, as in Judgment clear:

The

But chief, YE FAIR, whoſe tempted Hand invites
The Roſe of Science, while it's Thorn affrights;
Who, by the Poet's Effort, may be won
To read deep Syſtems, that in Proſe ye ſhun.
For love of Candour, as for Genius prais'd,
Smile on a Muſe by generous Motives rais'd,
Cheer her bold Flighs th' etherial Tracts along;
For YOU I meditate the arduous Song.

Hear, how CREATIVE WISDOM firſt deſign'd
This beauteous World, the Seat of Human Kind.
Orbicular HE turn'd the ductile Mold,
And thro' vaſt Space the pondrous Wonder roll'd;
Convenient Form, that round his *central Sun*
The *Wand'rer* might his *annual* Circuit run;
And on their Thrones reſeat, in gentle Sway,
The Pow'rs that rule, by turns, the *Night* and *Day*;
That healthful *Tides* might unreſiſted flow,
And *Seaſon* change*, and genial *Breezes* blow.
New, various Modes on Matter HE impreſs'd,
And taught th' Atomic Motion where to reſt:
Spread the firm *Earth's* indiſſoluble Baſe,
And pour'd the liquid *Sea's* ſurrounding Space.
Then finely ſtretch'd aloft the fleecy *Air*,
And bad to upmoſt Realms the *Fire* repair.

What

* *Theſe Things are impoſſible, were the Earth* plane, angular, *or any way contrary to the preſent Figure.*

What various Bleſſings they for Man produce!
How wond'rous is the *Elemental* Uſe!

First let me, Parent EARTH, thy Praiſe rehearſe,
And be the Theme propitious to my Verſe!
To thy own Graces ſimilize my Song,
Smooth as thy Plains, and as thy Mountains ſtrong:
Thy *Mountains*, whoſe robuſt, cementing Bands,
With ſtable Sinews, brace the ſpacious Lands,
Secure the Vales beneath from *Oceans* force,
And check of nipping Winds the noxious Courſe;
On ſhelter'd Plains reflect the Solar Ray,
Whence ripen'd Glebes the Peaſant's Toil repay.
Their Heights (each form'd ſome different Tribe to cheer)
The largeſt *Vegetable* Produce rear:
Whoſe rugged Brakes, impaſſable and rude,
Protect the ſavage, ſolitary Brood.
The *Tiger* here, and *Vulture's* rabid Kind,
Their covert Lares, and ſhady Eyries find;
Whom Nature baniſh'd from the ſocial Plains,
Nor could ſubſiſt, with theirs, the milder Trains.
Far down their hideous Steeps the frighted Eye
Paths, never trod by human Feet, can ſpy,
Proſpects of vaſt Antiquity it views:
The Thoughts deep-wildering in a ſtrange Amuſe.
Where ruin'd Piles of age-fell'd Trees lie hurl'd,
That ſeem the firſt Productions of the World:

At

At whoſe dead Roots, in all the Parent-Grace,
Riſe the young Groves; a verdant, numerous Race.
And from the bare, bleak Precipice, whoſe Height
Frowns ſhudd'ring Horror on the aching Sight,
One ſwoln, continuous Sheet the Torrents throw;
For ever thund'ring on the Beach below.

Croſs the whole Earth, link'd-cloſe, long, broad, and tall,
One Chain they ſtand, the World's ſteep, dreadful Wall.
Their apt Poſitions, rang'd from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*,
The *Vapoury* Forces in their March arreſt;
That, *North* and *South*, detaching off their Pow'rs,
Would *Mid-Land* Climes deprive of ſuccouring Show'rs:
The humid Priſoners, on their Tops confin'd,
Mute, down their Sides, a furtive Paſſage wind,
Then in a guſhing *Spring* their Freedom gain,
Or 'ſcape, a *River*, murmuring thro' the Plain:
While Part, that ſtop'd, and cool'd, to Clouds unite,
Thence, in dark Columns take their cumbrous Flight,
Leſt torrid Climes with barren Droughts ſhould pine,
Leſt a dry Waſte, beneath the burning *Line*.
Their tall Aſcents the ambient Landſcapes ſhow,
And uſeful *Minerals* find their Beds below.
They Bulwarks ſtand, the ſafe defenſive Mounds
Of neighb'ring States, and mark their ſep'rate Bounds;

And

And aid the *Water-Nymphs* their Courſe to keep,
In eaſy Progreſs, to their Sire, the *Deep*.

* Strange Sight the Plain of *Tucoman* unfolds,
Whoſe Mount * the pleas'd *American* beholds:
It's lofty Clifts, a cryſtal Form diſplay,
Like one vaſt Diamond glittering to the Day.
Beneath its huge Extent, a hideous Cave
Drinks in a plunging Current's gloomy Wave.
O'er which the Natives, on a caney Raft,
In dread Adventure dared their Crew to waft;
Whoſe Length of ſubterranean Stream to trace
Spent the bold Band a whole diurnal Space†.
* *Peru's* vaſt *Andes*, how immenſe they riſe!
And *Alpine* Summits pierce th' inferiour Skies.
* *Damoan's* Pike the *Perſian* gives by Night,
From its ſulphureous Soil, a ſparkling Light;
From whoſe clear Heights prodigious, he, by Day,
* The vaſtly diſtant *Caſpian* ‡ can ſurvey.

Who

* *A Mountain of an amazing Height and Extent in* Paraguay, *famous by the Name of the* Cryſtal Mountain.

† *This deſperate dreadful Attempt was made as here deſcribed, by a Number, of leſs than* 12 *Men, not a Century ago.*

‡ *A Space over Land of more than* 180 *Miles. This will appear leſs extraordinary to any one that conſiders the Air of Perſia is the pureſt and cleareſt of the whole World.*

Who knows not, *Teneriſe*, thy boaſted Name?
Far as the *Sun* o'er looks is ſpread thy Fame.
Renown'd in *Homer's* and in *Maro's* Song;
Ida's and *Atlas'* Heights ſhall flouriſh long;
And, crown'd in ſacred Lays, *Lebanus* ſtands,
Proud in her Groves, the Queen of *Aſian* Lands.

Deſcend, my *Muſe*, and view the humble *Plain*,
Haunt of thy Hours, and Emblem of thy Strain,
Nurſe of the verdant Wreath that crowns thy Lay,
The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay:
Whoſe mild Retreats his rural Pipe perſuades,
Hid in thy cooling Bowers, and twilight Shades.
Thy level Face, with vary'd Flowers o'erſpread,
Affords the winding *Stream* an oozy Bed;
Luxurious *Paſtures* yields the grazing Kind,
And plenteous *Ceres* to the toiling Hind.
O! who ſhall bear me from the Noon-Day-Beam
To *Tempe's* flow'ry Walks, and laurel'd Stream?
To where *Alcinoüs* fragrant Gardens yields,
Heſperia Groves, or *Enna* bloomy Fields?

How ſhall I count the various Reptile Race,
That ſpread the fruitful Mother's latent Face;
Whoſe ample Legions every Clime ſupplies
Of different Inſtincts, Textures, Claſs, and Size,

From

From the enormous *Elephant* ſupreme,
To the baſe *Mite's* ſcarce viſible Extreme?
And lower down, what Tribes unnotic'd throng,
That Wonder raiſe, while they elude my Song!
In one ſmall humid Speck, the curious Eye
Can Millions of their little Forms deſcry*.
What Kingdoms of th' innumerous Inſect-Kind,
On one ſmall Leaf commodious Dwelling find!
Perhaps, on this mean Spot, the little Pow'rs
View Rivers, Hills, and Fields †; a World like ours.
The Ribs, and harder Parts, preſent their Eyes
A Ridge of Mountains, that ſtupendous riſe;
Like thoſe tall Summits the *Peruvian* boaſts,
Or thoſe that part *Iberia's* ſpreading Coaſts.
Long winding Streams appear their liquid Veins,
And their ſmooth Coats a Width of boundleſs Plains.
O NATURE, thy minuteſt Works amaze,
Poſe the cloſe Search, and loſe our Thoughts in Praiſe!
EARTH!

* *Dr.* Hook *aſſerts that he diſcovered with a Microſcope eight Millions, two hundred and eighty Thouſand Animalculæ in one ſingle Drop of Water, and he ſuſpects Millions of Millions might be contain'd in it. A Method of making theſe Computations is publiſhed by Mr.* Lewenhoeck, Phil. Tranſ. No. 131. P. 844.

† *See Mr.* Addiſon *on this Subject*, Tatler, No. 119. Spect. No. 420, *and* 519.

EARTH! who thy Objects, endleſs, can recite?
Rich Funds of inexhauſtible Delight!
If on thy *Garden's* flowery Scene I ſtay,
I gaze bewilder'd at the bright Diſplay.
What White can match the *Lilly's* virgin Snows?
What Red the Crimſon of the bluſhing *Roſe?*
What regal Purple with the *Scabious* vie?
Or Scarlet match the *Poppy's* flaming Dye?
What Yellow, lovely as the Golden Morn,
The *Lupine*, and the *Heliotrope* adorn!
How mixt a Hue the ſtreaky *Tulip* ſtains!
How curious the *Carnation's* marbled Veins!
Ethereal Blue the ſilky *Violets* wear,——
And all unite their Sweets in mingling Air.

Sing we of *Plants* and *Herbs* a various Kind,
For Uſe medicinal, and Food deſign'd.
Effectual to retard th' impetuous Blood,
When *few'riſh Heats* diſturb the vital Flood;
To free from *wan Diſeaſe* the beauteous Face,
And flush the Features with a lively Grace;
The *Dropſy's* ſwoln Diſtortion to ſubdue,
Or change th' enfeebling *Jaundice'* loathſome Hue.
They to new Strength the languid Pow'rs reclaim,
When pale *Conſumptions* waſte the pining Frame,

Or

Or *paralytic Rheums* the Nerves untie,
And healing Balm to *wounded Limbs* apply.
With native Sweetneſs ſome delight the Senſe,
And Pleaſure to the Sight and Taſte diſpenſe.
When, in the ſalutary Garden led,
Thy Steps approach the *Mint's* delicious Bed,
How ſtrong its grateful Scent embalms the Place!—
Or can the flow'ry *Thyme* thy Boſom grace,
Dear to the labouring Bee, and not afford
Rich Fragrance from its aromatic Hoard?
The od'rous *Briar* thy Senſes will beguile,
Or the preſs'd Bank of hardy *Camomile*.
When vigorous Health thy Appetite renews,
Hence may thy Hand a cooling *Sallad* chuſe,
Or Herbs by culinary Art prepare,
For thy plain Board, *Phythagorean* Fare.

Aſcend we now the Beauties to relate
Of ſpreading *Trees* that riſe with loftier State,
Whoſe leafy Arms ſupport the *feath'ry Throng*,
Protect their Dwelling, and ſecure their Young;
Or for the *Herds* convenient Shelter form
From the Night-Dews, or Day's pernicious Storm;
Or ſerve for *Man*, a cool defenſive Veil
In ſultry Hours, and fan th' enlivening Gale.
How tall the *Fir!* and yet his Root is found
Spread o'er the Surface of the ſhallow Ground,
To the hard Rock he grows cemented faſt,

And

And proudly braves the furious Northern Blaſt.
Where the big *Ganges* rolls his princely Flood,
The *Fig-Tree's* tow'ring Shade o'erlooks the Wood,
Whoſe lofty Head the *Archer's* Skill defies,
Nor can his fleeteſt Shaft to pierce it riſe.
Here, Nightly flowers, in fragant Bloſſoms gay,
The *Nurſe's* fair Tree, that *Mourner of the Day**:
At Sight of whom ſhe ſheds her Eve-deck'd Charms,
Sinks her ſick Head, and folds her ſadning Arms,
The green *Euſada* † ſprings, on *Afric's* Soil,
A Wood in Breadth, without the Planter's Toil:
The far-ſtretch'd Shoots, that thick its Trunk ſurround,
Bend their Tops, arching, to the Parent-Ground,
Whence a new Race, turn'd curving by their Weight,
A freſh, and *theſe* a following, Crop create:
In native Arbours, fenc'd to Sun or Rain,
Embowering kindly all that ſultry Plain.
The *Lamb-reſembling Plant*‡, with Fleeces full,
Affords a mimic, vegetable Wool;
Warm as that Animals, when us'd undreſt,
To line from Cold the frozen *Ruſſian's* Veſt.

Warm

* *Called upon this Account, by the Portugueſe,* Arbor triſte de dia.

† *Some of theſe Trees cover a Thouſand Paces in Circuit, and are able to lodge under the Branches Three Thouſand Men.*

‡ *Of the Melon Kind; call'd by the* Muſcovites, Boranetz *or* Little Lamb, *which it reſembles in Figure.*

Warm *India's Aloe* § yields the ſwarthy Brood
Milk, Wine, and Oil, their Cloathing, Houſe, and Food.
The wild *Priapus* ‖ here, on arid Plains,
In his ſwoln Leaf, a gelid Lymph contains.
And *Fountain-Trees* ¶ their plenteous Streams ſupply,
Where ſcorching Climes the vital Springs deny;
Whoſe gladning Shades the droughty Pilgrim finds,
And quaffs Refreſhment thro' their juicy Rhinds.
In Troops the thirſt-afflicted Inſects rove,
Sip the cool Draughts, and cheer their pining Drove.

Of Trees a numerous Growth each Climate bears,
And ev'ry Soil their ſeveral Species wears:

The

§ *The* Aloe Muricata, *and* Cinnamon-Tree *of* Ceylon *furniſh the* Indians *with Food, Cloth, Oyl, Milk, Wine, Honey, and Materials for Building and Shipping, particulariz'd by Mr.* Ray. Wiſdom of God. *As alſo by our pious* Herbert:

——— *The* Indian Tree *alone*
Is Cloathing, Meat, and Trencher, Drink and Can,
Boat, Cable, Sail, and Needle: all *in* one.

‖ *The* Priapus Vegetabilis *holds Bags of Water at the Ends of his Leaves, ſomewhat like the wild* Pine *of* Jamaica, *accurately deſcrib'd by Sir* Hans Sloane. Lowth's *Abrid. Phil. Tranſ. Vol.* II. *P.* 669.

¶ *The* Fountain *or* dropping-Trees *ſupply the Deficiencies of Springs and Rain in the Iſland* Ferro.

The *Alder* in the marſhy Ground delights,
And the dry Vale the *Myrtle's* Shade invites;
Pale *Aſh* the Mountain's ſteepy Head o'erlook,
And *Sallows* tremble o'er the gliding Brook;
The *Ebony* in ſultry *India* grows,
And hardy *Yew* thrives beſt in *Scythia's* Snows.
How well they ſeem for various Uſes made?
The *Pine* for Straitneſs, and the *Beech* for Shade:
For ſtately Building we the *Cedar* prize,
And the firm *Oak* the naval Bark ſupplies.
Ceylonia's ſpicy Groves their rich Perfume
Afford, and *Myrrha* weeps her od'rous Gum.
The pleaſing Theme, too copious, I decline,
To tell the Product of the uſeful *Vine*:
Or how, where warmer Climes the Soil improve,
Blooms, with perpetual Sweet, the *Orange* Grove.
Here ripening *Citrons* their Perfection find,
And the *Pomegranate's* rich, tranſparent Kind.
Should I the *Orchard's* plenteous Growth commend,
Where the ripe Boughs with cluſt'ring Fruitage bend,
My Verſe might ſing the *Britiſh Apple's* Praiſe,
Fam'd in the modern *Georgic's** happier Lays:
Or, ſhould I, in inferior Strains, aſſume
The ſhapely *Pear* to praiſe, or gloſſy *Plumb*,

* Philips's *Poem on* CYDER.

The *Peach* with native Down enwoven o'er,
The *Mulb'ry* purpled with a Lover's Gore:
Theſe, liberal EARTH, thy Bleſſings might declare,
Kind to our Wants with an indulgent Care.

Not leſs the WATER's efficacious Aid,
For mutual Ornament and Service made;
To purify the Earth's corrupted Stores,
And drench with kindly Showers her droughty Pores;
Hence all the verdant, *vegetable Kind*,
And *Birds*, and *Beaſts*, and *Men* Refreſhment find.

What Beauties does the rural Landſkip take
From the clear *Fountain*, and expanſive *Lake*!
Can I forget the ſmooth relucent *Stream*,
So oft my Solace, and *ſo late my Theme* †?
You cryſtal Natives of the flow'ry Mead
Invite my Walk, and tempt my *ſportive Reed*;
Unnumber'd Nations in your Branches play,
And fruitful Lands receive you in your Way;
You to the *Father-Ocean* bear his Rains,
And from ſuperfluous Moiſture free the Plains.

In that *new World*, which *Europe's* Plunderers keep,
Flows *Canada* unfathomably deep:

Among

† Piſcatory Eclogues *before mentioned*.

Among the Race of Floods none fairer ſhines,
Whoſe Banks her *Nymphs* adorn with cluſt'ring Vines.
Vaſt *Amazone* a Waſte of Waters ſeems,
And *Oronoque*, with his diſparted Streams:
Where the wild Natives dare their Limbs expoſe
To hunt the *Caſtor* o'er the wintry Snows.
Largeſt of Floods the *Ganges*, where he glides,
Bengala's Land in girdled Iſles divides;
Hung with rich Fruits their Boſoms ſweet appear,
And blooms, in Flow'rs, the ever-verdur'd Year.
The broad *Euphrates Aſia's* Sons may boaſt,
Wide-watering, many a League, his peopled Coaſt,
Where once-fam'd *Babylon*, its choak'd-up Paſs
Drowns, in a dreadful, deſolate Moraſs.
See fierce *Araxes*, waſhing *Perſia's* Soil,
In rapid flight along his Channels boil:
Indignant, on the *Pontal Curb* * he frowns,
And in his Gulphs *it's* ruin'd Fabric drowns.
Thro' *Afric's* Deſert-Woods, and firey Sands,
The wave-full *Niger* pours his ſtreaming Bands;
There furious *Volta*, white with foamy Stain,
His Torrents empties on the bellowing Main:
And, from the Seat of *Abyſſinian* Kings,
Huge *Nile* his fertilizing Currents brings.

* *Pontem indignatus Araxes.* Virg.

What have not darker Ages wond'ring read
Of its recluſe, impenetrable Head?
His ſtrange o'erflowing Steam, that, ſpread around
With a kind Deluge, drowns the teeming Ground;
And how, thro' ſeven wide Mouths, he, ruſhing ſteep
With deaf'ning Clamours, ſwells th' inferiour Deep?
Of fam'd *Eridanus*, whoſe watry Bands
Divide, with length'ning Streams, *Saturnian* Lands?
A ſpacious Courſe; whence antient Bards deviſe
He pours his ample Urn thro' half the Skies.
Mæonian Verſe ſhall *Phrygian Xanthus* praiſe,
And *Tyber* flow renown'd in *Virgil's* Lays;
Slain *Acis'* Change, and *Achelous'* Wrong,
With artful Fable dreſs the pleaſing Song*.
Nor unremember'd, in the Claſſic Strain,
Shall ſad *Alpheus'* amorous Flood remain ‖,
Unnumber'd Streams, that now ignobly glide,
Swift *Ladon*, and *Enipeus'* ſacred Tide,
With ſmooth *Eurotas* murmur in the Lay,
And *Peneus*; verdur'd with eternal Bay.
—Me, *Jordan*, ſhall thy hallow'd Name delight,
And to rais'd Themes my muſing Thoughts invite.
What Wonders of thy ſacred Stream are told,
With Truth inſpir'd, renown'd in Songs of old!

How

* Ovid *Metam. Lib.* xiii.
‖ *Lib.* ix. *Ibid.*

How *Iſrael's* Sons thy dry Foundations ‡ trod,
And how the Prophet's Mantle § cleav'd thy Flood!
King of the watry Family, whoſe Wave
Baptiſmal Rites to *Man's* REDEEMER *gave*,
When o'er his Head was ſeen the radiant *Dove*,
And Heav'n approv'd the Deed † with Words of Love.
Happy the *Hermit* on thy Banks reclin'd,
Who feaſts with Dreams inſpir'd his raptur'd Mind.
Forbear we *Iſter's* ſpreading Flood to name,
The Northern *Volga*, or the Britiſh *Thame*
For happy Shores, as gentle Streams, renown'd;
With princely Domes, and regal Navies crown'd.

How advantageous the ſurrounding *Seas*
In their wide Tracts to cool the Summer-Breeze,
The Ships unwieldy Burthen to ſuſtain,
And yield an eaſy Paſſage thro' the *Main*;
With all her rich Embargo ſwift ſhe rides,
Help'd by the Force of Winds, and haſt'ning Tides.
Thus vaſtly-diſtant Lands acquainted grow,
And, mutually, commercial Aids beſtow.
Shall I their ſtrange, exhauſtleſs Treaſure ſing,
How with rais'd Dews they feed the bubbling Spring,
Supply the ſpongy Clouds with Showery Stores,
And back receive the Tribute of the Shores?

‡ Joſhua iii. 17.
§ 2 Kings ii. 8. 14.
† Luke iii. 21, 22.

Vaſt Riches, that the Wealth of Earth outvie,
In their hid, ſolitary Bottom lie.—
Or tell how the rebellious Deep of old
O'er the broad Lands a direful Deluge roll'd,
Whoſe ſwelling Tides, by angry Heaven employ'd,
The World, with all its *guilty* Race, deſtroy'd?
Say, Muſes, how averſe to Nature's Laws
Such Woe befel, from what ſtupendous Cauſe?

Some think †, ere this, *nor Sea, nor Hill* was ſound,
But a ſmooth Surface cloath'd our *Planet* round,
Till torn by Earthquakes its convexive Shell,
Sapp'd by th' imboſom'd Waters, inward fell;
When ſtrait th' up-broken Fountains pour'd their Stores,
With wide Confuſion, and o'ertop'd the Shores:
Hence *Seas*, and *Mountains* their Formation owe,
Relicts of Ruin, and deforming Woe.
Others ſuppoſe ‡ ſurcharging Rains might fall,
With doubled Weight, *on half* the drowning Ball;
Whence the o'erbalanc'd Pole preponder'd low,
And let ſurrounding Seas their Bounds o'erflow,

Which

† Des Cartes's THEORY *improv'd upon by Dr.* Burnet, Woodward, and others, *whoſe* antiſcriptural Account *of the Origin of Mountains reflect very unhappily on the* eminent Theoriſts.

‡ *Mr.* De la Croſs *in his* Memoirs for the Ingenious. *Mr.* Ray *countenances this Opinion in part.* Miſcell. Diſcourſes, *p.* 66.

Which ſoon Earth's whole diſorder'd Frame engroſs'd,
Its Center chang'd, and Equilibrium loſt.
A Sage, deep read in Secrets of the Wiſe,
Reports, a *Comet*† rul'd th' indignant Skies,
Whoſe Atmoſphere, a vaſt collected Train,
Might furniſh Vapour for th' inceſſant Rain.
Yield we to them ‡ who different Schemes propoſe:
How from his Channels antient *Ocean* roſe
With all his Floods; to *freſh Poſſeſſions* led:
And ſunk on Earth his *new, perpetual* Bed;

† *Mr.* Whiſton's New Theory of the Earth, *aſſigns* this *as the Cauſe of the Deluge, which, at that Time, in its Peribelion paſs'd very near the Earth's Orbit. The ſame which was obſerved in the Year* 1680. *This illuſtrates* Kircher's *Work* De Arca Noæ, *that aſſerts the Rain in the Deluge to be miraculous.*

‡ *This is thought the moſt ingenious Syſtem: and beſt agrees to the Scriptures of any. The Author is Mr.* Abr. de la Pryme. *See* Lowth. *Abridg. Phil Tranſ. Vol.* II. *p.* 430. *It ſuppoſes the* Antediluvian World *had an external Sea with Land, Mountains, &c. about the Bigneſs theſe are of at preſent: That the ſubterraneous Caverns and Pillars being broken by Earthquakes, moſt Parts, if not the whole, was ſwallowed up by the Seas we now have; and the preſent Earth roſe out of the Bottom of the* Antediluvian Sea, *in its Room, as Iſlands are now ſunk, and others thruſt out in their Stead. Hence it is no longer a Wonder that Shells, Shell-Fiſh, Bones of Fiſh, Fruits, &c. are found in Beds and Quarries in vaſtly inland Mountains; for here they bred in the* Antediluvian Sea, *were elevated with this in the Deluge;*

fell

Whence his forſaken Bottom firmer grew,
Drain'd by degrees, this *preſent Scene* we view.
From hence they ſolve why oft we buried find
The *Bones of Fiſh*, and their *teſtaceous Kind*,
Sunk in the ſettling Ooze, when hurrying Floods
Ruſh'd to *new Seats*, and chang'd their *firſt Abodes*.

Long time th' encreaſing Waters cover'd o'er
The delug'd World, all Ocean robb'd of Shore;
When the *known Sire*, whom Heav'n's Concern to ſave,
In the clos'd Ark indulgent Shelter gave,
Loos'd firſt a *Raven* on enquiring Wing,
That ne'er return'd her Embaſſy to bring:
'Tis thought the Bird uclean her Hunger fed,
And Feet upſtaid, on the thick floating Dead.
Then by the *Dove* he freſh Diſcovery ſought,
Who a ſoil'd Branch of dripping *Olive* brought,
Pacific Signal; that diſtinctly ſhow'd
Earth's new Recovery, from th' abated Flood.

Leave we unſung, the Globe in Ruin hurl'd,
And drear, dead Silence of th' unpeopled World:
A Scene ſo ſad, ALMIGHTY PITY ſwore
The waſteful Waters ſhould prevail no more,

When

fell into, and were buried in Chaſms, that would neceſſarily happen in the thruſting up of the Earth; and are found in the Soil that was flung with Confuſion and Violence from one Place to another by the Working of the Waters, and the Ferment and Hurry things were then put into.

When high in Air he plac'd the peaceful Sign,
And bad his *ſacramental Rainbow* ſhine:
Arch'd, wide as Heav'n, a faithful *Pledge* it ſtands,
Bent by the Strength of ſkill'd, OMNIFIC Hands†.
A milder Horror let the Muſe explore,
The Northern Ocean, and its gloomy Shore:
Where Winters their eternal Stations keep;
A diſmal Region, and a ſtormy Deep.
Yet, ev'n on thoſe uncultivated Meads,
The hardy Stag her numerous Bevy breeds.
In Air the Fowls, the Fiſh in Ocean ſport,
And vaſt *Leviathan* maintains his Court.
Here dire ‡ *Maelſtroom* with horrid Vortex raves,
By Sailors nam'd the *Navel of the Waves*,
Suppos'd thro' perforated Earth to flow,
Or from ſome ſtrange *Hiatus* mov'd below:
Not more deſtructive to the Seamen's Freight
Fam'd *Scylla*, or *Ceraunia's* antient Streight,
Nor *Malea's* dreary Cape, a fatal Land,
Nor where the *Syrtes* ſpread their ſwallowing Sand.
Hapleſs the Bark that, down the Torrent hurl'd,
Surveys *the Bottom of th' amazing World*;
And hapleſs they whom icy Bonds controul,
Impriſon'd far beneath the freezing Pole,
Conſtrain'd to ſuffer Winter's Rage ſevere,
And languiſh out the half-benighted Year.
Far otherwiſe the South's *pacific Main*,
Where never Storm diſturbs the glaſſy Plain,

† Eccluſ. xliii. 12.
‡ *A dreadful Whirlpool on the Coaſt of* Norway.

But only breathing Gales are heard to ſigh,
And brooding *Halcyons* o'er the Surface fly.
Vaſt Lands unknown his peaceful Seas divide,
And univerſal Ocean joins his Tide.

What Muſe the ſtrange Inhabitants ſhall tell,
That in the *watry World* ſecluded dwell?
What undiſcover'd Climes, and hidden Coaſts,
Conceal their new, unnam'd, unnumber'd Hoſts?
Or who recount the various Plants that grow
In liquid Fields, and coral Groves below?

O DERHAM! *Britain's* fam'd induſtrious Sage,
Be this the Palm of thy accompliſh'd Age;
This laſt, this promis'd Enterprize purſue,
Deny'd to *Athens*, and reſerv'd for You †.
While I new Worlds, and various, led to roam,
Launch'd on wide Seas, far diſtant from my Home,
This Harbour for my little Pinnace ſeek;
A ſhort, ſweet Reſpite in the ſhelt'ring Creek.
Till on my voyage, with a full-ſprung Gale,
Refitted, and refreſh'd, I truſt my Sail.

† *The learned World have unhappily loſt this great Ornament of it, and probably that* Treatiſe of the Waters, *which was promis'd in his* Phyſico-Theol. *ſince the Lines above were written.*

5 MA 56

The END *of the Firſt Book.*

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

UNIVERSE.

BOOK II.

Of the Elements of AIR and FIRE.

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject *continued; where the* Air, 185, *and* Fire, 191, *come last under Review: which (with those of the* former Book) *represent the* whole Phenomena *of our* Planet. *By the way, more Episodical Descriptions are inserted: Of the memorable* Storm, 1703, 189; *and the Destruction of the* Cities of the Plain *by Fire,* 194, *recorded* Gen. xviii. &c. *Lastly,* Man, *as the chief Inhabitant of this World, is considered in reference to his* Capacities *and* Pleasures, *which he is exhorted to the regular, moderate Use of, agreeable to his superiour Faculties, and the Intention of his benefi-cent* Creator, 201 *to* 206.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

UNIVERSE.

BOOK II.

LOOS'D by ſweet Reſt more active from the Port,
See, the wiſh'd *Winds* my ſwelling Canvas court!
And, as they bear my gliding Bark along,
From *theſe*, I catch a Subject for my Song.
EARTH's Tracts already, and the WAT'RY PLAINS
My *Muſe* has meaſur'd, in her tranſient Strains!
Shown, in wiſe NATURE's Plan, how each conduce
To ſerve its Ends, of Pleaſure and of Uſe.
Next, vital AIR! thy Theme demands the Lays;
A Gift as bounteous, and as due thy Praiſe.
Capacious ELEMENT! that round our *Ball*,
In thy large Truſt, upholds the Life of ALL.
Our EARTH, without whoſe animating Breath,
Would frown in Horror of eternal Death,

Nor

Nor *Plants* *, nor *Beaſts*, nor *Man's* ſuperior Kind
Could due Supports of Reſpiration find;
Nor the ſmall *Inſects* mean, unnotic'd Train,
Nor numerous Natives of the *wat'ry* Reign.
How apt is thy diſſeminating Care,
The ripen'd Seeds on plumy Wings † to bear,
And, with a lib'ral Diſtribution, pour
On ev'ry teeming Glebe the genial Show'r.
Elſe, too confin'd, the ſeparate Tribes would lie
Fix'd to one Soil, nor gen'ral Uſe ſupply.
Thy friendly Pow'rs the burthen'd Clouds upſtay,
And bear them round in their prolific Way;
Unfold the Bloſſom on the vernal Plain,
And waft its Odours to th' enamour'd Brain.
Thy Medium lends the Sight extenſive Bound,
And taught th' attentive Ear the Senſe of Sound;
Gives the tun'd Breath its Melody of Song,
And thy wide Fields ſuſtain the Feathery Throng.
The mounting *Lark*, the *Warblers* of the Grove,
Safe thro' thy Heights with pleaſing Paſſage rove.

The

* *Plants, as* Malphigi *diſcover'd, have reſpiring Veſſels as well as Animals. Inſects have more. And Fiſh paſs the Air and Water by their Mouths and Gills. Some, as the* Dace, Chub, *&c. have effiated Air-Bladders.*

† *The Seeds of* Dandelion, Anemone, &c. *and others of the pappous or wingy Kind, have a* Tomentum, *or light Down, by which they are tranſported, when ripe, thro' the Air, to diſtant Places, and made to fall perpendicular,* Dar-like, *for* Semination.

The Houſehold *Pidgeons* here in Troops reſort,
And in free Plains with circling Motion ſport.
Here, far upborn with unobſtructed Aim,
The generous *Falcon* tracks the flying Game;
While the light *Swallow*, thro' the yielding Way,
On agile Chaſe purſues his Inſect-Prey.
From the wild *Andes* with gigantic Wings;
On the prone Herd the mighty *Condor* ſprings;
And, ſometimes, is rapacious ſeen to wreſt
The hapleſs Infant from it's Mother's Breaſt.
In thoſe large Woods, that ſtretch a boundleſs Space,
Reſide the *Mock-Birds* imitating Race,
That, docile, catch the widely-varied Lay,
Of ev'ry tuneful Warbler on the Spray:
Where the *Ouriſſia* *, Bee-like in it's Size,
Humming, from Flow'r to Flow'r, delighted flies,
And in a wond'rous, living Rainbow dreſt,
Shifts all it's Colours on his Wings and Breaſt,
Here the proud *Guara* †, gay in tinctur'd Blooms,
Decks his ſweet Form with metamorphos'd Plumes;

In

* *The* Humming Bird. *One of which beautiful little Creatures with its Neſt weighed no more than* 24 *Grains.*

† *Called by* Europeans *the* Sea-Curlew. *The* Chevalier des Marchais, *in his Voyage to* Guinea, *in* 1727, *mentions to have ſeen ſomething there of a like Kind with this famous* American *Bird, but with this Difference,*

that

In Raven Jet, brown Aſh, and ſnowy White,
Then, next, in Crimſon robed he tempts the Sight;
And, laſt, in dazzling Scarlet charms the Eye,
Which, as his Years encreaſe, improves its, Die.

To AIR the Seaſon's grateful Change we owe,
And Winds that from divided Quarters blow;
The *Eaſt*, that waves his Fog-diſpelling Wing,
And *Zephyr*, Huſband of the blooming Spring,
Cold *Aquilo*, replete with gelid Pow'rs,
And *Auſter*, wet with ever-weeping Show'rs.
The cheering Dawn, and Twilight's ſoothing Shade,
Are each by its refractive Influence made.
This gives the Sky to ſmile in cheerful Blue,
And ſtains the liſted *Rainbow's* varying Hue,
Diverſifies the Clouds with Colours gay,
And thro' its Depths is ſhed the golden Day.
Nor ſerve its Regions leſs the *Storm* to pour
On guilty Realms, in Fate's avenging Hour,
Such as of late diſtreſt *Britannia* felt;
O may no recent Stroke purſue her Guilt!
A Land to Vice inur'd, a ſtubborn Land,
Ripe for the Weight of Heav'n's vindictive Hand.

Scarce

that it changes from black to red on its firſt Moulting, then becomes blue, then green, and laſtly yellow, retaining his Colours always very lively, and without any Mixture of one with another.

Scarce had the Night with ſable Shades appear'd,
Ere in dark Skies the muſt'ring Winds were heard;
Firſt, hoarſe and low, the ſullen Murmur paſs'd,
Roſe by degrees, and grew with ev'ry Blaſt.
Nought then was heard the Ear to entertain,
No Voice of Mirth, nor Muſic's chearful Strain.
But far reſounded, thro' the diſmal Gloom,
The rattling Clamours of the falling Dome,
Or the torn Roofs, in Show'rs of dreadful Hail,
With hideous Din clos'd ev'ry deafening Gale.
Deep Terrour ev'ry trembling Breaſt amaz'd,
And Fear within, ſtill fiercer Temper rais'd.
From ev'ry Eye the downy Slumber fled,
And only, Sleep's ſoft Rule, poſſeſs'd the Dead.
Then roſe aghaſt the pale adult'rous Pair,
Compell'd to kneel in forc'd, diſtracted Pray'r.
The ſculking Thief, to nightly Murder prone,
Dreads, from the tott'ring Battlement, his own.
How diff'rent the religious Face appears!
His ſteadfaſt Brow an awful Calmneſs wears.
Tow'rd the loud Heav'ns his Eyes expreſſive roll,
And Danger wakes Devotion in his Soul.
Then Providence illuſtrious Tokens gave
Of its ſure Pow'r, and watchful Care to ſave†.

Nor

† *See a curious, now ſcarce, Collection of Letters from all Parts,* 8*vo. entitled* The Storm, *written ſoon after this calamitous Providence* 1703.

Nor could the Land the ſpreading Storm contain,
With equal Fury it aſſaults the Main.
Let, *Ediſton*, thy maſſy Tow'r declare
How fierce the Elemental Conflict there,
From the firm Rock thy deep Foundations torn,
And to the Seas with total Ruin born.
Here the huge Bark unmoor'd, its Tackling loſt,
By the chaf'd Waves, behold! confus'dly toſs'd;
Or forc'd with all its Crew, a hapleſs Band,
On the ſwift-ſplitting Rock, or burying Sand.
There croſs-driv'n Veſſels meet, with claſhing Weight,
And by one Cruſh, both ſink in mingling Fate.

How big the Woes of that diſaſtrous Night!
Nor ended here—the unrelieving Light
But only ſerv'd Fate's Terrors to diſcloſe,
And a dire Scene of opening Horrours roſe.
Lo! the tall Buildings, late admir'd for Strength,
That grac'd, but now, the City's ſpacious Length,
Uncouthly ſhatter'd ſhock th' averting Eye,
Or, with their Baſe, in levell'd Ruins lie.
On the Sea-Strand the Wreck profuſely ſtrow'd
Declar'd the Havock of the fatal Flood.
The proſtrate Groves their faded Honours mourn,
Riv'd in the midſt, or from their Bottoms torn.
Such dire Deſigns the airy Forces form,
When Heav'n commands *his* Word attending Storm;

Bids

Bids ruſh th' uprending Tempeſts from their Caves,
To ſhake the Shores, to heave the wreckful Waves;
To dart direct the Light'ning's burning Ball,
And roll *his* Thunder thro' Air's *darken'd Hall.*

Oft from the blighting Eaſt the *Locuſt* Bands,
In ſwarthy Numbers, ſhade the vernal Lands;
The naked Fields lament the waſteful Drove,
The ruin'd Harveſt, and the leafleſs Grove:
And oft the *South* malignant Seaſons brings,
And ſickly Autumns on her ſcorching Wings;
When livid Poiſons taint her ſtagnant Breath,
With putrid Steams, and Peſtilential Death.
—Then Friendſhip ſhuts her hoſpitable Door,
The Tyes of Love, of Nature, bind no more;
No more gay Mirth and Melody invite,
The Bloom of Beauty can no more delight,
O'erſpread with wan Diſeaſe: at Noon of Day,
Loneneſs and Silence haunt the public Way.
The Babe and Sire, the Tim'rous and the Brave,
Bow with one Blow, and fill a mingled Grave.

Ethereal FIRE! thy Bounties laſt I praiſe;
Tho' laſt, yet not inferior, be the Lays.
Prolific Parent! Earth, and Sea, and Air,
Thro' all their Kinds, thy genial Uſe declare.
Without Thee all would ſink in priſtine Night,
Nor Heat had e'er been known, nor needful Light.

How

How ſhort had Life's too haſty Date been made,
Loſt in long Sleep, or dull, diſabling Shade,
Did not thy Taper lend its gentle Ray,
And add freſh Hours of *artificial Day!*
Thy glowing Aids correct the wint'ry Air,
And wholeſome Meals for craving Man prepare:
Elſe had Earth's Regions by th' unpeopling Froſt,
And Stores of Food, to human Uſe been loſt.
To Thee his Skill the ſwarthy *Cyclop* owes,
And Manual Arts from thy Aſſiſtance roſe.

Myſterious Element! whoſe Seat unknown
The Source of ev'ry vital Power we own.
Some in the central Womb of Earth report
Thou hold'ſt obſcure thy deep, impervious Court;
And ſome thy native Reſidence convey
To Solar Regions, and the Worlds of Day.
How vaſt! how wide an Empire doſt thou know,
Planets, and Suns above, and Earth below!
Nature by conſtant gravitating Laws
Each Body to her downward Center draws:
But thine on new, on different Rules depends,
Mocks her Reſtraints, and retrograde aſcends.
Strange *Chemiſt!* whoſe diſcriminating Art
Can the remoteſt Seeds of Things impart,
Unfold their Texture, and their Forms diſcloſe;
The Solid fracture, the Disjoin'd compoſe.
Diſcordant Things, that widely diſagree,
Are all united and commix in Thee.

To thy pure Eſſence all converted turn,
And *ſimple Flame*, without Diſtinction, burn.
Of thy Arcana, *Electrific* Skill
Finds, daily, ſome *new Secrets* to reveal.
In Thee what wond'rous Contradictions meet,
Heat oft devoid of Light, and Light of Heat!
Thus glow the liquid Mineral's kindled Veins,
Yet dark and hid its lucid Seed remains.
Mark otherwiſe the *Glow-Worm's* living Light,
Whoſe beamy Tail with Radiance gilds the Night,
A harmleſs Fire: or wand'ring *Whiſp*, that ſtrays,
A gelid Flame, thro' Fenns and wat'ry Ways.
Who views not oft the Meteor ſhot from far
With trailing Light, a fancy'd Falling Star.
Whoſe ſeeming Fire, propell'd from nether Skies,
A cold, deluſive, vap'rous Jelly lies?
Behold the *North Aurora's* flaſhing Light,
A new *Phenomenon*, how ſtrangely bright!
Yet, all devoid of Heat, the burſting Rays
Are found a lambent, inoffenſive Blaze.
Unlike to theſe the Lightning's forky Gleam,
That burns and blazes in a mixt Extreme,
Intenſeſt Pow'rs of Light and Heat conjoin'd;
To Cattle dangerous, and th' unſhelter'd Hind.
Why ſhould I ſing of Mountains, that expire
From their torn Entrails Floods of ſulph'rous Fire,
Which o'er whole Cities * pour their ſcorching Train,
And mark in lengthen'd Paths the furrow'd Main?

Thus

* *At* Catanea *in* Sicily, *in digging for Pumice-Stones,*

Thus *Etna*, thus *Veſuvius*, (antient Names)
For ever burn, and oft project their Flames.
Ev'n frozen *Hecla* †, mid perpetual Snows,
With the ſame Rage, a dread Vulcano glows,
Whoſe burſting Mouths like loudeſt Thunder roar,
And ſtrew with Ruins the deſerted Shore.

Shall I of Horror ſing? a mournful Tale,
Might flinty Breaſts with ſhiv'ring Dread aſſail?
How Heav'n, provok'd by Crimes of monſtrous Size,
Rain'd Showers of Sulphur from th' avenging Skies,

Which

Stones, they find, at the Depth of 68 *Feet, Streets pav'd with Marble, and other Footſteps of Towns which have been o'erwhelm'd in former Ages by the Eruptions of* Etna. *In* 1669, *it overwhelm'd* 14 *Towns and Villages in the upland Country, where it had never made any Devaſtations before; even as no Sign is left where ſuch Towns were, only the Church and Steeple of one, which ſtood alone on a high Ground, ſtill appear. The whole Iſland of* Sorea *in the* Molucca Iſlands *was in danger of being ſwallow'd by a Firey Lake proceeding from a Vulcano there,* 1693, *which occaſion'd the Inhabitants to deſert it, leaving their Effects and Moveables behind them. The Mountain upon* Banda *has caſt ſo many Stones (ſome* 6 *Feet long) as to cover a great Part of the Iſland; and the Sea, which there has been* 40 *or* 50 *Fathoms deep, is fill'd up near the Shore, and appears as a dry Beach many Fathoms high above the Water. See* Lowth. *Abridg. Phil. Tranſact. Vol.* II. *The Deſtruction of* Lisbon — Shocks *at numbers of other Places, &c. is recent and freſh in every memory.*

† *A burning Mountain in Iceland.*

Which the doom'd Cities, and their impious Crew,
At once, with inſtantaneous Waſte o'erthrew;
A Monument of Wrath: where ſtill remain
The Lake accurs'd, and ſolitary Plain.

In antient Times (believe the ſacred Tale)
Where Horror now deforms the blaſted Vale,
A happy People dwelt; the fruitful Soil
Was rich in Vineyards, and profuſe of Oyl.
Here fam'd *Engedi* fragrant Cluſters gave
And limpid *Jordan* led his wand'ring Wave.
Had not by monſt'rous Guilt the daring Age
Their Land prophan'd, and urg'd th' Almighty Rage,
Long might their ruin'd Tow'rs and branded Name,
Have proudly ſtood, and ſhone adorn'd in Fame.
But neither Nature, nor divine Command,
A gentle Climate, nor a fruitful Land,
Could the ungenerous Race from Crimes reclaim,
Crimes! Thought abhors, and Verſe deteſts to name.

One only Man, a Worth unmatch'd and rare,
Preſerv'd his Virtue from the public Snare:
With manly Shame and Anguiſh inly warm,
Beheld the Guilt, he knew not to reform.
Yet interpoſing oft, the Sire diſtreſt
With ſuch Complaint his anxious Speech addreſs'd.

"O Men! to more than brutal Vice debas'd,
Unfitly with the Human Title grac'd,
Rather dire Monſters of th' Abyſs below,
For ſure 'tis only there ſuch Guilt could grow,
Look to yon Skies, thoſe Heights immenſe and fair;
Speak they not ſome *dread Pow'r* that governs there?
Taſte not yourſelves the Bounties of his Hand?
Who crowns your Seaſons? who defends your Land?
Too much that Heav'n muſt want its Honours due:
Will ye err worſe, and put off Nature too?
Nature complains, your Guilt of matchleſs Size
Strikes at her Being, and alarms her Cries.
Trace her wide Round, Earth, Seas, and Air ſublime;
Is there a Semblance of your daring Crime?
—Think of your Country, and her Wrongs repair,
Your relative Regards, the Names you bear,
Men, *Husbands*, *Fathers*, —venerable Names;
Redeem their Honours, and fulfil their Claims.
Reſtore the nuptial Dignity, reſtore
To ſlighted Age, the Revrence once it bore,
To Parents Piety, the Injur'd Laws,
To Vice the Rod, to Virtue due Applauſe;
And, ah! to HEAV'N its ſacred Rights reſtore
Ere THIS, ſo oft provok'd, relent no more."

How hard the vicious Habit to eraſe,
Fond of the Sin, and blind to the Diſgrace?
Heav'n long beheld, yet long delay'd the Blow,
To ſuccour ſpeedy, to avenge how ſlow!
The Hour was come, reſerv'd for heavier Doom,
At once the Guilt and Guilty to conſume.
Lo, from the parting Skies a radiant Pair,
On ſudden Wing, the dire Commiſſion bear.
Near the ill-deſtin'd Walls unſeen they light,
Their Forms conceal'd, and chang'd to human Sight.
The Shape of beauteous Youths they ſtrait aſſume,
Soft wav'd their curling Hair, and freſh their Bloom.
The *Streets* thick Concourſe unobſerv'd they join,
And watch their Hour to act the dread Deſign.

Mean time th' ALMIGHTY SHEKINAH repairs
To flow'ry *Hebron*, bent on gracious Cares
To find the *faithful Patriach**, and diſcloſe
The fated Nation's ſoon-approaching Woes,
The laſt Extremes of Mercy to eſſay,
And on indulgent Terms their Doom delay.

Now on the deſtin'd Tow'rs aſpiring Height
The ſetting Sun diſplay'd his parting Light;
Thoſe Tow'rs, that muſt no more reflect his Rays,
But quickly ſhine in one conſuming Blaze.
'Twas now, releas'd from the Reſtraints of Day,
The Sons of Uproar throng the public Way.

* Abraham. Gen. xviii, 22 to 32, *from Circumſtances the Appearance*, here, *was of the* Second Perſon, *and is a Proof* HE *is the* Eternal JEHOVAH.

Some for long future Times their Thoughts employ,
And form vain Schemes of diſtant guilty Joy.
Ah! ignorant of Heaven's ſevere Decree,
Nor Joy haſt thou to know, nor Day to ſee!
Ere the next Sun thy Ruin muſt begin,
Exemplar, as thy ſtrange, unequal'd Sin.

But penſive *Lot*, with pious Cares diſtreſt,
His homeward Steps with haſten'd Pace addreſs'd;
Patient his Ear endur'd the ſcoffing Throng,
Nor, in the publick, felt his private Wrong.
Sad as he paſs'd, the *Angel Pair* ſurprize
The heedful Sire, and fix his wond'ring Eyes.
He mark'd the *Stranger-Youths*, their ſober Air,
And noble Grace; then ſigh'd with inward Care.—
" *Ah hapleſs, to ſo ill a Place betray'd!*
Accept (He faintly ſpoke) *my friendly Aid.*
—Perhaps you know not our deteſted Crimes.
Happy were more like you to bleſs the Times!
Beneath my ſoft'ring Roof remain conceal'd,
Till Morn's Approach your ſafe Departure yield".—
Unwillingneſs they feign, till, deeply preſt,
They yield, compliant, to his urg'd Requeſt.

Scarce would the ſhort, unfiniſh'd Hour afford
To taſte the Bounties of his frugal Board,
Ere from without tumultuous Clamours ſound,
And a rude Rout the threatned Gate ſurround.

The

The careful *Hoſt* perſuaſive Offers tries,
Nor ev'n his Daughters in exchange denies;
Forgetting all their Sex's tender Shame,
And the white Honours of their *Virgin* Name,
Such was the pious Father's ſtrange Intent,
By the leſs Guilt the greater to prevent.
When ſtrait th' *Immortals* interpoſe their Pow'r,
And bent to puniſh, in a timely Hour,
Upon their viſual Nerve *Deception* threw,
And *falſify'd* each Object to their View*.
Blinder in Soul, by Judgments harden'd more,
Madly they rage, and ſtill attempt the Door.
Aſtoniſh'd *Lot*, with boding Thoughts poſſeſs'd,
Ken'd the *bright Youths*, for now they ſhone confeſs'd.
Mien—*Deed*—each ſpeak them heavenly, and engage
In low Proſtrations the religious Sage,
Whom with a fixt and earneſt Brow they view,
And kind beſpoke—in Words abrupt and few.
"*We warn Thee hence*—*fly*, *Man approv'd*, *with ſpeed*,
Heav'n has by us thy Country's Doom decreed.
Nor queſtion—*nor delay*"—The Sire, afraid,
Bow'd, and in haſte th' unqueſtion'd Charge obey'd.

Strait the red Skies at once indignant lour,
And, big with Wrath, the flaming Tempeſt pour;
Sudden, as Light'nings thro' the Ether gleam,
Burſts the ripe Vengeance, an inceſſant Stream.

* *This, attentively conſidered, muſt undoubtedly be the Senſe of* Gen. xix. 12.

But oh!—what mortal Genius can avail
To close the Horrors of th' unequal'd Tale!
The Looks aghast with Dread, the pale Surprize,
The throbbing Anguish, and despairing Cries—
Horrors that mock the Thought, too faint to show
What the least Pang of that prodigious Woe.

Lo, deep within the bedded *Mine* are seen
The Hoards of *Fire*, a dreadful Magazine,
The *Nitrous* Trains, the *Sulphur's* sleeping Stores,
And *Naptha* that th' imprison'd Flame explores.
These, kindling oft * in Earth's profoundest Womb,
With inward Waste the pillar'd Frame consume.
The bursting Vaults a hideous Chasm expose,
And Towns with all their Families enclose†.

Tremendous Element! whose spreading Sway
Earth's inmost Depths, and Orbs remote obey,
Thy awful Forces, in the last dire Hour,
Shall universal Nature's Stength o'erpow'r.

As

* *See some dreadful Instances of the Effects of these Fire-Damps in Mines, in* Phil. Trans *especially one by Mr.* Robert Moyston. Lowth. *Abridg. Vol.* II. *p.* 378.

† *No less than* 54 *Cities felt the Calamities of the late Earthquake in the Island of* Sicily *in the Year* 1692-3, *by which* 59693 *Persons were destroyed: as were* 2000, *the same Year in* Jamaica.

As once the Floods prevail'd, ſo Heav'n's Decree
Ordains her *grand Cataſtrophe* by thee.

What Rev'rence ſhould th' impreſſive Truth inſpire!
What Virtues raiſe!—a World diſſolv'd in Fire!—
A Scene how awful! when the cracking Frame,
Sea, Earth and Skies ſhall ſink in mingling Flame.
Then ev'ry Work in Judgment ſhall be brought;
Ponder, ye Sons of Guilt, th' awak'ning Thought!
Its Woes to ſhun, its Terrors to ſubdue,
Live!---with the *ſolemn Certainty* in view.

O *Man!* ſupine and vain! how baſely low
Thy Mind is fall'n, inconſcious of thy Woe!
Slave to the meaneſt *Paſſion*, *Folly*, *Senſe*,
Thy *Reaſon* blind, and *Freedom*, weak Pretence,
Where are they flown? thy native nobleſt Boaſt?
On ſordid Cares, and vicious Pleaſures loſt.
Some, mad with Pride, or blind in ſenſual Night
Reject, impure, the heavenly *Chriſtian* Light,
Learn the dark Syſtems of the *Sceptic* Schools,
And ſit degraded in the *Forms* of Fools.
Some to their Idol Gold a Homage pay,
Some dream their ſoft, luxurious Hours away:
Th' adjuſted Dreſs, the Compliment, the Ball,
The Play, the trifling Viſit, waſte 'em all.
O!—tear the Films from thy diſtemper'd Eyes,
Dare to be manly, virtuous, good and wiſe.

Shun the lewd Friend, the Oath, the Jeſt prophane,
Mirth of the Thoughtleſs, Profligate and Vain.
The *Drunkard's* Revel, *Gameſter's* Lure, evade,
And *Harlot's* Haunt, the ſhameleſs *Maſquerade:*
The Atheiſt, Raviſher, and Ruffian there
(Fit Emblem of th' infernal Gloom) repair.—
Nor, by the faſhionable Parties won,
With their mean Taſte to ſenſeleſs *Paſtimes* run,
Ne'er, in a canine, wanton Waſte of Blood,
Let thy *Gun* ſpoil the Muſic of the Wood.
Nor thy free *Steed*, admir'd for Strength, and Grace,
On needleſs Speed ſtrain, madly, in the *Race*.
Nor in the Butch'ry of the *Chace* engage;
That low Diverſion of a barbarous Age.
Can the ſoft Heart humane, the poliſh'd Mind
In Sport ſo cruel, e'er, a Pleaſure find?
Or the *fair Breaſt*, to native Pity prone,
By ſuch Delights, their tender Sex diſown?
Let the wild Kinds, by *Nature*, ſavage bred:
The Wealth-ſpoil'd Ruſtic, of unthinking Head,
That feels no Bliſs but what Diſorder gives,
Nor boaſts to know but that he ſleeps, and lives,
Let ſuch the Foreſt-Innocents annoy,
And with Deſtruction edge their brutal Joy.
Are *theſe*, Companions worthy of thy Kind!
Are *theſe* Amuſements for a REASONING MIND?
Man's Pleaſures from THAT nobler Source ſhould riſe;
Not what blind Paſſions, or wrong Modes adviſe.

Diſtruſt the Joys in vain Allurements plac'd,
Falſe is the Reliſh of the fev'riſh Taſte.
Virtue and *Happineſs* are both the ſame,
They only differ in Degree and Name.
Behold! *Philoſophy* thy Choice invites;
How ſafe a Guide, how blameleſs her Delights!
Where e'er we fix or turn our wond'ring Eyes,
Around, on ev'ry Side, what Objects riſe!
A Field of Contemplation meets our View,
For ever pleaſing, innocent, and new.
Fear not thro' all her harmleſs Maze to ſtray,
'Tis hard to err where *Wiſdom* leads the Way.
No Monſters haunt, no Plagues infeſt the Air,
The Dangers, we engage, we carry there.
When *Vice* to low and baſe Delights perſuades,
Retire, and loſe her in theſe purer Shades*.
Sport with the *Virtues* here, the ſacred *Nine*,
Each moral *Nymph*, and lovelier *Grace* divine.
Confer with ſolid *Reaſon*, aſk thy Mind
To what FIRST CAUSE it owes its heav'nly Kind?
Enquire its Obligations, Duties, End;
Obey its Dictates, and it's Pow'rs extend.

* *What Anger, Envy, &c. can torment his Breaſt, whom not only the greateſt and nobleſt Objects, but every Sand, every Pebble, every Graſs, every Fly can divert? To whom the returns of every Seaſon, every Month, every Day, do ſuggeſt a Circle of moſt pleaſing Reflexions?* Sprat's *Hiſt. of Roy. Societ. p.* 345.

Then range thro' all th' inferiour Scheme of Things,
Unfold their Orders, Parts, and ſecret Springs;
The *Inſect* Tribes, the *Vegetable* Race,
And various Nature's univerſal Face.
Theſe of groſs Appetites the Soul diveſt,
Wake us to Man, and harmonize the Breaſt.
Myriads of Creatures (each too nicely ſmall
Bare Senſe to reach) for thy Inſpection call.
In Animalcules, Germs, Seeds, Fruits and Flowers
Live, in their perfect Shapes, the little Pow'rs.
Vaſt Trees lie pictur'd in their ſtend'reſt Grains:
Armies one wat'ry Globule's *Speck* contains.
The *Artificial Convex* † will reveal
The Forms diminutive that each conceal;
Some, ſo minute, that, to their fine Extreme,
The *Mite* a vaſt *Leviathan* will ſeem:
That yet of Organs, Functions, Senſe, partake
Equal, with Animals of largeſt Make.
In curious Limbs, and Cloathing they ſurpaſs,
By far, the comelieſt of the bulky Maſs.
A World of Beauties! that thro' all their Frame,
CREATION's grandeſt Miracles proclaim.

Make

† *Some of theſe amazing Inſtruments (the beſt of which is the* ſingle Microſcope) *magnify the* Cube, *or ſolid Square of an Object, above Five Hundred Million Times; thoſe view'd by the* Solar Microſcope, *may be extended to, almoſt, any Dimenſions.*

Make theſe thy Day Employ—thy Taſk by Night
To reach, in pleas'd Survey, the Fields of Light:
With *Galileo's* far diſcovering Eyes
Explore the Circle of th' illumin'd Skies.
The *Sun's*, that blaze in Diſtances profound;
The *Planets*, with their *Moons*, attendant, round.
And, when thy Thoughts a due Refreſhment need,
When faint Decays too arduous Toils ſucceed,
The pleaſing Poet, the converſive Friend,
With theſe thy gloom'd o'erſtudious Mind unbend.
Or if a Huſband's, if a Parent's Name
Thy ſofter Hour, and fond Endearment claim,
Indulge their tender Suit, diſſolve thy Heart,
And the warm Fervours of thy Love impart.
Let the briſk Grape refreſh thy languid Soul,
But ſhun the *Circe* of th' enchanting Bowl;
Or ſeek Relief from Muſic's ſweet Repairs,
Of Inſtrumental Touch, or Vocal Airs.
Muſic! I love thy ſoft-recov'ring Pow'r,
Balm of my drooping, Thought o'er-labour'd Hour.
Oft to the *Field*, when Summer's Bloom invites,
Thy Courſe direct, and view her green Delights:
Breathe up the *Steeps*, roam wide, the *Lawns* and *Groves*,
Or where the curving *Brook* ſoft-whiſp'ring roves;
There may thy Eyes a thouſand Pleaſures trace,
To watch the Inſtincts of the watery Race,

Their Labours, Arts, and Policies acquire;
Which, as more known, thy Thoughts ſhall more admire.
What Entertainments of a various Kind,
To raiſe, engage, improve, and ſooth thy Mind,
Thy GOD beſtows! his rich Proviſion ſee:
Great, good, and pure, if not abus'd by thee.

Thus would I paſs *my* unambitious Days,
Admire my MAKER's Works, and ſing his Praiſe.
And, if unblam'd my fond Deſires might plead,
A little *Cottage* on the lonely Mead
Should be my Choice; refreſh'd by ſilver Floods,
By Hills ſurrounded, and obſcur'd by Woods.
How ſweetly here my few, ſhort Years ſhould glide!
My Paſſions all ſubdu'd, and Wants ſupply'd;
Pleas'd I'd review a Life ſo calmly paſt,
Live well my preſent Hour; and wait my laſt.

The END *of the* SECOND BOOK.

5 MA 66

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

UNIVERSE.

BOOK III.

A Survey of the PLANETARY WORLDS.

With REASONS for *ſuppoſing them* TO BE INHABITED, and OBJECTIONS *anſwered.*

The ARGUMENT.

A Commendation of Solitude and a Country Life, p. 209. *The Subject proceeds, to conſider the* Planets *of our* Syſtem; *whoſe* Theory *is ſummarily given with that of the* Comets, 211 *to* 214. *From a View and Compariſon of their Phyſical Reſemblances, ariſe ſome Arguments to ſuppoſe them inhabited: with the Objections conſidered,* 214 to 233. *Hence occaſion is taken to celebrate the Praiſe of* Aſtronomy; *its* Diſcoveries, Improvements, Uſe, *and* Excellency, 233 *to* 237.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

UNIVERSE.

BOOK III.

O Solitude! bleſt State of Life below,
Friend to our Thought, and Balm of all our Woe;
Where *Luſt* no Objects for his Fires can gain,
And *Pride* lacks Gazers to admire her Train;
Where *Want* leaſt Cravings feels, no Inſults bears,
Kind *Lethe* of our Paſſions and our Cares;
Far from the *Burſe*, from *Courts* and *Levees* far,
The crouded *Theatre*, and wrangling *Bar*,
O! from throng'd *Cities* my Abode remove,
To Realms of Innocence, and Peace, and Love.
Thus liv'd the Patriarchal Race of old,
Kings of the verdant Plain, and fleecy Fold;
By *Angels* honour'd, viſited, careſs'd,
Nor ſeldom with th' ALMIGHTY Converſe bleſt.

Thus

Thus liv'd *Rome's* fam'd Dictator *, who prefer'd,
To *it's* firſt Height of Pow'r, his Plow and Herd,
Choſe his large weight of Honours back to yield,
And left their Pomp, to till his native Field.
How ſweet the lab'ring Ruſtic's wholeſome Toil,
The Flocks to tend, or dreſs the willing Soil!
To mend the Fences, or to mow the Plain,
Or in full Sheaves to bind the ripen'd Grain.
Here *Philomel*, unlike the warbling Throng,
At Evening, tunes her ſweetly-mournful Song:
The watching *Shepherd* oft her Strains delight,
And lonely *Angler*, in the Summer-Night.
Sweet Bird of Darkneſs, from thy neighb'ring Bow'r
Cheer with thy Note, my ſtill, nocturnal Hour!

Hail, *Night!* whoſe Shade the ſleeping World entombs,
Mother of Silence and lethargic Glooms,
Thy grateful Slumbers ſooth the troubled Mind,
Beſt Solace of afflicted Human-Kind.
Welcome thy mild Returns; I love to muſe
Wrapt in thy Shades, and breathe thy humid Dews.
Thy Glooms the upper Worlds of Light diſplay,
Hid in the fiercer Glare of dazzling Day;
His Seaſon lures to Earth our grov'ling Eyes,
Thine lifts them upward, and unlocks the Skies.

Lo! all above, the pure, cerulean Height
Is ſpangled o'er, with pendent Orbs of Light;
That

* LUC. QUINT. CINCINNATUS.

That ſeem like Sparks to ſtud th' ethereal Blue:
A Train innumerous to the wond'ring View.
Six chiefly bear the *Planetary* Name,
And one entire, harmonious *Syſtem* frame.
Theſe round the the *Sun*, their common Centre, roll,
And reach at diſtant Times their *annual Gole*;
Thoſe nearer, gravitate with ſwifter Pace,
Small are their Globes, and ſhorter is their Race,
While thoſe remote, a Bulk, ſtill larger ſhow,
Their Orbits wider, and their Pace more ſlow.

Firſt, verging on the lucid Fount of Day,
Bright *Mercury* * directs his circling Way,
In three ſhort Months he rounds the Solar Sphere,
His Seaſons ſhifts, and ends his tranſient Year.
Next *Venus*†, matchleſs in her brilliant Light,
(Who ſeems the leſſer *Cynthia* of the Night)

Her

* Mercury *is about two thirds of the Earth's Magnitude, near* 32 *Millions of Miles diſtant from the Sun, and* 18 *Millions from us. He moves round it in ſomething leſs than* 88 *Days, with the Velocity of about* 100 *Thouſand Miles an Hour, which is almoſt as ſwift again as the Earth's Motion.*

† Venus *is nigh the Bigneſs of the* Earth, *diſtant from the* Sun *near* 60 *Millions of Miles; her diurnal Revolution is in about* 23 *Hours; her annual* 224 *Days; her Motion in an Hour about* 70 *Thouſand Miles. She never recedes above* 48 *Degrees from the Sun, whoſe Light and Heat is there* 4 *times as great as with us.*

Her Orbit meaſures round the *ſtation'd Sun*;
And *double-Time* requires her Race to run.
Lo! in the midſt, fair *Earth*, * our native Seat,
And her *attendant Moon* their Courſe complete.
And higher ſee! in *twice* our annual Space,
Revolving *Mars* †, conclude his larger Race.
Then *Jove* ‡, prodigious Planet of the Skies!
His Orb preſents; of huge amazing Size:
None equals his immenſe, enormous Maſs,
The whole, joint Syſtems his Contents ſurpaſs.
On Earth *twelve Years* their Date completely cloſe,
Ere his, *one* finiſh'd Revolution knows.
View *Saturn* § laſt, how faint his diſtant Gleam!
Remoteſt Planet in our *Solar Scheme*;
Tho'

* *Next to* Venus *is the Orbit of the* Earth *(with that of the* Moon). *Her Diſtance from the Sun is (Mr.* Locke *computes)* 81 *(others)* 90 *Millions of Miles; annual Revolution* 365 *Days,* 5 *Hours,* 49 *Minutes.*

† Mars *is much leſs than our Earth, diſtant from the Sun* 123 *Millions of Miles, revolves round him in* 687 *Days nearly, at the Rate of* 45 *Thouſand Miles an Hour. His Light and Heat are twice, ſometimes thrice, leſs than we receive from the Sun.*

‡ Jupiter *is diſtant from the Sun* 424 *Millions of Miles, round which he revolves in* 11 *Years and* 10 *Months, at the Rate of* 24 *Thouſand Miles an Hour.*

§ Saturn, *the laſt Planet in our Syſtem, is diſtant from the Sun* 777 *Millions of Miles; his annual Revolution is in* 29 *Years,* 138 *Days, his hourly* 18 *Thouſand Miles; he is about* 94 *times as big as our* Earth.

Tho' vaſt his Globe (ſo large his Orbit's Space!)
Our Thirty Years but ſhow his annual Race.
Above, appear the Comets* devious Train,
Still ſlower moving thro' th' elliptic Plane.
Five hundred Years with us their Round repeat,
Ere ſome their tedious Period can complete.
Unknown their Number, as their Uſe unknown,
But found vaſt Orbs, erratic like *our own*.

Not,

* *The* Comets *are a kind of* Temporary Planets, *revolving in determined Periods round the Sun, only viſible to us in their Peribelion, or neareſt Approach; they are generally of the Size of the Planets, and have Atmoſpheres like our Earth, tho' more denſe and thick: They ſometimes appear very large; That in the time of* Nero, Seneca *relates, was not inferior in Magnitude to the Sun itſelf; That in* 1652, Hevelius *obſerves, was as large as the Moon. They move in Elliptical Orbits, extremely excentric, inſomuch that many Aſtronomers maintain their Courſes are Rectilinear; hereby their Nearneſs and Diſtances from the Sun are ſuch, that their greateſt to the ſmalleſt Degree of Light and Heat differ ſo much as to be* 400 *Million of times to* 1.

The irregular and various Motions of Comets have confirmed theſe three great Points, viz. *that there are no ſuch ſolid Orbs as the* Ptolemaic *Syſtem imagin'd, no Vortices, or fluid Whirlpools, as* Des Cartes *maintain'd, and that the Planets move in a* Vacuum *without any reſiſting Matter.*

Not, as blind Antients * taught, meer Meteors all,
Exhal'd and rang'd beneath the *Lunar* Ball.
—No Ills portentous, as the Vulgar hold,
Th' unuſual Viſitors to Earth unfold,
Tho' with red Trains their kindled Diſks appear:
Cauſe of vain Doubt, and ſuperſtitious Fear.

How denſe a Compound muſt their Globes require,
Whole Ages chill'd with Froſts, or ſcorch'd with Fire!
Whether, to diſtant Suns by turns convey'd,
Far Syſtems they ſupply with ſecret Aid?
Or Worlds they be, to Conflagration doom'd
(As once muſt ours) on their laſt Pyre conſum'd?
Or dolorous Manſions ſerve of penal Woe?—
Too vainly curious, we aſpire to know.

Theſe *Planetary Orbs*, theſe Seats unknown,
Perhaps, are Earths, all furniſh'd like our own.
Elſe ſay, moroſe Diſputer! why ſo ſmall,
So diſtant plac'd from this terraqueous Ball?
If only for its nightly Uſe deſign'd,
If form'd *alone* to ſerve *our* ſingle Kind,
Why oft do Clouds obſcure their total Light?
Or why retire they † from th' enquiring Sight?

What

* *The* PERIPATETICS.

† *As is the Caſe eſpecially of* Mercury, *whoſe Proximity to the Sun, never receding more than* 28 *Degrees, makes him ſeldom diſcernaible.*

What gives the optic Cryſtal to deſcry
Myriads of Orbs, that 'ſcape the naked Eye *?
And farther ſtill a new Diſcovery trace
Thro' the deep Circle of uncompaſs'd Space?
Would *Wiſdom* infinite ſuch Works produce,
Deſign ſuch Labours, and prevent their Uſe?
Would HE, who no mean Atom † forms in vain,
Such uſeleſs Trophies of his Pow'r ordain,
When a *few Moons* ‡ might brighter Influence lend,
And by an eaſier Means effect his End?
No, Man deceiv'd! to partial Views confin'd,
In nobler Thoughts extend thy ſtraiten'd Mind;
And follow, while th' ethereal Muſe deſcries
Worlds yet unſung, unview'd, by vulgar Eyes.

Mark thoſe bright *Wand'rers*, that their Courſes run
With *Earth*, attendant on th' imperial *Sun*:

Like

* *Inſtanc'd in* Jupiter's *and* Saturn's *Moons, the Galaxy, or Milky Way, whoſe ſtrange Whiteneſs is found to proceed from the vaſt Number of ſmall Teleſcopic Stars: As in the* Pleiades, *or little Conſtellation of 7 Stars (as they are call'd) more than* 70 *have been counted.*

† *The Scriptures ſpeak of* God *as making all Things in* Number, Weight, *and* Meaſure, *weighing the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance.*

‡ *The Light of all the Stars put together does not amount to above a* 10*th Part of the Moon's-Light.*

Like is their Form, their Furniture the ſame,
Reſembling *her's* in Motion, Bulk and Frame.
All like Exchange of *Seaſons* * undergo,
And *Days* and *Nights* † in due Succeſſion know;
Surrounded with an *Atmoſphere* ‡ of Air,
And *Clouds* diſcharge § their treaſur'd Meteors there:
Strong Intimation that ſome *Creature* Race
The beauteous, habitable *Manſions* grace.
Elſe for what End thus furniſh'd? wherefore made?
Not merely our benighted Globe to aid;
For then, why hides the cloſe *Mercurial* Star
His baſhful Head, beneath the Solar Car,
On *Earth* how rarely view'd; immerg'd in Day?—
Why flits ſo faſt the *Cyprian Star* ‖ away

To

* *Obſervable in* Saturn *particularly, whoſe Axis inclines to the Plane of the Ecliptic above* 31 *Degrees, which is* 8 *more than is in ours.*

† Venus, Mars, *the* Earth, *and* Jupiter, *it is certain, have diurnal Revolutions.*

‡ *That* Venus, Mars, *and* Jupiter *have Atmoſpheres is indiſputable: As, from the Obſervation of ſolar Eclipſes, ſome Aſtronomers conceive the Moon to have; tho' different from ours.*

§ *The Spots in* Jupiter *and* Mars *are a proof of this, by their dark Colour, continual Change, and frequent Diſſipation.*

‖ Venus.

To tend her radiant Lord? Illuſtrious Queen!
Whoſe Orb has oft in Noon's full Shine * been ſeen.
Sparkling and vivid, in her Eve-lov'd Hour,
Her dancing Rays their ſoft Effulgence pour.
Yet ſoon ſhe leaves our wiſhing View, to riſe
On *Day-Light* Plains, obſcur'd in *lucid* Skies. —
Tell me (if all the Planets ſerve to wait
Attendants, merely on terreſtrial State)
Proud Boaſter, tell! ſo ſeldom why appear
Bright *Mercury's* or *Saturn's* paler Sphere?
Waſte they the Light deſign'd for us alone?
How is Heav'n's Care employ'd, or Wiſdom ſhown?
What needed *Jove* ſuch Width of ſpacious Plains?
Two hundred Earths † his ſingle Orb contains
Had Fate deſign'd him our Attendant Ball,
Why ſhines he, plac'd ſo high? his Light ſo ſmall?

No;

* *This is only obſervable when the* Earth *is in her Peribelion, and* Venus *in her inferior Conjunction with the Sun, at which time ſhe is* 6 *times nearer to us than in her ſuperior Conjunction. — When we behold her with this delightful Brightneſs, a fourth Part of her Diſk only appears enlighten'd thro' the Teleſcope, and ſhe is then horned like our New-Moon. Mr.* De la Hire *obſerved in the inner Part of her Creſcent a Train of very high Rocks, that he thinks contribute greatly to this extraordinary Luſtre.*

† Jupiter *is about* 220 *times bigger than the* Earth, *which is more than equal in Bulk to all the Planets put together.*

No; for more Honour made, behold afar
Four radiant *Moons* ſurround th' imperial Star,
Large as our boaſted World; whoſe ſilver Light
His Regions ſolace in the Gloom of Night.
Nor this the Fancy of deluded Eyes;
Mark'd are their Periods thro' ſublimer Skies.
Oft does th' Aſtronomer his Tube diſplay,
And view 'em, in Eclipſe, with pleas'd Survey.
To this the curious Genius Knowledge owes
Of Light's ſwift Motion, and its Meaſure * knows.

Why roll theſe vaſt *Satellit's*? why attend
Their ſpacious Orb, and kindly Influence lend?
Why were they form'd?— to ſhine on barren Strands,
On rocky Waſtes, and void unpeopled Lands?
On lifeleſs Meads to play, with waſted Beams,
And glimmer o'er a length of uſeleſs Streams?—
Too ſmall their far-fixt Globes, too weak their Ray,
To reach our Confines thro' the diſtant Way,
Hid from paſt Ages, and a Secret ſtill
But for the *modern Artiſt's* † abler Skill.

The

* *By Obſervation made from the Eclipſes of* Jupiter's *Satellites, the Motion of Light was firſt calculated and demonſtrated by Mr.* Reaumeur. *Mr.* Huygens *obſerves, that a Bullet diſcharged from a Cannon would be* 15 *Years in coming from the Sun to us, whereas the Rays of* Light *(which is a Body too) arrive in* 7 *Minutes and a half of Time.*

† GALILEO.

The ſhining Orbs, we well infer from hence,
To other Worlds their Virtues muſt diſpenſe;
Or only ſtand vain Marks of Pow'r unwiſe,
Perplexing Error of the burthen'd Skies.
—Far hence, ye Thoughts profane, with Rev'rence bow,
And the great MAKER's ſapient Work allow!

But look we on to *Saturn's* out-moſt Star,
Whoſe Beams remote but faintly reach ſo far.
Ev'n here th' aſſiſted Eye, with pleas'd Amaze,
A freſh Supply of *Lunar Orbs* ſurveys.
The weaken'd Sight can only *five* attain;
For new Diſcovery others may remain:
Some fam'd Obſervers, with Suſpicion * ſtrong,
Deem that more *Moons* to this fair World belong.
Theſe in the Planet's ſad, benighted Hour,
From different Quarters, their Refulgence pour,
Light his huge Plains, or in Eclipſes view'd
May teach his Sailor needful Longitude,
While their joint gravitating Force preſides
To ſwell, and ſink by turns, his monſtrous Tides.

Muſe,

* *This was the Opinion of Mr.* Huygens *and Dr.* Harris. *Between the 4th and 5th of* Saturn's *Satellites (ſay they) there is a Diſtance not at all proportionable to that between all the others, where may probably be a 6th Moon, or perhaps another may lie without the 5th, which yet may have eſcaped us. Coſmotheor. p.* 114. *Aſtr. Dial. p.* 133.

Muſe, raiſe thy Voice myſterious Truth to ſing:
How o'er the copious Orb a lucid Ring,
Opake and broad, is ſeen his Arch to ſpread,
Round the big Globe at ſtated Periods led;
Perhaps (its Uſe unknown) with gather'd Heat
To warm the Regions of that gelid Seat,
The Want of nearer *Phœbus* to ſupply,
And fill with reflex Beams his Summer Sky;
Elſe might the high plac'd World, expos'd to Froſt,
Lie waſte, in one eternal Winter loſt.
And why in Life's Behalf ſuch needleſs Care,
If no *created Race* inhabits there?
If only made to ſhine for *Earth* below,
Vain is the Light his circling *Moons* beſtow:
Unſerviceable *here*; how vain a Thing! —
Vain the Convenience of his radiant Ring,
Entirely vain; as bright his Beams would ſhow,
Tho' ſtript of theſe, or bound in endleſs Snow.

That Heav'n with Choice of animated Births
May have enrich'd, like us, the Siſter-Earths;
Theſe Moons, in the Poſition they appear,
New Arguments ſuggeſt, in Reaſon's Ear.
Thoſe two, near Neighbours to the Solar Light*,
Want no ſuch Aid, in their ſcarce gloom-ſpread-
Night.

Or

* MERCURY *and* VENUS.

Or want they? *each*, ſo ſplendent and ſo nigh,
Aids may to *each*, reciprocal, ſupply.
While *Earth*, that farther from the Sun recedes,
The friendly Rays of *one* Satellite needs,
If, haply, *none* to *Mars* allotted fall,
Shall one loſt Proof enerve the Strength of all?
Ours, or *the Moons of Jove* may light his Skies;
And leſs Degrees his Planet's Wants ſuffice:
Whoſe Axis ſhows him (different from the reſt)
With Length, unchang'd, of Summer-Radiance † bleſt.
Jove, more remote, *four* large-orb'd *Moons* obtains;
Five, dimmer *Saturn*, to illume his Plains.
Wins not ſuch pleading Evidence the Mind?
That indicates a Care ſo wiſe! ſo kind!
If chance-like-Pow'r, Heav'n's Vault diſpers'd them o'er,
Why had *Jove* theſe? or why not *Venus* four?
So well proportion'd! by a proper Lot!
In Number, Magnitude, and Place!—for what?—
—'For nothing'—the obdurate Wrangler cries,
Or *means*, who Conſequence ſo plain denies.
But, let th' Objector, unconvinc'd, diſcloſe
His various Doubts, and all their Force oppoſe.

† *The* Axis of Mars *having very little or no Inclination to the Plane of his Orbit (as the Motion of his Spots diſcover) ſhows no perceivable Variation of Seaſons there, and that there is little ſenſible Difference of* Summer and Winter *in that* Planet.

Some fancy, ſhould the *Planetary Train*
A Race of living Animals contain,
Thoſe fixt in *Mercury's* too ſplendid Seat
Muſt ſink, oppreſt beneath the fervid Heat*;
Or by too ſtrong a Ray, the tortur'd Sight
Fail, quite o'erpower'd with unabating Light.
Or, if *ſuperior Planets* we prefer,
High *Jove's*, or *Saturn's* large, extremeſt Star,
What *Hercules* enflam'd, as Fables tell,
Could in their mildeſt Climes attempt to dwell;
On whoſe Equator, Snows perpetual lie,
And ev'n our dreaded Poles their Heat outvie †?

Allow we this, what Diſputants maintain,
Nor will it render our Opinion vain.
The ſame of us might the *Mercurials* hold,
" A Planet uninhabitably cold;"

And

* *Which is there (Dr.* Harris *thinks ſeven, Mr.* Huygens) *nine Times as great as our hotteſt Summer, and is ſuppoſed ſufficient to make Water boil. His Fluids and other Parts muſt be denſe in Proportion, or the Sun would rarify them ſo as to make them (it is believed) all paſs off, and become diſſipated and loſt in Fume and Vapour.*

† *The Solar Light and Heat which* Jupiter *receives, is but a 27th (Dr.* Keil *ſays a 25th) Part of what we enjoy. In* Saturn *the* Sun *appears* 100 *times leſs than we ſee him, and both his Light and Heat are diminiſhed in the ſame Proportion. His warmeſt Regions are therefore more frigid than our coldeſt.*

And thoſe reverſe in *Saturn's* icy Seat
Suppoſe us "ſcorch'd with more than *Ætna's* Heat,"
Each by *their* World comparing *ours*, might deem
Their Reaſons firm, and err in wide Extreme.

From *Mercury* we ſeem a far Remove,
Far as from *Earth* appears the Orb of *Jove*.
Perhaps the higheſt Star his Syſtems own,
Mars, *Jove*, and *Saturn* may be, there, unknown;
While we, *Saturnian*-like, to him may ſeem;
Juſt dimly lighted by Day's fainteſt Gleam.
—Perhaps, from *Jupiter's* remoter Ball
Scarce are we view'd, or *not diſcern'd at all**;
Unleſs the poring Sage, empower'd by Art,
The rare-believ'd Diſcovery can impart.
His *Mercury* our firey Planet ſeems,
Burnt in th' o'er-fervid *Sun's* too neigh'bring Beams.
And yet, our *Earth* a temperate Seat we find;
No ever-during Froſts the Furrows bind,
Nor, burning Deſart, lies our waſted Plain,
Tho' deem'd unpeopled, by Conjecture vain.

* *The* Earth *obſerv'd from* Jupiter, *never departing above* 11 *Degrees from the Sun, which is not ſo much as half* Mercury's *greateſt Elongation with us, may, at* Dr. Keil *obſerves*, "make the Sight of it *(even there)* "a ſtrange and unuſual Spectacle," *and to anſwer in ſome reſpect what he conjectures of the* Saturnian Aſtronomers "that perhaps they may not have yet diſco-"vered that there is ſuch a Body as our *Earth* in the "*Univerſe*."

Suppoſe a Native of the briny Flood,
Who ne'er on *Earth* beheld our living Brood,
Could reaſon thus;—" The Element I view,
Sure never Race of breathing Creatures knew,
Too thin a Region; in ſo purg'd a Sky
How can the Lungs their labouring Tubes ſupply?
Starv'd in Vacuity;—my Medium yields
Subſtantial Air, and more commodious Fields."
Th' Objection ſhould the *watry Kind* rehearſe,
Or *we on them* the Argument reverſe,
Each, to themſelves, apt Reaſoning might appear;
And ſerve, in our Debate, as aptly here.

But ſay, how know we the *Mercurial* Shore
With Waſtes and Sun-dry'd Plains lies cover'd o'er?
The Antients, while the World was ſcarcely known,
Fram'd like Conceptions of our *torrid Zone:*
By later Ages found a peopled Land,
Cool'd by vaſt Rains, by conſtant Breezes fann'd.
And who can tell but *Solar Clouds* may aid
Mercurial Skies, and yield a gelid Shade?
Or lend him Intervals of milder Light?
Or help his Seaſons in their circling Flight?
Oft are they ſeen to maculate the Sun,
And round his Globe perpetual Courſes run;
Succeeded ſtill by new, as theſe retire:
Myſterious Exhalations from his Fire.

Who

Who knows that *Jove* with endleſs Froſts is bound?—
Swift to the Sun he turns his Planet round*,
Forbidding Night's long Stay to freeze his Air;
And ſoon regains the Sun-beams mild Repair.
The countervailing Day his Glebe may warm
With genial Seeds, and Winter's Force diſarm.
Ev'n utmoſt *Saturn*, tho' he views from far
The leſſ'ning Sun diminiſh'd to a Star †,
But feebly glimm'ring on his duſky Ball,
With Light and Heat proportionably ſmall,
May, from his *Ring*, Amends of each receive,
Or by a *Length of Day* the Loſs relieve.

But let th' Objection ſtand—Theſe Orbs ſuppoſe
Scorch'd with hot Rays, or chill'd by, priſoning Snows:
No doubt th' ALMIGHTY could his Worlds replete
With Creatures, ſuited to their various Seat,
Intenſe Degrees of Cold or Heat to bear,
Of Light, or Gloom, a pleaſing, proper Share,

* Jupiter *is obſerv'd to have perpetual Equinoxes, and the Interchanges of Day and Night, ſucceſſively every five Hours.*

† *The apparent Diameter of the* Sun, *ſeen from* Saturn, *will be little more than twice the apparent Diameter of* Venus, *when neareſt the Earth.*

To *them* agreeable, by Nature bleſt,
Painful howe'er, imagin'd, *to the reſt.*
— Of this on *Earth* Similitude we find;
Each Place to fit Inhabitants aſſign'd.
The *Bird of Jove*, with an undazzled Sight,
Kenns the clear Sun, and towers to reach his Light;
Whilſt the benighted *Bat*, and *Owl* obſcene,
Attend the Chariot of the ſhadowy Queen.
Upward the *Feath'ry Nations* all repair,
And range at large th' extenſive Fields of Air;
To firmer Earth the *groſſer Kinds* adhere,
And wat'ry Realms the *finny Natives* cheer,
The *Ant* and *Mole* their downward Courſes guide,
And, deep intrench'd, a gloomy Race, reſide.
And *Bees* their artful Palaces contrive
In the cloſe Cavern of their darkſome Hive.—
Pleas'd, to his deſtin'd Manſion each is prone,
Form'd beſt to ſuit, and beſt approve *his own.*

But leave we Worlds that leſs conſpicuous ſhine,
And to the *Moon* our nearer Search confine.
Here obvious *Mountains* riſe with lofty Head*,
And *Seas* and *Lakes* in wide Dimenſions ſpread.

" Or

* *Theſe are larger in Proportion than ours. Their Tops gilded by the Sun appear as ſo many bright Specks up and down, a conſiderable Time before the darker Interſpaces, which are the Valleys, become enlightened.*

Or— " do thoſe Spots, that ſhade the lucid Ball,
With deepning Caverns in its Surface fall?
Whence the denſe Soil unwater'd, cleft, and dry,
One waſte, unpeopled, loneſome Rock *muſt lie.*"
—Weak Doubt! inſeparate from the *human Fool,*
That SELF would make the fixt, unvarying Rule:
As if an *Atmoſphere,* more thin and pure,
No *Plant* could ſtand, no *Animal* endure;
As if (allow no *Clouds* thoſe Regions fill)
Dews might not, imperceptibly, diſtil.
—Perhaps, did, there, extenſive *Oceans* flow,
Rul'd by one common Cauſe with ours below,
Too ſtrong a *Gravity* might *Earth* impel,
And their vaſt Tides in Deluges o'erſwell.

Leaſt Planet of the Skies, yet view'd ſo near*,
How large her Size! how bright her Beams appear!
Thus meaner Virtues, to Advantage plac'd,
Shine, oft, with a ſuperior Luſtre grac'd.
—Nor ſhall we this our fair *Satellite* find
For *Earth's* meer ornamental Uſe deſign'd:
Wiſe *Heav'n* intended 'em, with friendly Aid,
By turns to ſhine, for *mutual Service* made.

* *The* Moon *being in our Neighbourhood (diſtant but* ſo Semi-Diameters *of the* Earth, *which make* two hundred and thirty nine Thouſand and ten Miles) her *Diameter is nearly the ſame with the Sun's apparent Diameter; yet is in reality, not above a* ſortieth Part *of the* Earth's *bigneſs.*

If in *our Night* her ſplendid Rays ſhe pours,
We ſilver o'er *her* Plains in gloomy Hours;
Her larger *Moon*, increaſing as ſhe wains,
And *full* our Orb, when hers a *Creſcent* gains.
Thrice five times brighter Influence we diſplay,
Light ſcarce inferiour to a ſecond Day †.
A glaring Globe we ſeem, immenſe and vaſt,
O'er *their* ſmall World, in fixt Suſpenſion ‡ plac'd
While only half her *Diſk* the Sight attains:
Obſcur'd her *adverſe Hemiſphere* remains.
That ſtill enjoys *Earth's* large reflected Light,
This Darkneſs mantles in uncheering Night.
So *Jove's* fair *Moons*, ſo thoſe that *Saturn* grace,
Turn to their *Chiefs*, like ours, *one conſtant Face*.

Yet mark this *Star*, whoſe neighbouring Orb may ſeem
Beſt known of all the *Planetary* Scheme,
Alas!

† *The* Earth *appears* 15 *times bigger and brighter to the* Moon *than ſhe does to us. This may be obſerv'd juſt about* new Moon *and after; when her then dark Body is render'd plainly viſible by the reflected Light of our* Earth; *yet this terreſtrial Light, when the* Earth *appears at Full to the* Lunar People, *is not above a* 3600*th Part of the* Sun's *Light there.*

‡ *The* Moon, *who in reſpect of the* Sun *and* Stars *turns round herſelf, in reſpect of us does not turn at all*; they *ſeem* to her *to riſe and ſet in the ſpace of* 15 *Days*; *but our* Earth *appears to her to be held up in the ſame Place of the Heavens.* Fontan. Plural. of Worlds. p. 44.

Alas! (vain Boaſt of *Science* here below!)
Of what we plaineſt view, but *leaſt* we know.
Her *Variations* ſo extremely wide,
Mock our weak Rules, to no ſure Meaſures ty'd;
None can her ſtrange *Phenomena* impart,
Humbling to human Pride, the Foil of Art.

Shall I relate how ſome, with wild Eſſay,
To this new World, have ſought a vent'rous Way,
Upborn on airy Sails, preſumptuous Aim!
And juſtly gain'd of *Lunatic* the Name?
Ah! Wretch, be warn'd, ſo raſh a Strife forbear,
Nor, boldly urg'd, the certain Ruin dare;
Keep *Icarus'* unhappy Fate in view,
The Tale fictitious, but the Moral true—
—Daſh'd on the rocky Surge—the fatal Flood
Strew'd with his borrow'd Plumes, and ſtain'd in Blood.—
But if no Caution, no Reproof can find
A pow'rful Charm to awe thy hardy Mind,
Think o'er thy Scheme, impracticably vain;
Attracting Earth thy Paſſage would reſtrain;
That Pow'r † which checks (*centrifugal*) her Force,
Would faſt withhold thy ſtrange, eccentric Courſe.

† *The* centripetral *or* gravitating *Force exceeds the* centrifugal, *almoſt* 300 *times, by which all Bodies are kept ſubſiding to the Surfaces of their reſpective Planets.*

—Or couldſt thou break her Law, and paſs the Bound;
What Guide ſhould lead thee thro' the void Profound?
Cold, dark, and deſtitute of vital Air
Thy Lungs to nouriſh, or thy Flight to bear!
Eternal Ages fix'd, thou muſt appear
Of ſuff'ring Fools, a Monument ſevere.

O too-aſpiring Man! whoſe Thirſt to know
Involv'd *our Sire* and all his Race in Woe,
If Love of Things unknown inflame thy Mind,
On *Earth* a ſafer, eaſier Labour find.
The *South's* vaſt undiſcover'd Tracts explore,
And brave the Winters of our *polar Shore*:
—Or wouldſt thou ſuch advent'rous Toil forbear,
And on more uſeful Search employ thy Care,
To *know thyſelf*, the *nobler World* within,
And all that lies unnotic'd there, begin.
To ſail the Seas of *Paſſion* underſtand,
And ſteer aright to *Reaſon's* flow'ry Land.
What *priſ'nous Weeds* ſpontaneous Growth obtain
Diſcreetly prove, and what reſiſts their Bane.
To cultivate the wilder'd human Mind,
With Seeds of ev'ry wiſe and virtuous Kind,
Prepare;—let *Piety* enrich the Place,
And ev'ry *moral*, *learn'd*, and *ſocial* Grace.
Let the ſweet Charms of ſacred Science move
To contemplate the ſhining Orbs above,

Heav'n's

Heav'n's ample Volume ſtudious to peruſe,
And wond'ring Thought in pleas'd Conjecture loſe.
---The *diff'ring Times*, revolving Planets know,
Will *pleaſing Leſſons* to the Mind beſtow.

Compare, with *Mercury*, Earth's *annual Pace*,
To *theirs*, how lengthen'd ſeems its haſty Race!
Like us if ſubject to be born and die,
If Fate Life's Courſe by *our* ſhort Meaſure tye,
Alas, how ſoon they reach the deſtin'd Goal,
Whoſe *four* full Years in our *one* Period roll!

So the *Ephemeron* † on the wat'ry Plains,
From Embryo-Seeds, it's ſwift Perfection gains:
The grown, pleas'd *Inſect* ſkims the native Flood,
Acts, reſts, and propagates her future Brood;
Yet few ſhort Hours include her vital Date,
One tranſient *Eve* both gives her *Birth*, and *Fate*.

With *ours*, when match'd, how yet more long appears
The ſpacious meaſure of *Saturnian* Years!

† *The whole Life of this little, poor* Fly Animal, *from a Worm, to its full-winged Maturity, and Exit, is no more* than 5 Hours: *from* 6 *till about* 11 *the* ſame Evening. *Derh. in Phyſ. Theol. p.* 247. *and Swammerd. Tract. de Ephemer. vita. of which there is an* Engliſh Tranſlation, *by Dr.* Tyſon.

While

While *two* the Infant there can fully gain,
Man's whole *Threeſcore* completed Date obtain:
When, to the *Comets*, *Saturn's* year compare,
In *ſome*, as vaſt exceeds the Diff'rence *there*.

Do various *Beings* all theſe Manſions fill?
The reſtleſs Mind has freſh Enquiries ſtill —
What *Forms*, *Proportions*, *Natures*, *Senſes*, *Arts*,
Diſpens'd to each, CREATIVE POWER imparts?
Seem they like *ours*, or differ each *in all?*
Fix, how we can, on Myſtery we fall.
Whatever Race poſſeſs th' ethereal Plain,
What Orbs they people, or what Ranks maintain,
Tho', the deep Secret, Heav'n conceal below,
One Truth of univerſal Scope we know;
Our nobler part, the ſame celeſtial *Mind*
Relates Earth's Sons to all their reas'ning Kind.
One Deity, one ſole CREATING CAUSE
Our Duties, Cares, and joint Devotion draws;
Whether (ſince doubtleſs from Man's Treſpaſs free'd)
Their Pray'rs the *mediatorial Incenſe* need,
Lies cloſely veil'd: *Heaven's Oracles* record
All Worlds were form'd by this *efficient* WORD:
And whether the ETERNAL, pleaſed to own
By full illuſtrious Marks his darling SON,
Or his Perfections brighter to Diſplay,
Deigns no approach but *this appointed* WAY.

Say,

Say, Race of ſocial Creatures! who fulfil
His high Command, and know th' ALMIGHTY Will!

THEE, *Parent bleſt!* thro' all thy Works ador'd
They praiſe; and hail Thee *univerſal* LORD!
Thee firſt, from everlaſting, they proclaim
Juſt, wiſe, almighty, pure—thy *awful* NAME:
Then all thy *milder Glories* they diffuſe,
The darling Titles thou delight'ſt to uſe,
Thy Attributes of *Mercy, Goodneſs, Grace,*
Mild FATHER, kind PRESERVER of their Race;
A Name thy dear Affections well approve,
Whoſe Nature, indefectible, is *Love.*
---Meet me, bleſt Thought, in my retired Hour:
When my bent Knees confeſs this wond'rous Pow'r,
When with rais'd Eyes I view thoſe Worlds above,
Engag'd in the ſame grateful Work of Love,
Let the grand Scene my ſolemn Act prepare,
And my Soul join a *univerſal Pray'r!*

ASTRONOMY, hail, Science heav'nly born!
Thy Schemes the Life aſſiſt, the Mind adorn;
To changing *Seaſons* give determin'd Space,
And fix to *Hours*, and *Years*, their meaſur'd Race.
The pointing Dial, on whoſe figur'd Plane
Of Time's ſtill Flight we Notices obtain;

The

The Pendulum, dividing leſſer Parts,
Their Riſe acquire from *thy* inventive Arts.
Th' acute *Geographer*, th' *Hiſtorian*, ſage,
By thy Diſcoveries clear the doubtful Page;
From mark'd Eclipſes *Longitude* perceive,
Can ſettle Diſtances, and Æras give.
From his known Shore the Seaman diſtant far,
Steers, ſafely guided by thy *Polar Star*;
Nor errs, when Clouds and Storms obſcure its Ray,
His *Compaſs* marks him as exact a Way.

When frequent Travels had th' inſtructive *Chart*
Supply'd, the Prize of philoſophic Art,
Two curious mimic *Globes*, to crown the Plan,
Were form'd by his CREATOR's Image Man.
The *firſt*, with Heav'n's bright Conſtellations vaſt
Rang'd on the Surface, with Earth's Climes the *laſt*.
Copy of this by human Race poſſeſs'd:
With Lands indent, and ſpacious Seas inveſt,
Fram'd on imaginary Poles to move;
With *Lines* and different *Circles* mark'd above.
The pleaſur'd Senſe, by this *Machine*, can tell
In what Poſitions various Nations dwell,
Round the wide Orb's exteriour Surface ſpread—
How Side-ways ſome the ſolid Convex tread:
While a more ſever'd Race of buſy Powers
Project, with ſtrange Reverſe, their Feet to ours.

So,

So, in the limpid Pool, the Gazer ſees
Huge Mountains pendant, and inverted Trees.
So, on the Apples ſmooth, ſuſpended Ball,
(If greater we may repreſent by ſmall)
The ſwarming *Flies* their reptile Tribes divide,
And cling, antipodal, on every Side.
Hence pleaſant Problems may the Mind diſcern,
Of every Soil their Length of Days to learn:
Can tell when round to each fix'd Place ſhall come
Faint dawn, Meridian Light, and Midnight Gloom.

Theſe Gifts to *Aſtronomic* Art we owe;
Its Uſe extenſive, yet its Growth but ſlow:
If back we look on ancient labour'd Schemes,
They ſeem ridiculous, as Children's Dreams:
How ſhall the Church that *boaſts unerring Truth*
Bluſh at the Raillery of each modern Youth,
When told her *Pope* * of Hereſy arraign'd
The Sage, who *Earth's Rotation*, once, maintain'd!

Vain *Epicurus*, and his frantic Claſs,
Miſdeem'd our Globe a plane, quadrangle Maſs,
A fine romantic Terras, ſpread in State
On central Pillars, that ſupport its Weight:

* Urban VIII. *who impriſon'd* Galileo *in the Inquiſition five Years, for aſſerting the Earth's Motion round the Sun, and exacted his Recantation at the Age of* 60, *before he could obtain his Enlargement.*

† *See Bernier's Memoirs, Tom.* iii. *P.* 169.

Like

Like Indian Sophs † who this terreſtrial Mold
Affirm four ſturdy Elephants uphold.
What ideot Fables of the *Sun* they feign!
" New ev'ry Morn aſcending from the Main,
A ſmooth, flat *Diſk*; nor of a larger Size,
Than what it meaſures to the naked Eyes."

As pos'd the *Stagirite*'s dark School appears,
Perplex'd with Tales deviſed " of *Cryſtal Spheres*,
Strange *ſolid Orbs* and *Circles* oddly fram'd:"
Who with Philoſophy their Rev'ries nam'd.

How long did *Ptolomy*'s dark Riddle ſpread,
With Doubt's deep-puz'ling each ſcholaſtic Head.
Till, like the *Theban wife*, in Story fam'd;
Copernicus that *Sphynxian Monſter* ſham'd.
He the true planetary Syſtem taught,
Which th' learned *Samian* ‡ firſt from *Egypt* brought,
Long from the World conceal'd in Error loſt;
Whoſe rich Recovery lateſt Times ſhall boaſt.
Then *Tycho* roſe, who, with inceſſant Pains,
In their due Ranks replac'd the *ſtarry* Trains:
His Labours, by a freſh Induſtry mov'd,
Hevelius, *Flamſted*, *Halley* ſince improv'd.

‡ Pythagoras *learnt from the Egyptian Prieſts the true Theory of the Univerſe, and brought it into Greece; that Copernicus reſtored and improved.*

Lo

Lo the great *Lyncian Artiſt* † now aſpires
Thro' the rais'd *Tube* to mark the Stellar Fires.
The *Galaxy*, with cluſt'ring Lights o'erſpread,
The new-nam'd Stars in bright *Orion's* Head,
The varying Phaſes circling Planets ſhow,
The ſolar Spots, his Fame was, *firſt*, to know;
Of *Jove's Attendants*, Orbs till then unknown,
Himſelf, the big Diſcovery claims, alone.
Caſſini next, and *Huygens*, like renown'd,
The *Moons* and wond'rous *Ring* of *Saturn* found.
Sagacious *Kepler*, ſtill advancing, ſaw
Th' *elliptic Motion*, Nature's plaineſt Law;
That univerſal acts in every Part:---
This laid the Baſis of *Newtonian* Art.
Newton! vaſt Mind, whoſe piercing Pow'rs apply'd
The ſecret Cauſe of Motion firſt deſcry'd.
Found Gravitation was the primal Spring
That wheel'd the Planets round their central King.*
Myſterious Impulſe—that more clear to know
Exceeds the finite Reach of Art below.

† Galileo *was the firſt that toward the Beginning of the laſt Century apply'd the* Teleſcope *(the Invention of* Metius *of* Amſterdam*) to Celeſtial Obſervations.*

* *This, indeed, has been explained in quite another Way, by one who is not without his Party among* the Learned; *and deſerves to have a cool, a free, and diſpaſſionate Conſideration.*

Forbear,

Forbear, bold Mortal!—tis an impious Aim,
Own GOD immediate, acting thro' the Frame.
'Tis HE, unsearchable, in all presides:
HE, the FIRST CAUSE, their Operations guides.---
Fear on HIS aweful Privacy to press,
But, honouring HIM, thy Ignorance confess.

The END *of the Third Book.*

5 MA 56

AN

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

UNIVERSE.

BOOK IV.

Observations on the SUN and FIXED STARS.

The ARGUMENT.

The former Books having been employed in a Survey of the Earth *and* Planets; *this* laſt *proceeds to conſider the* Sun, *the Head and Principal of our Syſtem*, 242. *From thence paſſes on to a View of the* fixed Stars 245. *Believed in their Nature and Uſes to reſemble our* Solar Orb — *Enquiries concerning the Times of their Creation and Diſſolution* 250.—*Of* Comets, *and the ſudden Appearing of ſeveral* new Stars 252.——*Whence the Abſurdity of the* Peripatetic *Philoſophy is inferred, and the* Epicurean *appealed to for the Exiſtence of a* GOD *and* PROVIDENCE 255 *to* 259——*The whole concluding with a* Hymn of Praiſe *to the tremendous and adorable* DEITY *from* 259 *to the End.*

AN

ESSAY

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BOOK IV.

FROM *Earth*, our glorious, tho' inferiour Seat;
From *Planets*, that their changeleſs Courſe repeat,
More boldly vent'rous, I my Search purſue,
And *Suns* above, in vaſt Expanſion view.

O MOLESWORTH! * deathleſs in thy PATRIOT FAME,
Dear to thy *Britain* by her CATO's Name! 6
To *Me*, by grateful Memory, dearer ſtill!——
Firſt, generous Prompter of my tuneful Skill:

Who

* *The late eminent and noble* Robert *Lord Viſcount* Moleſworth, *the generous Patron and Encourager of the* Author's *Earlieſt Studies.*

Who my young Genius by thy Favours rais'd,
Long to be mourn'd! as ever to be prais'd!—
This *Wreath*, my Love *thy living Worth* deſign'd,
Sad, round *thy Urn*, the pious MUSE ſhall bind.

Behold the *Sun*, how near to Senſe he ſeems,
Small, neighb'ring Globe, array'd in lucid Beams;
That *Weſt* appears, deceptive of our Eyes,
At Eve to ſet, that *Eaſt* appears to riſe:
Behold! (amazed when ſerious we enquire)
Immenſe his Size we find, an Orb of Fire:
So large, *ten Million-Earths* * like ours below,
Would but ſuffice his equal Maſs to ſhow;
So diſtant, *Eighty-Million-Miles* would fail,
Vaſt Sum, to count a full-proportion'd Tale.
Plac'd in the Midſt he keeps his central Throne,
In State, revolving on himſelf alone;
Twelve Days *here* doubly clos'd † his Motion ſpends
Ere, the huge *Sphere*, one Circulation ends.
While, thro' his Syſtem, from his regal Seat
His Rays diſpenſe prolific Light, and Heat.

Their

* *The* Sun's *Diameter, or Breadth, from Side to Side, is about* Eight Hundred Thouſand Miles, *therefore the Quantity of Matter in him muſt exceed that of the Earth above* Ten Million *Times.*

† *The complete Revolution of the* Sun *upon his Axis* his Spots *diſcover to be in about* 25 Days.

Their Homage *Planetary Subjects* pay,
And round him, diſtanc'd, take their order'd Way.

What is this Globe? compact? of earthlike Mold?
Or liquid all, an Orb of liquid Gold?
Whoſe *Action*, *Denſity*, and Bulk conſpire,
Perpetual, to preſerve his wond'rous Fire.
Cloath'd with an Atmoſphere, whoſe Weights exceſs
May forcibly th' exhaling Parts compreſs;
As *Magnets* back their Steams retracted call,
Or Floods, diſgorg'd, in their own *Whirlpools* fall:
Elſe his exhauſted Stores, with dread Decay,
Would by long Time, burn out and fume away.
Six thouſand Years, to Life prodigious Space,
His Beams, inceſſant, have refreſh'd our Race,
On all th' *Ethereal Wand'rers* ſhed their Light,
Yet ſtill his Pow'rs unwaſted ſeem to fight.
If meer *Antiquities*, of ev'ry kind,
Impreſs a pleaſing Rev'rence on the Mind;
The uſeleſs *Coin*, obſcur'd with eating Ruſt,
The ſhatter'd *Ruin*, or the mould'ring *Buſt*,
More venerable, far, our Thoughts ſhould deem
This *eldeſt*, ſignal Work of POWER SUPREME.

Behold this *Brightneſs* ſtill, would Senſe ſuppoſe
Dim *Spots* ſhould e'er its lucid Face encloſe,
Yet *ſuch*, detected by th' aſſiſting glaſs,
Oft, o'er its Surface in Succeſſion paſs.

Some

Some, ſtretching as our *Europe's* ſpacious Plains,
Vaſt as our World, th' obſerving Eye attains:
Now *form'd*, augmenting while their Tour they make;
Now *loſt*, as floating o'er th' enkindled Lake.
Borne on his Ball they keep myſterious round,
A while obſcure him, and then ſcarce are found.
Whole Days * their Miſts have veil'd his Light from View;
Whole Years † it wore a faint and palid Hue.
Shall they at laſt, in deſolating Shade,
Th' incruſted Star with dire Eclipſe invade,
And, as the Seers inſpir'd, ‡ prophetic write,
Blot his fair Luſtre with eternal Night?
Prelude of fatal Doom,---when in return
Earth, fir'd, with *purifying Flames*, ſhall burn.
Perhaps, conſum'd but (Phœnix like) to riſe
Fair as a *Sun* in *renovated Skies*.

Paſs

* Theophanes, *the* Hiſtorian, *relates it was once ſo dark, in the Time of* Irene *the Empreſs, for* 17 *Days together, that Ships loſt their Way, and were in Danger of ſplitting againſt each other.*

† *The Year following* Julius Cæſar's *Death*, Pliny *affirms there were* "*Prodigioſi & longiores ſolis defectus totius anni pallore continuo.*" Hiſt. Nat. L. Q. *It appeared again a whole Year (ſo in* Juſtinian's *Time, Cedrenus writes) with a very dim and duſkiſh Hue, as if he had been in perpetual Eclipſe. The* Solar Maculæ *were not then diſcovered, but it is very probable* theſe *(if not a* cometary Eclipſe, *by* one of them *paſſing in the Line of the Sun and Earth) were the Occaſion.*

‡ Joel ii. 2. *compared with* iii. 15.

Paſs we th' o'er-curious Theme, nor vent'rous ſcan
Heaven's hid Decree, inſcrutable to Man.

Lo! to new Wonders now thy Search remove;
See'ſt thou thoſe *Orbs*, that numerous roll above?
Thoſe *Lamps*, that nightly greet thy viſual Pow'rs,
Are each a bright capacious *Sun* like ours.
How vivid they emit their lucid Streams!
Not like the *Planets* dull, *reflected* Beams:
Of their *own Eſſence*, like the *ſolar Ray*,
Thro' boundleſs Spaces they their Flames convey.

In the fam'd *Bear*, whoſe Lights our *Pole* ſurround,
Obſerve, *two* cloſe appearing *Stars* are found:
Both ſmall, tho' diff'ring--both ſo near reſide,
A Hand might ſeem the *ſhining Points* to hide.
Ah!---treach'rous Senſe!---*each*, far from *each* remains,
Far as, from either, lie *Earth's* ſever'd Plains.
Tho' in our *annual Path* * we upward run,
Rais'd in the Heav'ns, *twice higher* than the *Sun*.

* *It is one very conſiderable Argument for the immenſe Diſtance of the* fixed Stars, *that thoſe two in the Tail of the* Great Bear, *afford no Parallax, nor admit of any Encreaſe, whatever Point of our Orbit we view them from; which is very ſtrange, for in moving round the Sun, we muſt have approached toward them by the whole Diameter of the* Magnus Orbis, *which conſequently is double our Diſtance from hence to the Sun, and an Advance in the Heavens of* One Hundred and Sixty Millions of Miles *nearer, by the loweſt Computation.*

Almoſt *Two hundred million Times* more nigh,
No *ſeeming Diff'rence* can we *there* eſpy,
Thro' our whole *Circle* in the changing Year,
From *all Poſitions*, they the *ſame* appear:
No Benefit of Height, no Help of Art,
Can to their Figures leaſt Increaſe impart;
Tho' of theſe *Optic* Inſtruments, they tell,
Some, ev'n to Hundred Times their Objects ſwell.

Mark! *Sirius* mounted in th' unclouded Sky,
How ſtrong he glitters on the pleaſur'd Eye!
In Luſtre matchleſs on the azure Plain,
Neareſt the Earth * of all the *ſtationed Train.*
Neareſt—perplexing Thought! yet diſtant more
Than Rule can meaſure, or than Mind can ſoar.
Stretch to the *Sun* thy long, prodigious Flight,—
Thence—*twice ten Thouſand Times* exceed *his* Height,

Yet

* Sirius *or the* Dog Star *is ſuppoſed the neareſt to us of any of the fixed Stars. Mr.* Huygens, *imagining him much about the Bigneſs and Brightneſs of* our Sun, *hit upon a very familiar Experiment to meaſure* his *Diſtance (given in his* Coſmotheor. *&c.) By ſo leſſening the Sun's Diameter as to make him appear thro' the* Tube *not larger than the* Dog Star, *he found the Difference was as twenty Seven Thouſand Six Hundred Sixty Four to One, or that Sirius is ſo many of the Sun's Diſtances from us, which (taking* Dr. Harris's *leſſer Computation) is* Twenty Seven Thouſand Six Hundred Sixty Four times 80 Millions of Miles; *tho'* Mr. Derham, Dr. Halley *&c. think the Sun's Diſtance to be almoſt* 40 Millions of Miles more; *which makes the Account, nearly half as much again.*

Yet little, little Gain thy Toil would chear,
Scarce *there*, his Orb would magnify'd appear,
Six-hundred-thouſand-million Miles proceed:
Short of thy End th' extended Path would lead *.
Yet *this*, the *only meaſur'd Star* we know,
Compar'd, will ſeem diminutively low:
Farther from *this*, than *this* from Earth is plac'd,
Th' Etherеal Regions with new Orbs are grac'd;
Farther than *thoſe* from *this*, freſh Numbers ſtill
The Depths of loſt Infinity may fill.
Since from our *Center* ſo remote they lie,
Can our far *Sun* their Flux of Light ſupply?
Were it to reach th' immenſurable Way,
Could we receive the weak-reflected Ray?
What can they be, (thus *Self-Illuſtrious* ſhown)
What leſs than *Suns* †, reſembling each *our own*?

* *Mr.* Huygens *has obſerv'd the Diſtance from us to* Sirius *is* twenty Seven Thouſand Six Hundred Sixty four times *the* Sun's *Diſtance* from us. *After* 20 *Thouſand of thoſe could be paſſed, there is* 7664 *ſuch Diſtances remaining, which, multiply'd by* 80 *Millions, the leaſt ſuppoſed Diſtance of the* Sun, *amounts to no more than the Numbers I have mentioned. It may be thought incredible ſo large an Acceſſion of Miles ſhould not alter the Appearance of theſe Bodies; yet, it is* Dr. Harris's *Obſervation,* "*that, could* we advance 99 "parts in 100 of the whole Diſtance, and there was but "the one hundredth part left, they would appear very "little larger than they do now." *Aſtron. Dial.* p. 82.

† *Queſtionleſs thoſe* ſparkling Fires *have a nobler* "*uſe than barely to ſpangle our Hemiſphere; a Benefit every*

Our *own* reſembling! Why did Heav'n produce
This Orb, but for his *Planets* mutual Uſe?
Have *theirs*, to cheriſh with their vital Fires,
No *happy Trains*—no *circulating Quires*?
Shine they, all void, thro' ſolitary Space?
Fair, to no Service; fruitful, with no Race?—
No *Reptile*, *Plant*, nor *Animal* to tend?
Vaſt, without Worth; and active, for no End?
O! rather think, ſince form'd with equal Pow'rs,
Heaven meant *their Syſtems* as complete as *ours*?
—— O'erwhelming Image! what a boundleſs Scene
Breaks *on* the Mind! what Muſings intervene!
What!— when Diſcoveries ſtill their Sum enlarge,
Swell on, and Mental Faculties o'ercharge.
With the *Perſpective*, *lo!* th' Obſerver ſees
More num'rous Orbs, and more ſucceed to theſe.
In the bright Knot where *Six* ſmall *Pleiads* ſhine,
Full Seventy cluſt'ring Luminaries join.
Where fam'd *Orion's* Conſtellation glows,
Two thouſand mingling Stars their Orbs diſcloſe.
How thick, diſcernible to *aided* Sight,
Their Central Forms poſſeſs the *milky Height*?
Whoſe Spheres elude the reach of *naked* Eyes,
And ſeem, with Light, to belt the whiten'd Skies.

Have

"*paſſing Cloud can deprive us of* —— *How much more*
"*rational is it to conſider them as the ſeveral Suns of dif-*
"*ferent Syſtems of Planets*!"

Have each (a Sov'reign in his Syſtem's bound)
Their lighted *Earths*, and *Moons* revolving round,
Inhabitable all? —— their Plants and Flow'rs?
Their *Inſects*, *Animals*, and *Reaſoning Pow'rs*? ——
Confute it, Mortal! whoſe elating Pride
Would to *thyſelf* the Univerſe divide.
—— What tho' no *Planets* round thoſe Orbs of Light
Appear, thus diſtant, to thy failing Sight,
Seen from *their* Region, would thy *Wand'rers* run
To a like Point, all ſhrunk within *thy Sun*;
Thy Sun would ſeem, by a Remove ſo far,
Diminutive as *theirs*, ſuppos'd a *Star*:
View'd, with his *kindred Lamps*, their Nights to cheer
In the ſame Surface of one concave Sphere.
Say--do Reflections, Man, enlarged like theſe
Thy vain Ambition's ruling Luſt diſpleaſe?
Yet, humble *Chriſtian*, thy unſwelling Mind
May from their Leſſons ſweet Inſtruction find;
JESUS *the* GOD! th' exiſting Worlds proclaim,
To *Thee* related by a dearer Name:
JESUS THE MAN, th' *Incarnate*, *Saving Friend*,
To thy admiring Thoughts they more commend.
HE — who *thy* Nature bore, *thy* Sins atton'd,
Is LORD of all this *vaſt Creation* own'd.
If leſſen'd by the view *thyſelf* thou ſee,
The more HIS *LOVE* it magnifies for *Thee*.

My JESUS! thou, dear MEDIATORIAL LORD,
Canſt to HEAVEN'S SOV'REIGN nigh Acceſs afford,
Can'ſt introduce me to his bright Abode,
And raiſe a Worm to view his wond'rous GOD.
Eas'd of my Guilt, his Terrors diſappear,
No more his *Juſtice* wakes my trembling Fear,
His *Holineſs*, his *Truth*, my Dread before,
All, leagu'd with *Mercy*, now diſmay no more.
By *Thee* redeem'd, thy *Mite*, thy breathing *Duſt*,
Sees him, appeas'd, yet holy, —— good, yet juſt,
Sees o'er th' Angelic Nature Man's preſide,
With GODHEAD'S SELF in near Relation ty'd;
Sons new adopted, ranſom'd to ſupply
Thrones of *fall'n Seraphs*, in th' eternal Sky.
O!— may their Wand'rings ne'er my Heart miſguide;
Keep me, BLEST SAVIOUR, from their Wiles and Pride.
If with pure Souls thy LOVE has number'd mine,
Thine be the Praiſe, as ALL THE MERIT THINE.

Here Reaſon fain, inquiſitive, would pry;
And aſk, "When roſe theſe Glories of the Sky"?
Form'd, when our World at firſt Exiſtence gain'd,
And to one final Period all ordain'd?
Or, ſince wide Space they independent fill,
Apart created, —— or creating ſtill?
Do *Scriptures* clear, the aw'd Aſſent oppoſe *?
They, chiefly, *our Original* diſcloſe.

* *The Author would not be miſtook in the following Lines, of uttering* his own Opinions; *he is content with what*

is

Do they aſſert, ere *We* in being came,
GOD *ne'er was own'd* by the CREATOR's Name?
— Where then were *Angels?* — elder Race to *Man* †
Fall'n ſelf ſeduc'd (*perhaps*) ere *He* began.
Do *they* aſſert prolific Pow'r at Reſt
Shall in no future Inſtance ſhine confeſt?
How then ſhall, long foretold, ‖ (declare ye Wiſe)
New Worlds, new Heavens, in diſtant Ages riſe?
— What if the *Sacred Page* ſhould only mean
To paint, the forming *one* creative Scene;
Theſe Heav'ns that viſibly our World embrace?
This Sun with all his *planetary Race?*
Fair Syſtem! Whoſe *completed* Work we own,
Perhaps too, Suff'rers in one Doom, *alone.*
Muſt all thoſe *ſep'rate Worlds,* with *ours* below,
Fix'd by *one Law* a *general Period* know?—

Forgive, if briefly I impart a Thought;
What to the *Muſe,* conject'ral, has been taught:—
Some think* more Planets than have reach'd our Sight
Lie hid, 'twixt *Merc'ry* and the *ſolar light;*

is ſufficient to be met with in plain and clear Revelation: *and inſtances them as Subjects of* Enquiries; *that have been vainly and variouſly controverted.*

† Job. xxxviii. 4 — 7. ‖ 2 Pet. iii. 13. Rev. xxi. 5.

* *The regular Returns of the* ſame Spots *in the* Sun *have been by ſome thought favourable to this* Hypotheſis (*whoſe Author is the ingenious* Mr. Wall): *none knowing what*

More ſtill, betwixt the Orb of *Saturn* caſt
And the *fix'd Stars*, may fill *That mighty Vaſt*;
Which GOD, on his CREATING WORK employ'd,
(Perhaps) would ſcarcely leave one *total Void*.
Six Thouſand, have been gueſs'd their Sum, and more,
That might be rang'd, this *wide Expanſion* o'er †.
Theſe He may deſtine each, in ſeveral turn,
The *Sun's* (o'er-cloſe) Proximity ſhall burn,
Whirl'd (in eccentrical Deſcenſion loſt)
It's Sphere too nigh! or *in* its Furnace toſt.
And each new *Comet* that our Sight acquires,
Of ſuch doom'd Worlds, may be, the *Fun'ral Fire* ‡.
Nor wonder, while amid ſo large a Throng,
Earth and her *five near Siſters* 'ſcape ſo long:
Had, each ten Years *, ſince firſt our World begun,
The fatal Conflagration ſeiz'd on *one*,

More

what theſe Spots are. *After ſeveral Years that they have been loſt, we begin to ſee them again; generally at the* Hour *and* Place *of the* Sun, *where they* ought *to appear.* M. de la Hire, Hiſt. de l' Acad. des Scien. 1700.

† *Suppoſe (to take the leaſt Meaſure, for the vaſt Space betwixt* Saturn *and the* fixed Stars) *it be a* Thouſand Times *as far as from the* Sun *to* Saturn *there being* Six Planets *in the* latter, *proportionably,* Six Thouſand *may be in the former.*

‡ *A Comet is a ſolid Body about the Earth's Bigneſs (more or leſs) all on Fire. They have always their Line of Motion falling towards the Sun.*

* *This Calculation is founded on an Obſervation that about* 5 *Comets had thus fallen in the laſt* 50 *years preceding the Year* 1714, *when* Mr. Wall *publiſhed his (above) Conjecture.*

More than Five Thouſand of the numerous Train,
Safe, in their ſeparate Bounds, would yet remain —
One Neighbour ſhould thoſe tragic Flames infeſt,
Preſageful Dread might well alarm the *reſt*.

Thus *Reaſon* aims beyond her Length to ſee —
Still Stranger to HEAVEN's myſtical Decree.
Yet will *She* aſk, why in ſublimeſt Skies,
Stars there, themſelves expire, and new ariſe?
In that *Lacteal Path* that ſhines above,
Frequent, thoſe direful *Revolutions* prove?

Where the bright *Ship* is ſeen with Lights emboſt,
Two ſignal *Stars** have, long, their Stations loſt.
The well known *Orbs* no ſearch could *yet* regain,
Void lie their Regions on th' ethereal Plain.
Once *ſeven* † were number'd in the *Pleiade* Throng,
Where ſince, for Ages, only *Six* belong.
'Tis thought their *Spots* might fatal Growth acquire,
Dim the veil'd Orbs, and quench their native Fire.

* *Theſe were in the Stern and Yard of the Ship* Argo *obſerved in* 1664, *but in* 1668 *there was not the leaſt Glimpſe of them to be ſeen; when they diſappeared firſt is not known: The reſt about them, even of the* 3*d and* 4*th magnitudes, remained the ſame. I have obſerved many more Changes, to the number of* 100, *among the fixed Stars, yet none ſo great as theſe* &c. *Mr.* MONTANERE's *Letter to the Royal Society.*

† *Quæ Septem dici, Sex tamen eſſe, ſolent.* Ovid.

Near fair *Andromeda's* ‡ illuſtrious Sign
The MODERN § firſt diſcern'd a Globe to ſhine,
Unview'd, till beaming on his wond'ring Sight;
As *Sirius* large, as *neareſt Venus* bright:
Yet, ſtrange to tell, ere two ſhort Years were paſt
The *vaniſh'd Star* a total Shade o'ercaſt.
While lo! appearing in the *Swan* * to riſe,
A freſh Diſcov'ry claims our noting Eyes,
An Orb, far leſs, but *Stationary* found;
Like the bright *Centers* which our View ſurround.
— Since, have an hundred Years their Circles roll'd,
Yet clear its fixt Illuminations hold.

Whence are theſe Changes in the mighty Void?
Are *Worlds* created there, and *Worlds* deſtroy'd?
Some, *lucid Suns* juſt kindling into Light?
Some, whelm'd, and cloſing in a fatal Night?
Some, *half obſcur'd*, eluding all Survey,
Then glimmering with a *temporary Ray*?

State

‡ *The new Star in Caſſiopeia was firſt obſerved about the middle of November* 1572; *its Luſtre was ſo great it could be ſeen in fair Sunſhine, it never changed its Place all the Time, but by Degrees diminiſhed, and in about* 18 *Months became inviſible.*

§ TYCHO BRAHE.

* *That other new Star in the* Swan's *Breaſt, was diſcovered by* Kepler *in the Year* 1600; *afterwards for ſome time it diſappear'd, but was diſcern'd again by* Hevelius *in* 1666, *juſt in its firſt Place, as a Star of the Sixth Magnitude, where it ſtill appears.*

State, diſmal ſure! to all the *Syſtems* near,
If *Planets*, *Life*, and *Creatures* plac'd to chear. —— 270
Are theſe unfathom'd Myſt'ries, that we trace,
True *Solar Luſtres* †, fix'd thro' vary'd Space?
Whoſe *Fires*, in-pent, thick *Spots* have dark entomb'd,
Freed by ſome *Comets* Blaze, and re-illum'd?
Or *Planets*, ſeen when neareſt our Abode, 275
The Suns, wide circling of the *Milky-Road*?
Saturnian like, each *Syſtem's* outmoſt Part;
Or *Comets* that excentrical convert? ——
Omnific GOD! thy Beam refulgent veil!
To trace THY WORKS all Man's Ideas fail. 280

Bluſh, *antient Maſter* * of the Sages Chair!
Confuted, now, thy Ignorance declare;
Who bold, yet blind, who teaching, to be taught,
Of *changeleſs Make* the *Heavenly Matter* thought,
Its *Orbs* firm *Diamond*, of dural Stay: 285
All unſuſceptible of leaſt Decay.

† *It is difficult to determine what theſe new Stars are. The ſudden Appearing of ſome; the total Diſappearing of others; and the Half-occulation of a third Sort, ſometimes turning their dark, then their light Sides toward us, has occaſioned various Conjectures of learned Men, expreſs'd in the Poem. None of which ſolve all the Phenomena, the ſame having been diſcovered of ſome known fixed Stars themſelves. A Wonder, which, perhaps, Man's Art will never fathom.*

* ARISTOTLE.

And You, worſe Patrons of abſurd Miſrule,
Ye vainly learn'd in *Epicurus'* School,
Who HEAVENLY POW'R, and PROVIDENCE diſgrace,
To clear Conviction yield, ye erring Race!
— Search the leaſt Path CREATIVE POW'R has trod;
How plain the Footſteps of th' apparent GOD!
His Art could Organs, Strength, and Senſe implant
In the ſmall agile *Fly*, and reptile *Ant*;
In the mean *Mite*, ſo much minuter ſtill,
Thy Finger's preſſing Point may Millions kill.
Mark'd by the *Magnifying Cryſtal's* Aid,
In ev'ry Place, what Proofs will ſtand diſplay'd!
Lo! from the ſtagnant Pool *one Drop* obtain;
Of Inſects *this includes* a ſumleſs Train:
Buoy'd in the little Pool they friſk and play,
Pleas'd with their ſhort Exiſtence of a Day.
That Blue with which the gloſſy *Plum* is grac'd,
(That gives ſuch poignant Pleaſure to it's Taſte)
Or azures o'er the *Damſon's* velvet Rhind,
A Groupe of *ſmalleſt Animals* we find. ———
The little *Gnat*, in Beauties, may compare
With all his rival Brothers of the Air,
Tranſparent Feathers, Purple, Green, and Gold,
His Wings, ſmall Feet, and gay-fring'd Tail * enfold.
Four ſharpen'd Spears his Head with Weapons arm,
And

* This *is obſerved as peculiarly beautiful in this common, diſregarded, but wonderful* Inſect.

And his pearl'd Eyes † with liveliest Graces charm.
—In Down of every variegated Die
Shines, flutt'ring ſoft, the gaudy *Butterfly:*
That Powder, which thy ſpoiling Hand diſtains,
The Forms of Quills, and painted Plumes contains;
Not Courts can more Magnificence expreſs,
In all their Blaze of Gems, and *Pomp* of Dreſs.
How fine a Fur the *Spider's* Robe ſupplies,
Encircled with his brilliant *Ring of Eyes:*
By one quick Glance directing, *every Way,*
The *watchful Hunter,* to ſecure his Prey. —
Thy *Microſcopic Glaſs* admiring bring,
And view the humble *Hornet's* ſharpen'd Sting;
Then on the ſlend'reſt *Needle* turn thy Eye,
And the vaſt Diff'rence in their Points deſcry:
This view'd, more poliſh'd ſeems, acuter far;
That, rough as from the Forge ſome blunted Bar —
GOD's *ſmalleſt Work* all *human Skill* degrades,
Foils the loſt Man, and ſinks his Worth in Shades.

If leſſer Proofs ſuch Demonſtration ſhow,
What may th' unmeaſur'd *Univerſe* beſtow?
Think, — could blind *Chance,* dead, unexiſting Name,
Produce ſuch Order, ſo complete a Frame?

That

† *Theſe are compoſed of ſeveral Thouſand little Hemiſpheres, or in Reality are ſo many diſtinct Eyes; which have ſuch a Power of magnifying, and are of ſuch a wonderful Structure, in many of the minuteſt Inſects, that they are capable herewith to diſcover Objects many thouſand Times leſs than themſelves.*

That *Sun*, bright Fountain of Life-glad'ning Day,
Who kindled firſt his cheering, vital Ray?
(Fix'd, that not too remote, nor near he ſhines)
And ſtores with Fuel his eternal Mines?
——What Hand th' unnumber'd *Solar Worlds* ſuſtains,
And guides their circling *Planetary* Trains:
That from their *Orbits* ne'er excentric wheel
The whirling Spheres, and dire Confuſion feel? —
Is there no *Wiſdom* in th' Appointment ſhown?
Own they no FORMER, no PRESERVER own?
Could *Nature's* conſtant, wiſe, harmonious Laws,
Spring from weak *Chance?* ſo impotent a Cauſe!
Did it beſtow on *Man* his Reaſoning Mind?
Or needful Inſtincts on th' *inferior Kind?*
Or the mixt Species of their various Race
Maintains, in due Succeſſion, Number, Place?
Can it their diff'rent Wants diſcern, — relieve? —
Whence has it Pow'r?— and how does it perceive? —
Reflect, vain Dreamers, ye pretended Wiſe!
You who confide on darken'd *Carus'** Eyes;
Cloſe his dim Leaves, and ponder Nature's Page,
There let clear Truth your pleas'd Aſſent engage,
And the dread GOD confeſs; ——— his Sapience own,
Thro' the fill'd Space with brighteſt Luſtre ſhown.

'Tis HE, —'twas his efficient WORD profound,
Form'd, conſervates and rules the Worlds around.

How

* LUCRETIUS.

How grand a Scheme! could we our Search purſue,
And thro' its various Ranks CREATION view. —
The Depths 'twixt *Seraphim* and *Angel* ſcan,
And trace, by ſlow Gradations, down to *Man!*
From *Man*, thro' *Orders numberleſs*, deſcend,
'Till the laſt Link the Chain of Beings end,
Loſt in the Point where Entity begun. —
— Or, backward, could the Mind revolving run
Quite *up* again! —— and with admiring Eyes,
See the huge Scale to new Perfection riſe.
From *Seraph*, up thro' *Hierarchies* unknown,
Onward advancing, — nearer to the Throne, —
Nearer, — and endleſs, — ſtill, advancing more; ——
Yet infinite the Diſtance as before!

O, how ſublime a *Wiſdom* muſt intend,
So vaſt a Plan! to ev'ry Part deſcend,
And know their various Int'reſts to purſue,
At one clear, unperplex'd, immediate View!
Admir'd OMNISCIENCE, that at once can ſee
Paſt, preſent, and whate'er ſhall future be!
—— How great a Pow'r muſt all their Wants ſupply!
Its Cares how watchful, and its Aids how nigh!
Each Spring to move, each Hind'rance to controul,
And act, by Parts, ſubſervient to the Whole!

Hail, INFINITE CREATOR; with thy Praiſe
The Muſe began, with Thee ſhall end my Lays.

Theſe

Theſe are thy Works, bleſt ARCHITECT DIVINE!
Earth, — all this *univerſal Offspring* THINE!
THY Breath firſt bid *inactive Matter* move,
And ſtrait with Life the genial *Atoms* ſtrove;
Producing *Animal*, and *Plant*, and *Flow'r*,
Concurrent Proof, of *Wiſdom*, and of *Pow'r*.
THY potent Word infus'd the *Solar* Light,
And ſpread the Curtains of refreſhing *Night*,
With ſplendid *Orbs* enrich'd the wide Profound,
Rang'd the bright *Worlds*, and roll'd their Courſes round.

O ſing HIS Praiſes then! how juſtly due,
Created Kinds, the Strains of Praiſe from You?
How grateful the deſerv'd Returns of Love!---
Praiſe HIM, thou *Earth*, ye *Worlds* that roll above,
Each Pow'r, whole Nature, all HIS Works, conſpire
In Songs of Praiſe; an Univerſal Quire!

Thou, *Sun*, Creation's pure refplendent Eye,
And all ye *Solar Orbs* that deck the Sky,
Round whoſe vaſt *Syſtems* peopled *Planets* move, ---
Ye *central Suns* of numerous *Earths* above;
Praiſe the DREAD POW'R, whoſe *Goodneſs* ye proclaim,
And let your warbling Spheres attune HIS Name!

Thou, *Moon*, whoſe Rays diffus'd of ſilver Light
Brighten the ſhapeleſs Gloom of awful Night; ---
And you, *Satellitary Orbs* on high,
Who kindly Beams to diſtant Worlds ſupply,

Hymn your CREATOR's Praiſe! --- whoſe Skill divine
Impow'r'd your Maſs to roll, your Globes to ſhine.

Ye *Comets!* that in long *Ellipſes* ſtray,
Whole Ages finiſhing your annual Way;
Thou, *Darkneſs!* Nature's *emblematic* Tomb,
Yield him thy Reverence of impreſſive Gloom,
In ſilent Praiſe! --- And thou, dread *Space* profound,
Thro' all thy waſte, interminable *Round.*

Winds! who in troubled Air your Voices raiſe,
Swell in loud Accents with your MAKER's Praiſe,
And you, ſoft *Breezes*, that preſume the Spring,
Bear HIM a Tribute on your gentler Wing. ——
Spread it, ye pealing *Thunders*, round the Sky,
Wide as your Vollies roll, or *Lightnings* fly!
— Ye *Meteors!* your CREATOR's Praiſes ſhow;
The ſpangled *Dew*, the Cloud's reflected *Bow*,
And moiſt'ning Show'r --- Ye *Froſts!* HIS Praiſe proclaim;
The pendent *Iſicle's* clear, native Gem;
Hoar Miſts congeal'd, that dreſs the Meadow pale:
Blue *Vapour*, whitening *Snows*, and pearly *Hail!*

Praiſe HIM, ye *Seaſons!* --- *Spring* with youthful Face
And *Summer* blooming with maturer Grace;
Ripe *Autumn*, clad in Wines, with *Harveſts* crown'd,
And *Winter* old; --- HIS ſolemn Praiſe reſound!

Ye

Ye *Flow'ry Tribes*, in all your proud Array,
Your lovely Forms, and dazzling Hues diſplay!
Young fruitful Branches! white with vernal Bloom,
In rich Oblations breathe your freſh Perfume!
Praiſe HIM, ye *Plants!* with all your ſweet Supplies;
Ye od'rous *Herbs*, in grateful Incenſe riſe!

Inſects! that creep on Earth, or ſpread the Wing,
In Troops your tributary Homage bring.
Fowls of the Air! and *Brutes* that range the Mead!
And the finn'd Race that Stream and Ocean breed.

CHERUBIC DIGNITIES, in Heav'n, who ſhine,
Neareſt encompaſſing * THE THRONE DIVINE,

Ye

* *All the Manifeſtations of the* DIVINE PRESENCE, *in a viſible Glory; over the* Mercy Seat *in the* Ark; *in the Viſions of* Ezekiel, *and* St. John in the Revelations (except That, Iſa. vi. 2. *where the* Seraphims *is mentioned) are deſcribed with the Exhibition of the* Cherubim. GOD, *as* Shepherd *of Iſrael*, one CHARACTER *of* CHRIST, *is invoked* (Pſal. lxxx. 1.) *Thou*, that dwelleſt between the CHERUBIMS: *called by* St. Paul, *alluding to the ſame Repreſentation of* them *in the* Ark, *The* Cherubims of Glory. Heb. ix. 5. *Whether the real* Cherubic Appearances *were* SUBSTITUTED SIMILITUDES, RESEMBLANCES AND SACRED EMBLEMS, *of* THE PERSONALITIES IN THE ONE JEHOVAH, *as has been largely contended*; *or* Repreſentatives of the whole Attendant Heavenly Hoſt, *I pretend not to determine. There is higheſt Probability that the Forms of the* Gentile Idols, Teraphim &c.

Ye SERAPHIM, bright Flames! ye *Angel* Quires!
To the lov'd Theme tune all your ſounding Lyres!

Saints! thron'd in Bliſs, Sin-vaſſal'd once below,
In nobleſt Strains your loftier Praiſe beſtow!
Man! Image of thy MAKER's moral Pow'r,
Laſt, labour'd Work of Heav'n's creating Hour!
Oh! ſhall HIS Goodneſs, HIS Indulgence, move
No warm Returns, nor ſwell the Breath of Love?
Prieſt of the *mute Creation*, HE demands
Their Off'rings from thy conſecrated Hands,
Deputed *Lord*; — from thy dead Slumber ſtart;
Let *Nature* wake, awake the Pow'rs of *Art*,
And

&c. were Imitations, from the Figures of theſe in the Ark; *as the* High Places, *we read of, were of the* Sun and Heavens, *the popular* Idols of Heatheniſm, *and their* Groves, *the ſame*, of Paradiſe: *at the* Eaſt Side *of which we have the Account*, Gen. iii. 24. *of the firſt Appearance* of the Cherubim, *which became from thence the* Oracle, *or Place toward which all patriarchal Worſhip of the Faithful was directed (probably) till the Deluge; whence the antient Cuſtom of bowing to the Eaſt may have been traditionaly continued: and explains* Cain's *Complaint* From thy Face *(or Faces)* ſhall I be hid *(or* ſeparated*)*. Gen. iv. 14. *compared with* 16. *Conſidered in this View, it afforded Thoughts the moſt comforting and ſupporting, not terrifying (as is commonly underſtood) to the minds of our unhappy Parents at their Expulſion from* Eden.

The World *before them* ——
And PROVIDENCE *their* GUIDE ——
Concluſ. of Par. Loſt.

And with exerted Force attune HIS Praiſe,
In Notes, may emulate celeſtial Lays.
Let *Muſic* her divineſt Succours bring,
The breathing *Flute*, the *Viol's* warbling String,
And dulcet *Voice*. — Ye *Concerts*, louder grow!
Let the ſhrill *Trump*, the deep'ning *Organ* blow;
While, with the Notes, the tremulating Ground,
And echoing Roofs, ſtrike awful Rapture round. ——
Praiſe him, each Creature, *Plenitude*, and *Space*;
Things of *inanimate and living Race!*
From the Terreſtrial to the Starry Pole,
Praiſe HIM, HIS *Works*, and thou, — my proſtrate *Soul!*

Thus, while in vain the wretched human Brood
Purſue on Earth a falſe, imagin'd Good;
That Good, which Creatures never can beſtow,
With HIM ſtill only found, from whom they flow;
While *Gold* or *Luſt*, with a deceitful Bribe,
Tempt to ſure Woes the eaſy-liſt'ning Tribe;
While *Faction* leads th' unſteady Herd aſide,
And *Deiſm* perverts the Sons of Pride;
Would I, from Vice, from Luxury, remove,
Converſing with the Themes of heavenly Love.
Theſe ſhall my Hours of virtuous Life amuſe,
Chear its *dull Glooms*, and brighter Hopes infuſe;
Pleas'd the lov'd Viſit frequent to renew,
While certain Bliſs my rais'd Deſires purſue,
To meditate MY MAKER; —— and my Lays
Tune to HIS Pow'r, who gave me Breath to praiſe.

PERCY-LODGE.

A SEAT OF

THE MOST NOBLE

ALGERNOON

DUKE of SOMERSET:

A POEM.

Written, by Command of their late GRACES,
in the YEAR 1749.

THE SECOND EDITION.

—Nisi me Præsagia fallunt
Gratus eris—

PALANGENIUS.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ELIZABETH,

COUNTESS of NORTHUMBERLAND,

This POEM,

Atempted, in Obedience to the Pleaſure of her late moſt Noble and Illuſtrious PARENTS,

In Teſtimony of that ſingular Acceptance with which it was honoured, and of their many undeſerved and diſtinguiſhed Favours,

IS,

With all Grateful VENERATION and HUMILITY,

DEDICATED,

BY

Her LADYSHIP's

Moſt Dutiful,
Sincere, and
Obedient Servant,

MOSES BROWNE.

Olney, Nov. 15, 1755.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PERCY-LODGE:

A

POEM.

SPORT, ſhall the rural *Muſes* ſtill
On *Cooper's* Heights, or *Grongar* Hill?
Nor other Haunts their Viſits know
Than *Windſor*, or the Groves of *Stow?*
When PERCY-LODGE to freſh Delights
The woo'd, the cheriſh'd *Train* invites;
And the ſweet Shades their Preſence claim,
Made great, by *that* en-nobling, Name?

They come, in all their ſmiling Pride,
The Siſter *Graces* at their Side;
Extatic Charms my Senſes ſteal,
Their ſoft Divinity I feel:
They warm my Breaſt, they tune my Tongue,
And *Percy Groves* are all my Song.

If SOMERSET's mild DUKE ſhall deign
His fav'ring Audience of the Strain,
While, boldly grateful to appear,
My Verſe would win his princely Ear;---
If his bright CONSORT, Friend to Art,
The wiſeſt Mind, the gentleſt Heart,
If SHE ſhall, pleas'd, my Lay peruſe,
SHE, more inſpiring than the *Muſe!*
Cheriſh'd, beneath *their* Guardian Aids,
I'll plant my Laurels in their Shades.

Genius of this bliſsful Place,
Rural Nymph! of baſhful Grace,
Come, with thy meek Aſſociate-Pow'r,
Bring ſoft-pac'd *Silence* from his Bow'r,
And with him youthful *Fancy* bring,
Ranger, ever on the Wing:
And lonely *Contemplation* pure,
And *Judgment* with his Brow demure.—
Join, all join, me on my Way,
Where I tune my wand'ring Lay;
Thro' thy Mazes, o'er thy Greens——
Lead me round thy vary'd Scenes,
And ev'ry Beauty let me trace;
Genius, of this bliſsful Place!

What Odours, like *Arabia's*, ſweet,
From yon bleſt Vale my Senſes greet!

Sure, from her *Amarantine* Bow'rs,
The *Queen of Love* her Roſes ſhow'rs.

'Tis more than Viſion. See! the Vale
Whence all theſe breathing Sweets exhale.
A Field of Roſes blooms in View,
Of every Species, Scent and Hue.
Not *Enna's* Field, the fam'd, the bleſs'd,
Was of ſuch Fragrances poſſeſs'd.

'Twas once a Pit, bare, ſcorch'd, and dry;
A Chaos, rueful to the Eye. ——
'Twas once a marly, barren Waſte,
By the Spade's greedy Spoils defac'd:
Neglected, ſhun'd, to Pleaſure loſt; ——
'Till She (of Heav'n Reſemblance moſt,
Moſt of his fav'rite Creatures) She
Bid the rude Heap an *Eden* be.

Paſſive to her,--her ſweet Command,
Now fertile grows the ſterile Sand,
New Form and Elegance receives,
And a large, beauteous Offspring gives.
Thick riſe the Verdures, bloom the Flow'rs,
The Air perfuming with their Pow'rs;
The little Labourers of the Hive
In the rich Buds for Nectar dive—
By graſſy Steps, of eaſy Tread,
Let me, in ſoft Deſcent, be led

It's Walks to roam; by ſuch Deſcent
The *Trojan* to *Elizium* went.

I roam it's Walks,---around,---around,
All where I go's enchanted Ground!
I ſeek it's Grot, and laid at Eaſe,
Drink in the Spirit-giving Breeze;
And ev'ry captiv'd Senſe, awhile,
With harmleſs Luxury beguile.

Now on, to new Delights, I range
Path after Path, from Change to Change:
All free, I fetch a Compaſs large,
Circling the Park's fair ample Verge.---
---Often ſunny Meadows viewing,
Whilſt my devious Rout purſuing,
Catching there the Gales, at play
On the Cocks of tanning Hay;
And Plains with Furrows ruſſet-brown
Here and there, mixt up and down,
And Flocks I view, in Paſtures fair;
Feeding wanton, here, and there;
With the ſmall Birds, ſweetly ſinging,
Ev'ry Hedge and Thicket ringing,
Joining Accents—warbling—trilling—
All, the various Concert filling.

Whither,

Whither, from Walks of grandeſt Shade,
My ſweet Tranſition have I made?
A ſhifting Scene my Eye has caught!
Where is the rural Lover brought?

See, to a neat-fram'd Hut I draw,
Roof'd with a Cupola of Straw;
In artleſs Elegance complete,
Diſſembling well a Shepherd's Seat.
Smooth-pav'd, with ſhapely Pebbles clean,
In which his pictur'd Dog is ſeen—
And from the *left*, through parting Trees,
My Eye a ſtately Temple ſees,
Half hid in Greens; and, from my *right*,
Apollo's Statue wins my Sight;
And from *before*, thro' breaking Bow'rs,
High *Windſor* liſts her royal Tow'rs;
And, all beſide me, cloſe at hand,
Tall Crops of bearded *Ceres* ſtand,
Whoſe ruſling Sound my Ears aſſail,
Dancing to the jocund Gale.

Over daiſied Beds I paſs
That interſect, of ſmooth ſhorn Graſs,
By thin-plac'd Trees at Diſtance found,
With Flow'rs the Roots ſet ſimply round.
In frequent Turns, of Fancy's chuſing,
Idly gazing—reading—muſing—

Walking thoughtleſs—ſitting—lying—
Ev'ry Change of Pleaſures trying.

When *Phœbus* from his mounted Team
Pours down direct the noon-ſhed Beam,
And ſplendent with o'er-fervid Light,
The Forms, too glaring, pain the Sight,
I ſeek the Groves that round me riſe,
To check the Rage of ſultry Skies;
Thro' whoſe cloſe Tops, entwining high,
Day's ſearching Glance could never pry;
Where, in ſerpentine Allies green
The Paths, meand'ring, intervene.

The *Wand'rer* ſees, who here ſhall ſtray,
A thouſand Mazes tempt his Way;
His Steps delighting, while they range,
With ſweet Perplexity of Change.

Lo! to A duſky Entrance nigh,
A dancing *Faunus* ſtrikes the Eye,
Whoſe antick *Mimes*, expreſs'd with Grace,
Relieve the Glooms that dreſs the Place.

Far *in*, a lonely *Cell* is found
On a bare, wilder'd Plat of Ground,
'Twixt two tall Elms that, Tempeſt-proof,
Riſe ſtately o'er the craggy Roof:

And a torn Arch above it's Height,
Shews rudely-graceful to the Sight.
While, up it's buttreſs'd, ſtone-cleft Sides,
His Foot a clamb'ring Ivy guides,
And Hollies pale, and dark'ning Yew
The Portal keep with ſolemn View.

So look'd the dread *Cumæan* Cave,
Where Oracles the SYBIL gave.

Within, an ample Concave ſwells
Of Pummice wrought, and ſhining Shells;
Where, near a Seat of native Stone,
A Fountain keeps its bubbling Moan,
And from beneath the craggy Wall
Creeps ſlow, with tinkling—trilling—Fall.

Here the ſweet LADY OF THE GROVE
In lonely Walk delights to rove,
And ſooth with Thought her Mind ſerene,
Charm'd with the ſolitary Scene.

What Thoughts her happy Mind poſſeſs!
Thoſe Hours, what rais'd Reflections bleſs!
What Taſtes ſhe gains of Heav'nly Love!
What Viſits wait her from above!
To thoſe bright Forms are only known,
Whoſe Natures are ſo like *her own*.

By a ſtrange Influence ſeiz'd—impreſt—
I enter, ſtruck—an awe-pleas'd Gueſt.
Some Genius, ſome celeſtial Grace
Sure fills, inviſible, the Place!
I feel (as with his Preſence caught)
Immortal Foreſights calm my Thought!
I feel a Ray, a Hope divine,
Thro' my dark Breaſt of Sorrows ſhine!
Peace ſtills me,---late perplex'd and toſs'd,--
My *Preſent* in my *Future* loſt;
While thus, methinks (my Mind to cheer)
The bright *Intelligent* I hear:
" Why pin'ſt thou with thy Doom unbleſt?
" Why ſobs thy diſappointed Breaſt?
" How vain, Ambition, is thy Strife!
" What, thy poor Moment, fleeting *Life!*
" How tranſient, how uncertain all
" The few, mixt Joys, which *thine* we call!

" Diſclaim thy Hopes of earthly Good!
" Falſe are thoſe dazzling Objects view'd:
" As in the Mirrour of the Lake
" Inverted Forms the Landſcapes take.

" Bear, Soul! with keen Misfortune's Smart;
" Call in thy Wiſhes, reſtleſs Heart;
" Tho', with Viciſſitude of Woes
" Dawn thy ſad Morns! thy Evenings cloſe!

" The

" The friendly Grave, Care's ſofteſt Bed,
" Shall ſafely reſt thy anxious Head,
" And Griefs, each Day repeated o'er,
" Vex, the frail *Child of Duſt*, no more.

" When thy dark Thoughts their Clouds encreaſe
" Turn to the Realms of Light, of Peace:
" Far ſhall thy Soul nor need to roam,
" Look to the Skies, and view thy Home."

Loth I leave this charming Cell,
While ſuch *Lores* my Paſſions quell;
While ſuch Scenes my Senſes greet
Wildly grand, and rudely ſweet——
And the ſhrill-Buzz of the Fly,
And the Drone's baſe Minſtrilſy,
And the Linnet from above,
And the mournful Turtle Dove,
And the loud-loquacious Jay,
And the Birds on ev'ry Spray,
Native Concerts round impart,
Soothing Sadneſs from the Heart.
Where, employed on thoughtful Themes,
Where, inſpir'd with gentleſt Dreams,
Pleas'd, a Hermit would I dwell ——
Loth I leave this charming Cell.

Slow—contemplative—I ſtray
Wherever Chance inclines my Way.
O'er broad, green Walks that ſpacious lie,
Wall'd in with Trees, and roof'd with Sky.
Where the Lev'rets ſporting thro'
Catch at diff'rent Turns the View,
'Till a wide Area Proſpect yields
Of ruſtick Farms, and neighb'ring Fields,
And *Colnbrook's* Vill the Eye obtains,
And *Hounſlow* ſpreads her op'ning Plains,
And in the Meads of lofty Graſs,
The Mower ſtrays, and nut-brown Laſs:
In mirthful Bands they crop the Soil,
And laugh and prattle o'er their Toil.

Re-entring now the woody Glades,
The *Hexagon* my Sight invades,
Rear'd of firm Stone the Pile is found
Fenc'd with the Poet's Laurel round,
Where, o'er the Door, his Lays divine
Inſcrib'd, in golden Letters ſhine.—

* *Hail thou! of Silence bleſs'd, the ſeat!*
Hail ſolitary Horrors, ſweet!
True Reſidence of ſoft Repoſe,
Of Peace, which humble Fortune knows.

Politely

MOTTO on the *Hexagon*.

* O VOI SOLINGHI E TACITURNE ORRORI
DI RIPOSO E DI PACE ALBERGHI VERI.

Politely grac'd, the lofty Room
Strikes, from within, an awful Gloom:
Turn'd to fix Views it's Windows lie,
That meet, from diff'rent Paths, the Eye.
Here the great MASTER OF THE BOW'R
Taſtes oft, retir'd, the ſtudious Hour;
And, by ſelf-converſe deep, impreſs'd,
Improves the Virtues of his Breaſt,

Still could I ſtay in fix'd Delight,
But a new Charm has caught my Sight,
That, glancing round, the Temple ſpies;
Graceful it's Range of Columns riſe:
In plaineſt Ornament, yet great;
O'er a Canal it looks with State,
And from its eaſy Height, full-view'd, I gain,
Down five long Walks, the diſtant Plain.

Behind two ſmall Apertures ſpread,
Where, in my Tour alternate led,
A Circle wide of Trees appear,
A woody Amphitheatre;
Soft Zephyrs ſport the Boughs between,
Breathing o'er the bloſſom'd Bean,
Whence the wing'd Inſects fetch their Spoil,
Singing to their hony'd Toil.

Where ſhall I turn, or rove, or ſtay?
Some new, new Pleaſure tempts away.

Now the tall Green-houſe, ſeen from far,
'Lures me o'er the ſleek Parterre,
From whence the grand Canal is ſpy'd
Stretching ſmooth, and long, and wide,
O'er whoſe Surface, looking down,
Chertſey Hills the Landſcape crown;
While my Ear is liſt'ning made,
By the falling, cloſe Caſcade.

Now the *Bongalo* invites
To range it's Rooms and climb it's Heights,
Whence *Ivor's* Tow'r, and *Windſor* green,
Are, from the airy Summits, ſeen.
All open round, for Coolneſs made,
The light Apartments wide are laid;
It's foreign Looks, well copy'd, pleaſe,
A Model of the fam'd *Chineſe*.

Some new, new Pleaſure tempts away:
Where ſhall I turn, or rove, or ſtay?

Ranging, ſhifting, to and fro,
Happy Libertine I go.
Sometimes Path with Gravel ſmooth,
Eaſy Ambulations ſooth,

Where

Where the bending *Beeches* twine,
And a Length of Arbour join,
Terminating (pleas'd) the Sight,
In their low-brow'd Arch of Light,
At whoſe End a *Gothic* Seat
Yields me Place of ſhort Retreat——
Till, from roving led to rove,
Next, th' *Italic* fair Alcove
Stops my Eye, to mark the Pile,
Where with reſted Limbs the while,
EDWARD's royal *Buſt* I join,
Glory of the SEYMOUR Line.

Back my Thoughts, revolving faſt,
Trace thoſe happieſt *Annals* paſt,
When, of Heaven's full, pureſt Ray
Beam'd our *Noon* of *Goſpel-day*.
—Ah! declining ſince—obſcure—
Foul bedim'd with Miſt impure!
Wan it's Luſtre! wain'd! decay'd!—
Sinking in primæval Shade!

Tracking up the ſhining Clue,
Mem'ry ſighs, in ſad Review!—
With the *modern*-preaching Scheme,
Heart-diſguſted—drops the Theme!

—Freſh

—Freſh Excurſions calm me ſoon,
Gazing penſive Tumult down —
— There, uprais'd, a princely *Tent*
Wide diſplays it's Ornament:
Sophas ſpread luxurious lay,
Deck'd in Fringe—with Hangings gay —
And Statues in my Walk are ſeen—
And Woods, with Fields enclos'd between—

Ranging, ſhifting, to and fro,
Happy Libertine I go.

Here let me yet an Hour deceive,
In the cool Walk by Twilight Eve,
When in ſtill Air on dark'ning Plains,
Each Grove a ſofter Aſpect gains,
That ſeems a Picture to the Eye,
Drawn on the Canvas of the Sky.
And ſhifting Clouds, as fades the Light,
Put on a thouſand Robeings bright,
Till their proud Tints at length decay,
Chang'd for coarſe Veſts of Palmer-Grey.

So ſhall the loveliеſt Face at laſt
Be, by dull Age's Veil, o'ercaſt.—

Sad

Sad ſings the *Philomel* forlorn,
The heavy *Beetle* winds his Horn,
Forth flies the *Bat*, Day's baniſhed Fowl,
Her nightly Whoot begins the *Owl*.—
From the dark Cavern's drear Abode
Steal the fell *Weazel*, and the *Toad*.—
The quiv'ring Leaves, the Moon's pale Beam
Now juſt has tipt with ſilver'd Gleam;
And in her dewy Lodging damp,
The *Glow-worm* hung her gliſt'ring Lamp;
When a black Horror ſpreads my Mind,
Unuſual, ſudden Pang I find;
I feel my vital Pow'rs depart,
Chill Melancholy damps my Heart,
My boſom'd Thoughts for Utt'rance ſwell,
On a mourn'd Subject much they dwell;
When Griefs, that long my Breaſt had pent,
Thus to the ſilent Night I vent.

"He's gone! the Grave's too early Prey,
" *That* Angel, Fate has ſnatch'd away!
" Who might for long, for happier Days
" Have liv'd, to patroniſe my Lays;
" Liv'd! to have warm'd their nobleſt Rage,
" And prov'd the Shelter of my Age.

" That

" That promis'd Hero! Patriot! — all
" That great we ſee, or beſt we call!

Alas—he's gone!——his Country's Hope,
" His antient Houſe's laſt, dear Prop,
" A *Neſtor's* Wiſdom in a Youth!—
" That Form, all Sweetneſs, Senſe, and Truth.
" Whoſe Worth had ev'ry Heart engroſs'd,
" The lovely! lov'd! and ah!—the loſt!

" Wonder of Excellence beheld;
" Scarce equall'd e'er, by none excell'd.
" In all Perfection, paſt Degree
" So good!—Ah, BEAUCHAMP!†---is it THEE?

Thy Name has rais'd the Echo's Cries,
Ah, BEAUCHAMP!--- is it thee? *(ſhe ſighs)*
Ah, BEAUCHAMP! thee?---Woods, Plains and Springs
Touch'd with ſtrange Woes, *all*—(ſenſeleſs Things)
Their Murmurs and their Plaints diffuſe;
Woods wail! Floods moan! and weep the Dews!

All join to raiſe my Grief's ſwoln Tide!
While penſive, by my drooping Side,

Thy

† *This amiable young* Nobleman, *and laſt* Male-heir *of his Family, died returning from his Travels, of the Small Pox, in* France, *on the Borders of his native Country: juſt at the* Age of 21, *and (as I remember) on his* Birth-Day.

Thy lov'd, thy faithful * *Bruen* here,
Looks up, as conſcious of my Tear.

Still, ſtill he lives (O calm our Striſe!)
Far happier lives, far nobler Life;
Angelic Worlds have ſeen him riſe,
Have lodg'd him in his SAVIOUR's Skies.
Such Change divineſt Solace gives;
More great! more bleſt! he ſhines! he lives!

Henceforth—farewel!——In PERCY-GROVES
(Nurſe of the *Muſes* and the *Loves*)
This laſt ſad Tribute is allow'd;
What to thy MANES, long, I vow'd.

Oh! if thoſe Groves (in which retir'd
Firſt their ſweet Charms this Verſe inſpir'd)
Kind to the Verſe a Fame would give,
Like them, immortal might it live,

What tho' no Hill thy level Soil
For Proſpect yields, the Gazer's Toil,
There, like the OWNER's Mind, is ſpy'd
True Greatneſs, without ſwelling Pride.
The *Viſitant*, that led to ſtray
Thy vary'd Beauties ſhall ſurvey,
No fairer Scenes ſhall wiſh to ſee,
No Proſpect want while viewing *Thee*.

O Spot,

* *A favourite Dog of Lord* Beauchamp's.

O Spot, beyond Deſcription bright,
Sequeſter'd Seat of pure Delight,
Reſembling moſt that happy Place,
Firſt, beſt *Receſs* of human Race!
As bleſt thy Groves, thy Plains as fair,
And honour'd by as great a Pair.
Lives there, by Virtues or by Blood,
His worthier?—gentle, generous, good!
Lives there than HER, of female Kind,
A ſweeter Form, a lovelier Mind?
Congenial Stars their Births impreſs'd,
Their Loves the happieſt *Hymen* bleſs'd.——

Tho' Care my buſy'd Life embroils,
A Life worn out in ſtudious Toils,
Tedious tho' move my Minutes down,
Forc'd from the lov'd, too diſtant Town;
Favour'd the while, of feeling Heart,
Grateful, but ignorant of Art,
The Debt ſo due, till yet delay'd,
My MUSE hath to her PATRONS paid.

5 MA 56

The E N D.